3 0081 012 165 621

Central Library
The Jean and Alexander Heard Library
Nashville, Tennessee

PR
4860
.A2
1903a
v.10

Frances Dunn
1931

DATE DUE

APR 1 1 1988			
MAY 0 2 1988			
MAY 2 5 1988			
JUN 2 3 1988			
JUL 1 8 1988			
SEP 1 5 1989			
	RETURNED		
FEB 0 9 1989			
	FEB 0 2 1989		

DEMCO NO. 38-298

THE WORKS OF
CHARLES LAMB

EDITED BY
WILLIAM MACDONALD

IN TWELVE VOLUMES
VOL. X

SPECIMENS
OF
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS
VOLUME TWO

All rights reserved

FRANCIS
BEAVMONT Esq

SPECIMENS
OF ENGLISH
DRAMATIC POETS

SELECTED BY

CHARLES LAMB

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION
BY
WILLIAM MACDONALD

WITH PORTRAITS
AND OTHER
ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME TWO

LONDON
J. M. DENT & CO.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.
1903

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

CONTENTS

Plays marked * are from "Extracts from the Garrick Plays."

PAGE

List of Illustrations xiii

JOHN WEBSTER

The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona . 1

Appius and Virginia 17

The Duchess of Malfy 21

The Devil's Law Case 36

* Further Extracts from the Same . . 40

CYRIL TOURNEUR

The Atheist's Tragedy 44

The Revenger's Tragedy 47

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

Philaster; or, Love Lies A-Bleeding . . 62

The Maid's Tragedy 73

Cupid's Revenge 81

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

The Triumph of Love 85

JOHN FLETCHER

The Faithful Shepherdess 88

* Commendatory Verses before the Same . . 102

* Dedications prefixed to Same . . . 103

Wit without Money 107

Thierry and Theodoret 110

CONTENTS

PAGE

Bonduca 117
The False One 121
The Two Noble Kinsmen 125
The Bloody Brother; or, Rollo . . . 137
Love's Pilgrimage 140

NATHANIEL FIELD

* A Woman's a Weathercock 144

JOSEPH COOKE

Greene's Tu Quoque; or, The City Gallant. 148

ROBERT TAILOR

The Hog hath Lost his Pearl . . . 149

PHILIP MASSINGER

The Unnatural Combat 157
The Parliament of Love. 160
A New Way to Pay Old Debts . . . 163
The Picture 166
The City Madam 169

PHILIP MASSINGER AND NATHANIEL FIELD

The Fatal Dowry 174

PHILIP MASSINGER AND THOMAS DECKER

The Virgin Martyr 177

PHILIP MASSINGER AND JOHN FLETCHER

A Very Woman; or, The Prince of Tarent . 179

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

The Tragedy of Nero 181

JOHN FORD

The Lover's Melancholy. 182

CONTENTS

PAGE

'Tis Pity She's a Whore 184
The Broken Heart 191
Love's Sacrifice 204
The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck . 207
The Ladies' Trial 211

JAMES SHIRLEY

* Love Tricks 212
The Maid's Revenge 214
The Brothers 225
* The Traitor 233
* Changes; or, Love in a Maze . . . 234
* The Example 235
The Lady of Pleasure 237
* The Gentleman of Venice 240
The Politician 243

RICHARD BROME

* The Asparagus Garden 246
* The Antipodes 248

THOMAS DREWE

* The Duchess of Suffolk 253

JASPER FISHER

* The True Trojans 255

JOHN JONES

* Adrasta 257

WILLIAM STRODE

* The Floating Island 258

JOHN KIRKE

* The Seven Champions of Christendom . . 258

CONTENTS

PAGE

HENRY KILLIGREW

* The Conspiracy 260

THOMAS NABBES

* Tottenham Court 261
* The Bride 263

HENRY GLAPTHORNE

* Wit in a Constable 265

ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN

* Verses before the "Rebellion" by Rawlins . 265

SAMUEL HARDING

* Sicily and Naples; or, The Fatal Union . 266

JOHN DAY

* The Parliament of Bees 267
* Further Extracts from the Same . . 270

EDMUND PRESTWICH

* The Hectors 272

FRANCIS QUARLES

* The Virgin Widow 274

ABRAHAM COWLEY

* The Guardian 274

THOMAS RANDOLPH

* Hey for Honesty 276

COSMO MANUCHE

* The Bastard 277

RICHARD FLECKNOE

* Love's Dominion 278

CONTENTS

PAGE

WILLIAM RIDER

* The Twins 279

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE

* Phyllis of Scyros 280

ROBERT DAVENPORT

* King John and Matilda 282

* The City Night-cap 286

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

* London Chanticleers 290

PHILONAX LOVEKIN

* Andronicus 292

JOHN FOUNTAIN

* The Rewards of Virtue 293

T. L.

Commendatory Verses before Three Plays of Sir W. Killigrew 297

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

* "Querer por Solo Querer" . . . 299

NEVIL PAYNE

* The Fatal Jealousy 309

HON. JAMES HOWARD

* The English Monsieur 311

EDWARD RAVENSCROFT

* Mamamouchi 314

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

* The Triumphant Widow 316

CONTENTS

PAGE

NAHUM TATE

* Brutus of Alba 319

W. M.

* The Huntingdon Divertisement . . . 323

JOHN CROWNE

* The Ambitious Statesman 325
* Thyestes 327
* The Married Beau 335

JOHN WILSON

* Belphegor 335

THOMAS D'URFEY

* Don Quixote 336

Fragments from the Garrick Plays . . 341

Appendix 363

Notes 369

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Francis Beaumont, from an engraving by Vertue (Photogravure) *Frontispiece*

To face page

Swan Theatre—Interior, from a reproduction of a drawing by De Witt 17

John Fletcher, from an engraving by Vertue . . 62

Nathaniel Field, from the painting in Dulwich Gallery . 144

Philip Massinger, from an engraving by T. Cross . . 158

James Shirley, from an engraving by R. Gaywood after the painting by G. P. Lerrick 212

Richard Brome, from the frontispiece to "Five New Plays," 1653 246

Francis Quarles, from an engraving by Marshall . . 274

Thomas Randolph, from an engraving in the Burney Collection at the British Museum 276

Tom D'Urfey, from an engraving by Vertue after the portrait by Gouge 336

SPECIMENS

OF

ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS

THE WHITE DEVIL; OR, VITTORIA COROMBONA, A LADY OF VENICE: A TRAGEDY:

By John Webster.[1]

The arraignment of Vittoria.—Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, *for the love of* Vittoria Corombona, *a Venetian lady, and at her suggestion, causes her husband* Camillo *to be murdered. Suspicion falls upon* Vittoria, *who is tried at Rome, on a double charge of murder and incontinence, in the presence of* Cardinal Monticelso, *cousin to the deceased* Camillo; Francisco de Medicis, *brother-in-law to* Brachiano; *the* Ambassadors *of France, Spain, England, &c. As the arraignment is beginning, the* Duke *confidently enters the court.*

Mon. Forbear, my lord, here is no place assign'd you:
This business, by his holiness, is left
To our examination.

[1] The author's Dedication to this Play is so modest, yet so conscious of self-merit withal, he speaks so frankly of the deservings of others, and by implication insinuates his own deserts so ingenuously, that I cannot forbear inserting it, as a specimen how a man may praise himself gracefully and commend others without suspicion of envy.

"To the Reader.

"In publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have taken before me; not that I affect praise by it, for *nos hæc novimus esse nihil;* only since it was acted in so open and black a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting-out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that, since that time, I have noted, most of the people that come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses (who visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for

Bra. May it thrive with you!
Fra. A chair there for his lordship.
[*Lays a rich gown under him.*
Bra. Forbear your kindness; an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutch women go to church,
Bear their stool with them.

---

good books, but new books), I present it to the general view with this confidence,

Nec rhonchos metues malignorum
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true dramatic poem, I shall easily confess it, *non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi;* willingly, and not ignorantly, have I faulted. For should a man present, to such an auditory, the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious chorus, and, as it were, enliven death, in the passionate and weighty Nuntius; yet after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum ilia!* the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it; and ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene this of Horace:

—— *Hæc hodie porcis comeaenda relinques.*

"To those who report I was a long time in finishing this Tragedy, I confess I do not write with a goose-quill winged with two feathers; and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides to Alcestides, a tragic writer: Alcestides objecting that Euripides had only, in three days, composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred: Thou tellest truth (quoth he); but here 's the difference: thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

"Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance: for mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman, the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson, the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakspeare, Master Decker, and Master Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs, I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial: *non norunt hæc monumenta mori.*"

Mon. At your pleasure, sir.
Stand to the table, gentlewoman.—Now, Signior,
Fall to your plea.

Lawyer. Domine judex, converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.

Vit. What 's he ?
Fra. A lawyer that pleads against you.
Vit. Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue ;
I 'll make no answer else.
Fra. Why, you understand Latin.
Vit. I do, sir ; but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in 't.
Mon. Go on, sir.
Vit. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue : all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.
Fra. Signior,
You need not stand on 't much ; pray, change your language.
Mon. O, for God sake ! gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.
Law. Well, then, have at you.
Vit. I am at the mark, sir : I 'll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.
Law. Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgements to the view
Of this debauch'd and diversivolent woman ;
Who such a black concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of 't, must be the consummation
Of her and her projections.
Vit. What 's all this ?
Law. Hold your peace :
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

Vit. Surely, my lords, this lawyer here hath swallow'd
Some pothecaries' bills, or proclamations ;
And now the hard and undigestible words
Come up, like stones we use give hawks for physic :
Why, this is Welsh to Latin.
Law. My lords, the woman
Knows not her tropes, nor figures, nor is perfect
In the academic derivation
Of grammatical elocution.
Fra. Sir, your pains
Shall be well spar'd, and your deep eloquence
Be worthily applauded among those
Which understand you.
Law. My good lord,—
Fra. Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag ;
[FRANCISCO *speaks this as in scorn.*
Cry mercy, sir, 'tis buckram, and accept
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.
Law. I most graduatically thank your lordship :
I shall have use for them elsewhere.
Mon. (*to* VITTORIA.) I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white
Than that upon your cheek.
Vit. O, you mistake :
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother's.
Mon. I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that.
Observe this creature here, my honour'd lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit.
Vit. Honourable my lord,
It doth not suit a reverend cardinal
To play the lawyer thus.
Mon. O, your trade instructs your language.
You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems ;
Yet, like those apples travellers report

To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
She 'll fall to soot and ashes.
Vit. Your envenom'd pothecary should do 't.
Mon. I am resolved,
Were there a second paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it.
Vit. O poor charity !
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.
Mon. Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her gates were chok'd with coaches, and her rooms
Outbrav'd the stars with several kinds of lights ;
When she did counterfeit a prince's court
In music, banquets, and most riotous surfeits ?
This whore, forsooth, was holy.
Vit. Ha ! whore ! what 's that ?
Mon. Shall I expound whore to you ? sure I shall.
I 'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweetmeats which rot the eater ; in man's nostrils
Poison'd perfumes : they are cozening alchymy ;
Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What are whores ?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring :
They are the true material fire of hell :
Worse than those tributes i' the low countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep,
Ay, even on man's perdition, his sin :
They are those brittle evidences of law
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores ?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies which are begg'd at gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man

Wherein he is imperfect. What 's a whore?
She 's like the guilty counterfeited coin,
Which, whosoe'er first stamps it, brings in trouble
All that receive it.

Vit. This character scapes me.

Mon. You, gentlewoman!
Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison—

Vit. Well, what then?

Mon. I 'll tell thee;
I 'll find in thee a pothecary's shop,
To sample them all.

Fr. Emb. She hath liv'd ill.

En. Emb. True; but the cardinal 's too bitter.

Mon. You know what whore is. Next the devil adultery,
Enters the devil murder.

Fra. Your unhappy husband
Is dead.

Vit. O, he 's a happy husband,
Now he owes nature nothing.

Fra. And by a vaulting engine.

Mon. An active plot;
He jump'd into his grave.

Fra. What a prodigy was 't
That from some two yards' height, a slender man
Should break his neck!

Mon. I' the rushes!

Fra. And what 's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.

Mon. And look upon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widow; she comes arm'd
With scorn and impudence: is this a mourning-habit?

Vit. Had I foreknown his death, as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
Mon. O, you are cunning.
Vit. You shame your wit and judgement,
To call it so. What ! is my just defence
By him that is my judge call'd impudence ?
Let me appeal, then, from this Christian court
To the uncivil Tartar.
Mon. See, my lords,
She scandals our proceedings.
Vit. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Lieger ambassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender ; but withal,
So entangled in a cursed accusation,
That my defence, of force, like Perseus,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the point.
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We 'll part good friends : I scorn to hold my life
At yours or any man's entreaty, sir.
En. Emb. She hath a brave spirit.
Mon. Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected.
Vit. You are deceiv'd ;
For know, that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers—they shall break.
These are but feigned shadows of my evils :
Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils ;
I am past such needless palsy. For your names
Of whore and murderess, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind ;
The filth returns in 's face.
Mon. Pray you, mistress, satisfy me one question :
Who lodged beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck ?
Bra. That question

Enforceth me brake silence: I was there.
Mon. Your business?
Bra. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my lord.
Mon. He was.
Bra. And 'twas strangely fear'd
That you would cozen her.
Mon. Who made you overseer?
Bra. Why, my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows.
Mon. Your lust.
Bra. Cowardly dogs bark loudest; sirrah priest,
I 'll talk with you hereafter.——Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper
I 'll sheath in your own bowels.
There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boys.
Mon. Ha!
Bra. Your mercenary post-boys!
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.
Servant. My lord, your gown.
Bra. Thou liest, 'twas my stool:
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o' the household stuff; for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Valance for his bed on 't, or demy foot-cloth
For his most reverend moil. Monticelso, *nemo me impune lacessit.* [*Exit* BRACHIANO.
Mon. Your champion 's gone.
Vit. The wolf may prey the better.
Fra. My lord, there 's great suspicion of the murder,

But no sound proof who did it. For my part,
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody : if she have,
As in cold countries husbandmen plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unsavoury fruit,
And ere next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass ; only descend
To matter of incontinence.

Vit. I discern poison
Under your gilded pills.

Mon. Now the duke 's gone, I will produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted he and you should meet,
At an apothecary's summer-house,
Down by the river Tiber,—view 't, my lords,
Where, after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet,—I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest.

Vit. Grant I was tempted ;
Temptation to lust proves not the act :
Casta est quam nemo rogavit.
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer.

Mon. Frost i' the dog-days ! strange !

Vit. Condemn you me for that the duke did love me ?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river
For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in 't.

Mon. Truly drown'd, indeed.

Vit. Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty, and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to [a] feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble.

Mon. Very good.

Vit. But take you your course; it seems you have
beggared me first,
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusadoes;
Would these would make you charitable!
Mon. If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture!
Vit. You have one virtue left,—
You will not flatter me.
Fra. Who brought this letter?
Vit. I am not compell'd to tell you.
Mon. My lord duke sent to you a thousand ducats
The twelfth of August.
Vit. 'Twas to keep your cousin[1]
From prison: I paid use for 't.
Mon. I rather think,
'Twas interest for his lust.
Vit. Who says so
But yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray cease to be my judge: come from the bench;
Give in your evidence against me, and let these
Be moderators. My lord cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving,
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
Mon. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vain-glorious banquet,
I 'll give you a choke-pear.
Vit. O' your own grafting?
Mon. You were born in Venice, honourably descended
From the Vittelli; 'twas my cousin's fate,—
Ill may I name the hour,—to marry you:
He bought you of your father.
Vit. Ha!
Mon. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my acquaintance)

[1] Her husband Camillo, who was cousin to Monticelso.

Receiv'd in dowry with you not one julio:
'Twas a hard pennyworth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain; now to your picture:
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.

Vit. My lord,—

Mon. Nay, hear me;
You shall have time to prate. My lord Brachiano——
Alas, I make but repetition
Of what is ordinary and Rialto talk,
And ballated, and would be play'd o' the stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends
That preachers are charm'd silent.
Your public fault,
Join'd to the condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity;
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styl'd
No less an ominous fate, than blazing stars
To princes. Hear your sentence; you are confin'd
Unto a house of convertites.

Vit. A house of convertites! what 's that?

Mon. A house of penitent whores.

Vit. Do the noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?

Fra. You must have patience.

Vit. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.

Mon. Away with her?
Take her hence.

Vit. A rape! a rape!

Mon. How?

Vit. Yes, you have ravish'd justice;
Forc'd her to do your pleasure.

Mon. Fie, she 's mad !
Vit. Die with these pills in your most cursed maw
Should bring you health ! or while you sit o' the bench,
Let your own spittle choke you !
Mon. She 's turn'd fury.
Vit. That the last day of judgment may so find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before !
Instruct me, some good horse-leech, to speak treason ;
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words : O woman's poor revenge,
Which dwells but in the tongue ! I will not weep ;
No, I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice : bear me hence
Unto this house of —— what 's your mitigating title ?
Mon. Of convertites.
Vit. It shall not be a house of convertites ;
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul, though thou art a cardinal.
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.[1]

MARCELLO *and* FLAMINEO, Sons *to* CORNELIA, *having quarrelled;* FLAMINEO *slays his* Brother MARCELLO, *their* Mother *being present.*

CORNELIA. MARCELLO.

Cor. I hear a whispering all about the court
You are to fight : who is your opposite ?

[1] This White Devil of Italy sets off a bad cause so speciously, and pleads with such an innocence-resembling boldness, that we seem to see that matchless beauty of her face which inspires such gay confidence into her ; and are ready to expect, when she has done her pleadings, that her very judges, her accusers, the grave ambassadors who sit as spectators, and all the court, will rise and make proffer to defend her in spite of the utmost conviction of her guilt ; as the shepherds in Don Quixote make proffer to

What is the quarrel?
Mar. 'Tis an idle rumour.
Cor. Will you dissemble? sure, you do not well
To fright me thus: you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you
Upon my blessing,—nay, I 'll call the duke,
And he shall school you.
Mar. Publish not a fear
Which would convert to laughter: 'tis not so.
Was not this crucifix my father's?
Cor. Yes.
Mar. I have heard you say, giving my brother suck,
He took the crucifix between his hands,
And broke a limb off.
Cor. Yes; but 'tis mended.

FLAMINEO *enters.*

Fla. I have brought your weapon back.
[FLAMINEO *runs* MARCELLO *through.*
Cor. Ha! O my horror!
Mar. You have brought it home, indeed.
Cor. Help! O, he 's murder'd!
Fla. Do you turn your gall up! I 'll to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you. [*Exit* FLAM.

HORTENSIUS (*an* Officer) *enters.*

Hor. How! o' the ground?
Mar. O, mother, now remember what I told
Of breaking of the crucifix! Farewell.
There are some sins which Heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest means! Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot

---

follow the beautiful shepherdess Marcela "without reaping any profit out of her manifest resolution made there in their hearing."—

So sweet and lovely does she make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Does spot the beauty of her budding name!

Whose branches spread no wider than the root.

Cor. O my perpetual sorrow !

Hor. Virtuous Marcello !
He 's dead. Pray leave him, lady : come, you shall.

Cor. Alas, he is not dead : he 's in a trance.
Why, here 's nobody shall get anything by his death, let me call him again, for God's sake !

Hor. I would you were deceived.

Cor. O, you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me ! How many have gone away thus, for lack of 'tendance ! Rear up 's head, rear up 's head ; his bleeding inward will kill him.

Hor. You see he is departed.

Cor. Let me come to him ; give me him as he is : if he be turned to earth, let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one coffin. Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it ; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips. Will you lose him for a little painstaking ?

Hor. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cor. Alas, I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i' the ground, and pray for me, if you 'll let me come to him.

The DUKE *enters with* FLAMINEO, *and* Page.

Bra. Was this your handy-work ?

Fla. It was my misfortune.

Cor. He lies, he lies ; he did not kill him : these have killed him that would not let him be better looked to.

Bra. Have comfort, my griev'd mother.

Cor. O you screech-owl !

Hor. Forbear, good madam.

Cor. Let me go, let me go.
[*She runs to* FLAMINEO *with her knife drawn, and coming to him, lets it fall.*

The God of heaven forgive thee! Dost not wonder
I pray for thee? I 'll tell thee what 's the reason:
I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes;
I 'd not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well:
Half of thyself lies there; and mayst thou live
To fill an hour-glass with his moulder'd ashes,
To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come
In blest repentance!

Bra. Mother, pray tell me
How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

Cor. Indeed, my younger boy presum'd too much
Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,
Drew his sword first; and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with 's head
Just in my bosom.

Page. This not true, madam.

Cor. I pray thee, peace.
One arrow's graz'd already: it were vain
To lose this, for that will ne'er be found again.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

FRANCISCO *describes to* FLAMINEO *the grief of* CORNELIA *at the funeral of* MARCELLO.

Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—
Such as old grandames watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with,—that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water.

Funeral Dirge for MARCELLO.

[*His* Mother *sings it.*

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,

Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm :
But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he 'll dig them up again.[1]

Folded Thoughts.

Come, come, my lord, untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair.
Your sister 's poison'd.

Dying Princes.

To see what solitariness is about dying princes ! As heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorced friends, and made great houses unhospitable, so now, O justice ! where are their flatterers now ? flatterers are but the shadows of princes' bodies ; the least thick cloud makes them invisible.

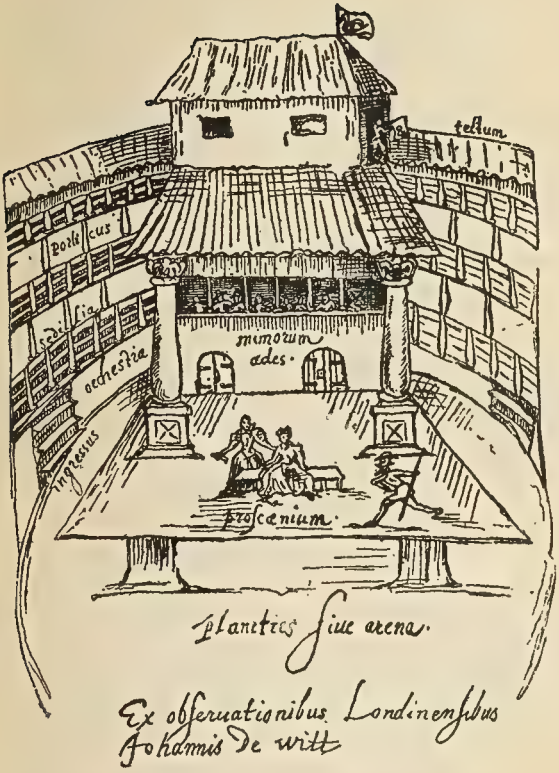
Natural Death.

O, thou soft natural death, that art joint twin
To sweetest slumber !—no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure ; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement ; the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion : pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes———

Vow of Murder rebuked.

Miserable creature !
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.

[1] I never saw anything like this Dirge, except the Ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the Tempest. As that is of the water, watery ; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates.



Swan Theatre (interior), from a reproduction of a drawing by De Witt.

Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or, like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
And yet to prosper? ——

Dying Man.

See, see how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the crucifix.
O, hold it constant!
It settles his wild spirits; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

Despair.

O, the cursed devil,
Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice candied o'er; despair with gall and stibium;
Yet we carouse it off!

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA, A TRAGEDY:

By the Same Author.

Appius, *the Roman Decemvir, not being able to corrupt the innocence of* Virginia, *daughter to* Virginius *the Roman general, and newly married to* Icilius *a young and noble gentleman; to get possession of her person, suborns one* Clodius *to claim her as the daughter of a deceased bond-woman of his, on the testimony of certain forged writings, pretended to be the deposition of that woman, on her deathbed, confessing that the child had been spuriously passed upon* Virginius *for his own: the cause is tried at Rome before* Appius.

Appius. Virginia. Virginius, *her father.* Icilius, *her husband. Senators of Rome.* Nurse, *and other* Witnesses.

Virginius. My lords, believe not this spruce orator:[1]
Had I but fee'd him first, he would have told

[1] Counsel for Clodius.

As smooth a tale on our side.
Appius. Give us leave.
Virginius. He deals in formal glosses, cunning shows,
And cares not greatly which way the case goes.
Examine, I beseech you, this old woman,
Who is the truest witness of her birth.
Appius. Soft, you! is she your only witness?
Virginius. She is, my lord.
Appius. Why, is it possible
Such a great lady, in her time of child-birth,
Should have no other witness but a nurse?
Virginius. For aught I know, the rest are dead, my lord.
Appius. Dead! no, my lord; belike they were of counsel
With your deceas'd lady, and so sham'd
Twice to give colour to so vile an act.
Thou, nurse, observe me: thy offence already
Doth merit punishment beyond our censure;
Pull not more whips upon thee.
Nurse. I defy your whips, my lord.
Appius. Command her silence, lictors.
Virginius. O injustice! you frown away my witness: is this law?
Is this uprightness?
Appius. Have you view'd the writings?
This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs
Beyond prevention.
Virginius. Appius, wilt thou hear me?
You have slander'd a sweet lady that now sleeps
In a most noble monument. Observe me,
I would have ta'en her simple word to gage
Before his soul or thine.
Appius. That makes thee wretched.
Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love
By custom is grown natural, which by nature
Should be an absolute loathing: note the sparrow,

That having hatch'd a cuckoo, when it sees
Her brood a monster to her proper kind,
Forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest
Than she had care i' the spring to have it dress'd.
Here 's witness, most sufficient witness.
Think you, my lord, our laws are writ in snow,
And that your breath can melt them ?

Virginius. No, my lord,
We have not such hot livers : mark you that.

Virginia. Remember yet the gods, O Appius,
Who have no part in this ! Thy violent lust
Shall, like the biting of the envenom'd aspick,
Steal thee to hell. So subtle are thy evils,
In life they 'll seem good angels, in death devils.

Appius. Observe you not this scandal ?

Icilius. Sir, 'tis none :
I 'll show thy letters full of violent lust
Sent to this lady.

Appius. My lords, these are but dilatory shifts.
Sirrah, I know you to the very heart,
And I 'll observe you.

Icilius. Do, but do it with justice.
Clear thyself first, O Appius, ere thou judge
Our imperfections rashly ; for we wot
The office of justice is perverted quite,
When one thief hangs another.

1 *Senator.* You are too bold.

Appius. Lictors, take charge of him.

Icilius. 'Tis very good.
Will no man view these papers ?[1] what, not one ?
Jove, thou hast found a rival upon earth :
His nod strikes all men dumb. My duty to you !
The ass that carried Isis on his back
Thought that the superstitious people kneel'd
To give his dulness humble reverence :
If thou think'st so, proud judge, I let thee see

[1] The forgery.

I bend low to thy gown, but not to thee.
Virginius. There 's one in hold already. Noble youth,
Fetters grace one, being worn for speaking truth :
I 'll lie with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon.
The injuries you do us we shall pardon ;
But it is just the wrongs which we forgive,
The gods are charg'd therewith to see reveng'd.
Appius. Your madness wrongs you : by my soul, I love you.
Virginius. Thy soul !
O, thy opinion, old Pythagoras !
Whither, O whither should thy black soul fly ?
Into what ravenous bird or beast most vile ?
Only into a weeping crocodile.
Love me !
Thou lov'st me, Appius, as the earth loves rain ;
Only to swallow it.
Appius. Know you the place you speak in ?
Virginius. I 'll speak freely.
Good men, too much trusting their innocence,
Do not betake them to that just defence
Which gods and nature gave them ; but even wink
In the black tempest, and so fondly sink.
Appius. Let us proceed to sentence.
Virginius. Ere you speak,
One parting farewell let me borrow of you
To take of my Virginia.
Appius. Pray, take your course.
Virginius. Farewell, my sweet Virginia : never, never
Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
Of thy most pretty infancy : when first,
Returning from the wars, I took delight
To rock thee in my target ; when my girl
Would kiss her father in his burganet
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck,
And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see

Another fair Virginia smile on thee ;
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak ;
And (when my wounds have smarted) I have sung,
With an unskilful yet a willing voice,
To bring my girl asleep. O my Virginia :
When we begun to be, begun our woes ;
Increasing still, as dying life still grows.
Thus I surrender her into the court
Of all the gods. [*Kills her.*
And see, proud Appius, see ;
Although not justly, I have made her free.
And if thy lust with this act be not fed,
Bury her in thy bowels now she 's dead.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFY :

By the same Author.

The Duchess *of* Malfy *marries* Antonio, *her* Steward.

Duchess. Cariola, *her* Maid.

Duchess. Is Antonio come ?
Cariola. He attends you.
Duch. Good dear soul,
Leave me ; but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed ;
For I am going into a wilderness,
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide. [Cariola *withdraws.*

Antonio *enters.*

I sent for you, sit down ;
Take pen and ink, and write : are you ready ?
Ant. Yes.
Duch. What did I say ?

Ant. That I should write somewhat.
Duch. O, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense,
It 's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What 's laid up for to-morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Duch. Beauteous!
Indeed, I thank you : I look young for your sake ;
You have ta'en my cares upon you.
Ant. I 'll fetch your grace
The particulars of your revenue and expense.
Duch. O, you are
An upright treasurer : but you mistook ;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What 's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What 's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Duch. In heaven.
I 'm making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procur'd
That violent distraction?
Ant. O, much better.
Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit :
But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? say.
Ant. Begin with that first good deed began i' the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage :
I 'd have you first provide for a good husband ;
Give him all.
Duch. All!
Ant. Yes, your excellent self.
Duch. In a winding sheet?
Ant. In a couple.
Duch. St. Winifred, that were a strange will!

Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.
Duch. What do you think of marriage?
Ant. I take 't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There 's no third place in 't.
Duch. How do you affect it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.
Duch. Pray, let 's hear it.
Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Duch. Fie, fie, what 's all this?
One of your eyes is bloodshot; use my ring to 't:
They say 'tis very sovereign: 'twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
Ant. You have parted with it now.
Duch. Yes, to help your eyesight.
Ant. You have made me stark blind.
Duch. How?
Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.
Duch. Remove him.
Ant. How?
Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it: thus; is it fit?
[*She puts the ring on his finger.*
Ant. What said you? [*He kneels.*
Duch. Sir,
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;

I cannot stand upright in 't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher : raise yourself ;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you : so.

Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereto your favours tend : but he 's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i' the fire
To warm them.

Duch. So, now the ground 's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

Ant. O my unworthiness !

Duch. You were ill to sell yourself :
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' the city ; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off : and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flatter,) turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest : I have long serv'd virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

Duch. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great !
We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us ;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forc'd to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless ; mine is in your bosom :

I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble :
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident :
What is 't distracts you ? This is flesh and blood, sir ;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man !
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in 't.

Ant. Truth speak for me ;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

Duch. I thank you, gentle love :
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *quietus est.* This you should have begg'd now :
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

Ant. But for your brothers ?

Duch. Do not think of them :
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd :
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.

[CARIOLA *comes forward.*

Duch. Kneel.

Ant. Ha !

Duch. Be not amaz'd ; this woman 's of my counsel :
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presenti is absolute marriage.

Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine !

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion !

Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music !

Car. Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not ; but it shows
A fearful madness : I owe her much of pity.

The DUCHESS's *marriage with* ANTONIO *being discovered, her brother* FERDINAND *shuts her up in a prison, and torments her with various trials of studied cruelty. By his command,* BOSOLA, *the instrument of his devices, shows her the bodies of her husband and children counterfeited in wax, as dead.*

Bos. He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this : it wastes me more
Than were 't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill ; and yond 's an excellent
property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bos. What 's that ?

Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

Bos. Come, you must live.
Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend : the bee
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eyelid.

Duch. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that 's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set ; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must despatch me ?

I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in 't 'gainst my will.
Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.
Duch. Indeed, I have not leisure to attend
So small a business.
I 'll go pray;—No, I 'll go curse.
Bos. O, fie!
Duch. I could curse the stars.
Bos. O, fearful!
Duch. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.
Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them![1]
Let them, like tyrants,
Never be remember'd but for the ill they have done;
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them!
Let heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them!
Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed:
It is some mercy when men kill with speed. [*Exit.*

FERDINAND *enters.*

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish; she 's plagu'd in art:
These presentations are but fram'd in wax
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.
Bos. Why do you do this?
Ferd. To bring her to despair.
Bos. Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty:
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her

[1] Her brothers.

With beads and prayer-books.
Ferd. Damn her ! that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in 't, was more worth
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a soul.
I will send her masks of common courtezans,
Have her meat serv'd up by bawds and ruffians,
And, 'cause she 'll needs be mad, I am resolv'd
To move forth the common hospital
All the mad folk, and place them near her lodging ;
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' the moon.

She is kept waking with noises of Madmen : *and, at last, is strangled by common* Executioners.

DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that ?
Car. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging : this tyranny,
I think, was never practis'd till this hour.
Duch. Indeed, I thank him : nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits ; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down ;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Car. O, 'twill increase your melancholy !
Duch. Thou art deceiv'd :
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison ?
Car. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
Duch. Thou art a fool :
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Car. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam ?

Duch. Of nothing ;
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Car. Like a madman, with your eyes open ?
Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world ?
Car. Yes, out of question.
Duch. O, that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead !
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I 'll tell thee a miracle ;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow :
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar ;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now ?
Car. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice ;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
Duch. Very proper ;
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight
To behold my tragedy. How now !
What noise is that ?

A Servant *enters.*

Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forc'd him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke : the selfsame cure
The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

Here follows a Dance of sundry sorts of Madmen, *with music answerable thereto: after which* Bosola (*like an old man*) *enters.*

Duch. Is he mad too?

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb!
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of wormseed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What 's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,

But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living ; I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb ?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry :—of what stuff wilt thou make it ?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion ?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical on our death-bed ? do we affect fashion in the grave ?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven ; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the toothache : they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars ; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall. [*A coffin, cords, and a bell, produced.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers ;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it :
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

Car. O my sweet lady !

Duch. Peace ; it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Dirge.

Hark, now everything is still,
This screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent:
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you please:
What death?
Bos. Strangling; here are your executioners.
Duch. I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you ?
Duch. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world ?
Bos. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you :
This cord should terrify you.
Duch. Not a whit :
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds ? or to be smothered
With cassia ; or to be shot to death with pearls ?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits ; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways : any way, for heaven's sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers,
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I 'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me :—
Yet stay ; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
As prince's palace ; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep !
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.
[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

FERDINAND *enters.*

Ferd. Is she dead ?
Bos. She is what you 'd have her.
Fix your eye here.
Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep ?
Other sins only speak ; murder shrieks out :
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.
Ferd. Cover her face ; mine eyes dazzle : she died young.
Bos. I think not so ; her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
Ferd. She and I were twins ;
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her time to a minute.[1]

. . . . . .

Single Life.

O, fie upon this single life ! forego it.
We read how Daphne, for her peevish flight,
Became a fruitless bay-tree ; Syrinx turn'd
To the pale empty reed ; Anaxarete
Was frozen into marble : whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,

[1] All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the Duchess's death is ushered in, are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance, than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victims is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions *of this life*, so her language seems *not of this world.* She has lived among horrors till she is become "native and endowed unto that element." She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale.—What are "Luke's iron crown," the brazen bull of Perillus, Procrustes' bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of madmen, the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees! To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit—this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may "upon horror's head horrors accumulate," but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality, they "terrify babes with painted devils," but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved ; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum.

Were by a gracious influence transhap'd
Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,
Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent stars.

Fable.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o'er the world ; and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told them, they should find him in great battles,
Or cities plagu'd with plagues : Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk'd of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents : "Stay," quoth Reputation,
"Do not forsake me : for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again."

Another.

A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her
With this rough language : "Why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of floods,
Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest and fresh time o' the year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself
With silly smelts and shrimps ?—and darest thou
Pass by our dog-ship without reverence ? "
"Oh," quoth the salmon, "sister, be at peace :
Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net !
Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown :
I' the market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire."

So to great men the moral may be stretch'd ;
Men oft are valu'd high, when they 're most wretch'd.

THE DEVIL'S LAW CASE; OR, WHEN WOMEN GO TO LAW, THE DEVIL IS FULL OF BUSINESS. A TRAGI-COMEDY :

By the same Author.

Contario *challenges* Ercole *to fight with him for the possession of* Jolenta, *whom they both love.*

Con. Sir, my love to you has proclaim'd you one
Whose word was still led by a noble thought,
And that thought follow'd by as fair a deed.
Deceive not that opinion : we were students
At Padua together, and have long
To the world's eye shown like friends : was it hearty on your part to me ?
Erc. Unfeign'd.
Con. You are false
To the good thought I held of you, and now
Join the worst part of man to you, your malice,
To uphold that falsehood : sacred innocence
Is fled your bosom. Signior, I must tell you,
To draw the picture of unkindness truly,
Is to express two that have dearly lov'd,
And fallen at variance. 'Tis a wonder to me,
Knowing my interest in the fair Jolenta,
That you should love her.
Erc. Compare her beauty and my youth together,
And you will find the fair effects of love
No miracle at all.
Con. Yes, it will prove

Prodigious to you : I must stay your voyage.
Erc. Your warrant must be mighty.
Con. 'T has a seal
From heaven to do it, since you would ravish from me
What 's there entitled mine : and yet I vow,
By the essential front of spotless virtue,
I have compassion of both your youths ;
To approve which, I have not ta'en the way
Like an Italian, to cut your throat
By practice, that had given you now for dead,
And never frown'd upon you.
You must fight with me.
Erc. I will, sir.
Con. And instantly.
Erc. I will haste before you : point whither.
Con. Why, you speak nobly ; and for this fair dealing,
Were the rich jewel which we vary for
A thing to be divided, by my life,
I would be well content to give you half :
But since 'tis vain to think we can be friends,
'Tis needful one of us be ta'en away
From being the other's enemy.
Erc. Yet, methinks,
This looks not like a quarrel.
Con. Not a quarrel !
Erc. You have not apparelled your fury well ;
It goes too plain, like a scholar.
Con. It is an ornament
Makes it more terrible, and you shall find it
A weighty injury, and attended on
By discreet valour : because I do not strike you,
Or give you the lie, (such foul preparatives
Would show like the stale injury of wine,)
I reserve my rage to sit on my sword's point,
Which a great quantity of your best blood
Cannot satisfy.

Erc. You promise well to yourself.
Shall 's have no seconds?
Con. None, for fear of prevention.
Erc. The length of our weapons?
Con. We 'll fit them by the way:
So whether our time calls us to live or die,
Let us do both like noble gentlemen
And true Italians.
Erc. For that let me embrace you.
Con. Methinks, being an Italian, I trust you
To come somewhat too near me:
But your jealousy gave that embrace to try
If I were arm'd—did it not?
Erc. No, believe me,
I take your heart to be sufficient proof,
Without a privy coat; and, for my part,
A taffeta is all the shirt of mail
I am arm'd with.
Con. You deal equally.[1]

Sitting for a Picture.

Must you have my picture?
You will enjoin me to a strange punishment.
With what a compell'd face a woman sits
While she is drawing! I have noted divers,
Either to feign smiles, or suck in the lips
To have a little mouth; ruffle the cheeks
To have the dimple seen; and so disorder
The face with affectation, at next sitting
It has not been the same: I have known others
Have lost the entire fashion of their face
In half an hour's sitting—in hot weather—
The painting on their face has been so mellow,
They have left the poor man harder work by half,
To mend the copy he wrought by. But, indeed,

[1] I have selected this scene as the model of a well-managed and gentlemanlike difference.

If ever I would have mine drawn to the life,
I would have a painter steal it at such a time
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers:
There is then a heavenly beauty in 't, the soul
Moves in the superficies.

Honourable Employment.

O, my lord, lie not idle:
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
Is, never to be out of action. We should think
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds;
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession; of all which
Arise and spring up honour.

Selling of Land.

I could wish
That noblemen would ever live i' the country,
Rather than make their visits up to the city
About such business. Noble houses
Have no such goodly prospects any way
As into their own land: the decay of that,
Next to their begging church-land, is a ruin
Worth all men's pity.

Dirge in a Funeral Pageant.

All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying:
These have but their growing prime;
And man does flourish but his time:
Survey our progress from our birth;
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,

All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath, and clearest eye,
Like perfumes, go out and die;
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings,
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

Clergy-comfort.

I MUST talk to you, like a divine, of patience.—
I have heard
Some talk of it very much, and many times
To their auditors' impatience; but, I pray,
What practice do they make of 't in their lives?
They are too full of choler with living honest,
And some of them not only impatient
Of their own slightest injuries, but stark mad
At one another's preferment.

Sepulture.

Two Bellmen, *a* Capuchin; ROMELIO, *and others.*

Cap. For pity's sake, you that have tears to shed,
Sigh a soft requiem, and let fall a bead
For two unfortunate nobles,[1] whose sad fate
Leaves them both dead and excommunicate:
No churchman's prayer to comfort their last groans,
No sacred seed of earth to hide their bones;
But as their fury wrought them out of breath,
The canon speaks them guilty of their own death.
Rom. Denied christian burial! I pray, what does that,

[1] Slain in a duel.

Or the dead lazy march in the funeral,
Or the flattery in the epitaph, which shows
More sluttish far than all the spiders' webs
Shall ever grow upon it; what do these
Add to our well-being after death?

Cap. Not a scruple.

Rom. Very well, then:
I have a certain meditation,
If I can think of ['t], somewhat to this purpose:
I 'll say it to you, while my mother there
Numbers her beads.—
"You that dwell near these graves and vaults,
Which oft do hide physicians' faults,
Note what a small room does suffice
To express men's goods: their vanities
Would fill more volume in small hand
Than all the evidence of church land.
Funerals hide men in civil wearing,
And are to the drapers a good hearing,
Make the heralds laugh in their black raiment,
And all die worthies die worth payment
To the altar offerings, though their fame,
And all the charity of their name,
'Tween heaven and this yield no more light
Than rotten trees which shine i' the night.
O, look the last act be best i' the play,
And then rest, gentle bones: yet pray,
That when by the precise you are view'd,
A supersedeas be not su'd,
To remove you to a place more airy,
That, in your stead, they may keep chary
Stockfish or seacoal; for the abuses
Of sacrilege have turn'd graves to viler uses.
How, then, can any monument say,
Here rest these bones to the last day,
When Time, swift both of foot and feather,
May bear them the sexton knows not whither?

What care I, then, though my last sleep
Be in the desert or in the deep,
No lamp nor taper, day and night,
To give my charnel chargeable light?
I have there like quantity of ground,
And at the last day I shall be found."[1]

Immature death.

Contarino's dead.

O, that he should die so soon!
Why, I pray, tell me,

Is not the shortest fever best? and are not bad plays
The worse for their length?

Guilty preferment.

I have a plot, shall breed,
Out of the death of these two noblemen,
The advancement of our house.
O, take heed:
A grave is a rotten foundation.

Mischiefs

—— are like the visits of Franciscan friars,
They never come to prey upon us single.

Last love strongest.

— as we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most unresistible,
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest-home,
Last merriment 'fore winter; and we widows,
As men report of our best picture-makers,

[1] Webster was parish clerk at St. Andrew's Holborn. The anxious recurrence to church matters, sacrilege, tombstones, with the frequent introduction of *dirges*, in this, and his other tragedies, may be traced to his professional sympathies.

We love the piece we are in hand with better
Than all the excellent work we have done before.

Mother's anger.

Leonora. (*sola.*) Ha, my son!
I 'll be a Fury to him: like an Amazon lady,
I 'd cut off this right pap that gave him suck,
To shoot him dead: I 'll no more tender him
Than had a wolf stol'n to my teat i' the night,
And robb'd me of my milk.

Distraction from guilt.

Leonora. (*sola.*) Ha, ha! What say you?
I do talk to somewhat, methinks; it may be,
My evil Genius.—Do not the bells ring?
I have a strange noise in my head: O, fly in pieces!
Come, age, and wither me into the malice
Of those that have been happy! let me have
One property more than the devil of hell,
Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily:
Let me in this life fear no kind of ill,
That have no good to hope for: let me die,
Where neither man nor memory may e'er find me.
[*Falls to the grouna.*
Confessor (*entering*). You are well employ'd, I hope:
the best pillow i' the world
For this your contemplation is the earth,
And the best object heaven.
Leonora. I am whispering to a dead friend.

Obstacles.

Let those that would oppose this union
Grow ne'er so subtle, and entangle themselves
In their own work like spiders; while we two
Haste to our noble wishes, and presume,
The hindrance of it will breed more delight,
As black copartiments show gold more bright.

Falling out.

To draw the picture of unkindness truly,
Is to express two that have dearly lov'd,
And fall'n at variance.

THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDY; OR, THE HONEST MAN'S REVENGE:

By Cyril Tourneur.

D'Amville (*the Atheist*), *with the aid of his wicked instrument*, Borachio, *murders his brother*, Montferrers, *for his estate. After the deed is done*, Borachio *and he talk together of the circumstances which attend the murder.*

D'Am. Here 's a sweet comedy. 'T begins with *O dolentis*, and concludes with ha, ha, he.

Bor. Ha, ha, he.

D'Am. O my echo! I could stand reverberating this sweet musical air of joy, till I had perish'd my sound lungs with violent laughter. Lovely night-raven! th' hast seized a carcase.

Bor. Put him out on 's pain. I lay so fitly underneath the bank from whence he fell, that ere his faltering tongue could utter double O, I knock'd out his brains with this fair ruby, and had another stone just of this form and bigness ready, that I laid i' the broken skull upon the ground for 's pillow, against the which they thought he fell and perish'd.

D'Am. Upon this ground I 'll build my manor house;
And this shall be chiefest corner-stone.

Bor. 'T has crown'd the most judicious murder, that
The brain of man was e'er deliver'd of.

D'Am. Ay, mark the plot. Not any circumstance
That stood within the reach of the design,
Of persons, dispositions, matter, time, or place,

But by this brain of mine was made
An instrumental help; yet nothing from
Th' induction to th' accomplishment seem'd forced,
Or done o' purpose, but by accident.

[*Here they reckon up the several circumstances.*

Bor. Then darkness did
Protect the execution of the work
Both from prevention and discovery.

D'Am. Here was a murder bravely carried through
The eye of observation, unobserv'd.

Bor. And those that saw the passage of it, made
The instruments, yet knew not what they did.

D'Am. That power of rule, philosophers ascribe
To him they call the Supreme of the Stars,
Making their influences governors
Of sublunary creatures, when theirselves
Are senseless of their operations.

[*Thunder and lightning.*

What! dost start at thunder? Credit my belief, 'tis a mere effect of nature, an exhalation hot and dry, involved within a watery vapour i' the middle region of the air; whose coldness congealing that thick moisture to a cloud, the angry exhalation shut within a prison of contrary quality, strives to be free, and with the violent eruption through the grossness of that cloud, makes this noise we hear.

Bor. 'Tis a fearful noise.

D'Am. 'Tis a brave noise; and, methinks, graces our accomplish'd project, as a peal of ordnance does a triumph. It speaks encouragement. Now nature shows thee how it favour'd our performance, to forbear this noise when we set forth, because it should not terrify my brother's going home, which would have dashed our purpose: to forbear this lightning in our passage, lest it should ha' warned him of the pitfall. Then

propitious nature wink'd at our proceedings; now it doth express how that forbearance favoured our success.

Drowned Soldier.

——— walking upon the fatal shore,
Among the slaughter'd bodies of their men,
Which the full-stomach'd sea had cast upon
The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
Upon a face, whose favour when it liv'd
My astonish'd mind inform'd me I had seen.
He lay in 's armour, as if that had been
His coffin; and the weeping sea, (like one
Whose milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he slew) runs up
The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek,
Goes back again, and forces up the sands
To bury him; and ev'ry time it parts,
Sheds tears upon him, till at last (as if
It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him) with
A kind of unresolv'd unwilling pace,
Winding her waves one in another, (like
A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands,
For grief) ebb'd from the body, and descends
As if it would sink down into the earth,
And hide itself for shame of such a deed.[1]

Match Refused.

I entertain the offer of this match,
With purpose to confirm it presently.
I have already mov'd it to my daughter;

[1] This way of description which seems unwilling ever to leave off, weaving parenthesis within parenthesis, was brought to its height by Sir Philip Sidney. He seems to have set the example to Shakspeare. Many beautiful instances may be found all over the Arcadia. These bountiful wits always give full measure, pressed down and running over.

Her soft excuses savour'd at the first,
Methought, but of a modest innocence
Of blood, whose unmov'd stream was never drawn
Into the current of affection. But when I
Replied with more familiar arguments,
Thinking to make her apprehension bold,
Her modest blush fell to a pale dislike,
And she refused it with such confidence,
As if she had been prompted by a love
Inclining firmly to some other man ;
And in that obstinacy she remains.

Love and Courage.

O, do not wrong him. 'Tis a generous mind
That led his disposition to the war :
For gentle love and noble courage are
So near allied, that one begets another :
Or love is sister, and courage is the brother.
Could I affect him better than before,
His soldier's heart would make me love him more.

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY :

By the same Author.

Vindici *addresses the Skull of his dead Lady.*

Thou sallow picture of my poison'd love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
These ragged imperfections ;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings —— then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man (if such there be

That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
Oh, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss ;
And what his father fifty years told,
To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold.

Again.

Here 's an eye
Able to tempt a great man—to serve God,
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble,
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here 's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whistle :
Spout rain, we fear thee not : be hot or cold,
All 's one with us : and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet ?
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee ? for thee does she undo herself ?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute ?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
And put his life between the judge's lips,
To refine such a thing ? keep horse and men,
To beat their valours for her ?
Surely we 're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not.
Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphire her face for this ? and grieve her Maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,
For her superfluous outside, all for this ?
Who now bids twenty pound a night ? prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats ? all are hush'd.

Thou mayst lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels: sure 'twould fright the sinner,
And make him a good coward: put a reveller
Out of his antick amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself.—See, ladies, with false forms
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.[1]

VINDICI, *having disguised himself, makes trial of his sister* CASTIZA'S *virtue; and afterwards of his mother's.*

VINDICI. CASTIZA.

Vin. Lady, the best of wishes to your sex,
Fair skins and new gowns. [*Offers her a letter.*
Cast. Oh they shall thank you, sir.
Whence this?
Vin. Oh, from a dear and worthy friend.
Cast. From whom?
Vin. The duke's son.
Cast. Receive that. [*A box o' the ear to her brother.*
I swore I would put anger in my hand,
And pass the virgin limits of myself,
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I 'll reward thee for 't;
Tell him my honour shall have a rich name,

[1] The male and female skeleton in Gondibert is the finest lecture of mortification which has been read from bones.

This dismal gallery, lofty, long and wide,
Was hung with skeletons of every kind;
Human, and all that learned human pride
Thinks made to obey man's high immortal mind.
Yet on that wall hangs He, too, who so thought:
And She, dried by Him, whom that He obey'd.

When several harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewell ; commend me to him in my hate. [*Exit.*

Vin. It is the sweetest box
That e'er my nose came nigh ;
The finest draw-work cuff that e'er was worn ;
I 'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still henceforward take the wall of this.
Oh, I 'm above my tongue : most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honourable shown ;
Many are call'd by their honour, that have none.
Thou art approv'd for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point, I will lay
Hard siege unto my mother, tho' I know,
A siren's tongue could not bewitch her so.
Mass, fitly here she comes ! thanks, my disguise—

The MOTHER *enters.*

Madam, good afternoon.

Moth. Y' are welcome, sir.

Vin. The next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's son.

Moth. I think myself much honour'd, that he pleases
To rank me in his thoughts.

Vin. So may you, lady :
One that is like to be our sudden duke ;
The crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him
Ev'n with anything almost !

Moth. Ay, save their honour.

Vin. Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be seen in 't ; ne'er be seen in 't, mark you,
I 'd wink and let it go.

Moth. Marry but I would not.

Vin. Marry but I would, I hope; I know you would too,
If you 'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about;
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning,
(For his white father does but mould away)
Has long desir'd your daughter.
Moth. Desir'd?
Vin. Nay, but hear me,
He desires now, that will command hereafter;
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; madam, I know you 're poor,
And (lack the day!) there are too many poor ladies already;
Why should you wax the number? 'tis despis'd.
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, Chastity.
Moth. O fie, fie! the riches of the world cannot hire a mother
To such a most unnatural task.
Vin. No, but a thousand angels can;
Men have no power, angels must work you to 't:
The world descends into such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still I perceive—still fool?
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others' daughters
Spring with the dew o' the court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd—by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast,
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men; and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.

You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, though it be but some ;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.

Moth. O heavens ! this o'ercomes me !

Vin. Not I hope already ? [*Aside.*

Moth. It is too strong for me ; men know that know us,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us :
He touch'd me nearly, made my virtues bate,
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.
[*Aside.*

Vin. I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge,
I fear me she 's unmother'd, yet I 'll venture.
[*Aside.*
What think you now, lady ? speak, are you wiser ?
What said advancement to you ? thus it said,
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head ?
Did it not, madam ? but I 'll swear it does
In many places : tut, this age fears no man,
'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.

Moth. Ay, that 's the comfort on 't.

Vin. The comfort on 't !—
I keep the best for last. Can these persuade you ?
To forget heaven—and— [*Offers her money.*

Moth. Ay, these are they—

Vin. Oh !

Moth. That enchant our sex ;
These are the means that govern our affections,—
That woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you :
I blush to think what for your sakes I 'll do.

Vin. O suffering heaven ! with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both my eye-balls inward, not to see myself.
[*Aside.*

Moth. Look you, sir.
Vin. Hollo.
Moth. Let this thank your pains.
Vin. O, you 're a kind madam.
Moth. I 'll see how I can move.
Vin. Your words will sting.
Moth. If she be still chaste, I 'll ne'er call her mine.
Vin. Spoke truer than you meant it!
Moth. Daughter Castiza——
Cast. [*within.*] Madam!
Vin. O she 's yonder; meet her,
Troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.
[CASTIZA *returns.*
Cast. Madam, what makes yon evil-officed man
In presence of you?
Moth. Why?
Cast. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonourable act.
Moth. Dishonourable act?—good honourable fool,
That wouldst be honest, 'cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will;
And 't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom? poor people, ignorant people;
The better sort, I 'm sure, cannot abide it.
And by what rule should we square out our lives,
But by our betters' actions? oh, if thou knew'st
What 't were to lose it, thou would never keep it;
But there 's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades.
Deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!
Cast. I cry you mercy, lady, I mistook you;
Pray did you see my mother? which way went you?
Pray God I have not lost her.
Vin. Prettily put by. [*Aside.*

Moth. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him ?
Do you not know me now ?
Cast. Why, are you she ?
The world 's so changed, one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother.
Vin. Most right, i' faith. [*Aside.*
Moth. I owe your cheek my hand
For that presumption now, but I 'll forget it ;
Come, you shall leave those childish 'haviours,
And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you,
What, will you be a girl ?
If all fear'd drowning that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.
Cast. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but methinks now
It does not show so well out of your mouth ;
Better in his.
Vin. Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest, as I 'll seem no less. [*Aside.*
I wonder, lady, your own mother's words
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honesty you urge, what 's honesty ?
'Tis but heaven's beggar ; and what woman is so foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep herself ? no,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.
A maid that has small portion now, intends
To break up house, and live upon her friends.
How blest are you ! you have happiness alone ;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazzle the world with jewels, and petitionary people
Start at your presence.
O think upon the pleasure of the palace !
Secured ease and state ! the stirring meats,
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when they 're eaten !

Banquets abroad by torch-light ! music ! sports !
Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
To keep on their own hats, but let horns wear 'em !
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry—

Cast. Ay, to the devil—

Vin. Ay, to the devil ! to the duke, by my faith.

Moth. Ay, to the duke. Daughter, you 'd scorn to think
O' the devil, an' you were there once.

Vin. Who 'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as useless as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself
Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts ?—
Fair trees, those comely foretops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold—
All thrives but chastity, she lies cold.
Nay, shall I come nearer to you ? mark but this :
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer profession ? that 's accounted best, that 's best follow'd ; least in trade, least in fashion ; and that 's not honesty, believe it ; and do but note the low and dejected price of it ?
Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it ;
But that once gone, who is so mad to look it ?

Moth. Troth, he says true.

Cast. False ! I defy you both.
I have endured you with an ear of fire,
Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Moth. Where ?

Cast. Do you not see her ? she 's too inward then.
Slave, perish in thy office. You heavens, please
Henceforth to make the mother a disease,

Which first begins with me; yet I 've outgone you. [*Exit.*

Vin. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities! [*Aside.*

Moth. Peevish, coy, foolish!—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way; I will sway mine own,
Women with women can work best alone. [*Exit.*

Vin. Forgive me, Heaven, to call my mother wicked!
O lessen not my days upon the earth,
I cannot honour her.

The Brothers, VINDICI *and* HIPPOLITO, *threaten their* MOTHER *with death for consenting to the dishonour of their Sister.*

Vin. O thou for whom no name is bad enough!

Moth. What mean my sons? what, will you murther me?

Vin. Wicked unnatural parent!

Hip. Friend of women!

Moth. Oh! are sons turn'd monsters? help!

Vin. In vain.

Moth. Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?

Vin. That breast
Is turn'd to quarled poison.

Moth. Cut not your days for 't! Am not I your mother?

Vin. Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud,
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.

Moth. A bawd! O name far loathsomer than hell!

Hip. It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.

Moth. I hate it.

Vin. Ah, is 't possible, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die?

Moth. Dissemble!

Vin. Did not the duke's son direct
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?

Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his lust?
Moth. Who, I?
That had been monstrous. I defy that man
For any such intent. None lives so pure,
But shall be soil'd with slander. Good son,
Believe it not.
Vin. Oh, I 'm in doubt
Whether I 'm myself or no—
Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be sav'd when mothers have no grace?
[*Resumes his disguise.*
Hip. 'Twould make one half despair.
Vin. I was the man.
Defy me now, let 's see, do 't modestly.
Moth. O hell unto my soul!
Vin. In that disguise I, sent from the duke's son,
Tried you, and found you base metal,
As any villain might have done.
Moth. O no,
No tongue but yours could have bewitch'd me so.
Vin. O nimble in damnation, quick in tune!
There is no devil could strike fire so soon.
I am confuted in a word.
Moth. O sons, forgive me! to myself I 'll prove more true;
You that should honour me, I kneel to you.
Vin. A mother to give aim to her own daughter!
Hip. True, brother; how far beyond nature 'tis,
Tho' many mothers do 't!
Vin. Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to bed.
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.
Brother, it rains; 'twill spoil your dagger, house it.
Hip. 'Tis done.
Vin. I' faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good.
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul
Have been long dry: pour down, thou blessed dew!

Rise, mother; troth, this shower has made you higher.

Moth. O you heavens! take this infectious spot out of my soul;
I 'll rinse it in seven waters of mine eyes.
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
To weep is to our sex naturally given;
But to weep truly, that 's a gift from Heaven.

Vin. Nay, I 'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother:
Let 's marry her to our souls, wherein 's no lust,
And honourably love her.

Hip. Let it be.

Vin. For honest women are so seld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
O you of easy wax! do but imagine,
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That office would have cling'd unto your forehead!
All mothers that had any graceful hue
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you.
It would have grown to this, at your foul name
Green-coloured maids would have turn'd red with shame.

Hip. And then our sister, full of hire and baseness—

Vin. There had been boiling lead again!
The duke's son's great concubine!
A drab of state, a cloth, a silver slut,
To have her train borne up, and her soul trail i' th' dirt! great—

Hip. To be miserably great; rich, to be eternally wretched.

Vin. O common madness!
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She 'd give the world to make her honour good.
Perhaps you 'll say, but only to the duke's son
In private; why, she first begins with one
Who afterwards to thousands proves a whore:
Break ice in one place, it will crack in more.

Moth. Most certainly applied !
Hip. O brother, you forget your business.
Vin. And well remember'd ; joy 's a subtile elf ;
I think man 's happiest when he forgets himself.
Farewell, once dry, now holy-water'd mead ;
Our hearts wear feathers, that before wore lead.
Moth. I 'll give you this, that one I never knew
Plead better for, and 'gainst the devil than you.
Vin. You make me proud on 't.
Hip. Commend us in all virtue to our sister.
Vin. Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.
Moth. With my best words.
Vin. Why, that was motherly said.[1]

CASTIZA *seems to consent to her* MOTHER'S *wicked notion.*

CASTIZA. MOTHER.

Cast. Now, mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.
Moth. Content, to what ?
Cast. To do as you had wish'd me ;
To prostitute my breast to the duke's son,
And put myself to common usury.
Moth. I hope you will not so.
Cast. Hope you I will not ?
That 's not the hope you look to be saved in.
Moth. Truth, but it is.
Cast. Do not deceive yourself.
I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought.

[1] The reality and life of this dialogue passes any scenical illusion I ever felt. I never read it but my ears tingle, and I feel a hot blush spread my cheeks, as if I were presently about to "proclaim" some such "malefactions" of myself, as the brothers here rebuke in their unnatural parent, in words more keen and dagger-like than those which Hamlet speaks to his mother. Such power has the passion of shame truly personated, not only to "strike guilty creatures unto the soul," but to "appal" even those that are "free."

What would you now? are ye not pleased yet with me?
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious
Than I intend to be.

Moth. Strike not me cold.

Cast. How often have you charg'd me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman! when you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me; that did more,
The mother's curse is heavy; where that fights,
Sons set in storm and daughters lose their lights.

Moth. Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee,
O let my breath revive it to a flame!
Put not all out with woman's wilful follies.
I am recover'd of that foul disease
That haunts too many mothers; kind, forgive me,
Make me not sick in health! if then
My words prevail'd, when they were wickedness,
How much more now when they are just and good!

Cast. I wonder what you mean! are not you she,
For whose infect persuasions, I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado,
In three hours' reading, to untwist so much
Of the black serpent as you wound about me?

Moth. 'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what 's past.
I 'm now your present mother.

Cast. Pish, now 'tis too late.

Moth. Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Cast. No! deny advancement! treasure! the duke's son!

Moth. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poison me.
What will the deed do then?
Advancement, true; as high as shame can pitch!

For treasure ; who e'er knew a harlot rich ?
Or could build by the purchase of her sin
An hospital to keep their bastards in ?
The duke's son ; oh, when women are young courtiers,
They are sure to be old beggars ;
To know the miseries most harlots taste,
Thou 'dst wish thyself unborn when thou art unchaste.

Cast. O mother, let me twine about your neck,
And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips ;
I did but this to try you.

Moth. O speak truth !

Cast. Indeed I did not ; for no tongue has force
To alter me from honest :
If maidens would, men's words could have no power ;
A virgin's honour is a crystal tower,
Which, being weak, is guarded with good spirits ;
Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.

Moth. O happy child ! faith, and thy birth hath sav'd me.
'Mongst thousand daughters, happiest of all others ;
Be thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers.

Evil Report after Death.

What is it to have
A flattering false insculption on a tomb,
And in men's hearts reproach ? the bowel'd corpse
May be sear'd in, but (with free tongue I speak)
The faults of great men through their sear-clothes break.

Bastards.

O what a grief 'tis, that a man should live
But once i' th' world, and then to live a bastard !
The curse o' the womb, the thief of nature,

Begot against the seventh commandment,
Half damn'd in the conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.

Too nice respects in Courtship.

Ceremony has made many fools.
It is as easy way unto a duchess,
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:
But that by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves.

PHILASTER; OR, LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING: A TRAGI-COMEDY.

By Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.

Philaster *tells the* Princess Arethusa *how he first found the boy* Bellario.

I have a boy, sent by the gods,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story:
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,

John Fletcher, from the engraving by Vertue.

Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished: so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained
Him, who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

PHILASTER *prefers* BELLARIO *to the service of the* PRINCESS ARETHUSA.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bell. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bell. In that small time that I have seen the world,

I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty : I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he, but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bell. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth :
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn ;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge ; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning ? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off ; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off ! thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence ;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so : and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee ; as I live, I will !
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bell. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer :
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well ;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one!

BELLARIO *describes to the* PRINCESS ARETHUSA *the manner of his master* PHILASTER'S *love for her.*

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service ; is 't not so ?
Bell. Madam, I have not changed ; I wait on you,
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bell. Bellario.
Are. Thou canst sing and play ?
Bell. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know ?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school ?
Thou art not capable of other grief ;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them : believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me ?
Bell. Love, madam ! I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love ?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well ?
Bell. If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends
In thinking of your face ; if it be love
To sit cross-armed and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire ;
If it be love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or killed, because it might have been your chance ;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,

Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh, you 're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit ! but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.

PHILASTER *is jealous of* BELLARIO *with the* PRINCESS.

Bell. Health to you, my lord !
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.
Phi. O Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me ! she does show it
In loving thee, my boy : she has made thee brave.
Bell. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert ; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper ! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides ; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee ?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity ;
As mothers fond do use their only sons,
As I 'd use one that 's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why this is wondrous well :
But what kind language does she feed thee with ?
Bell. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant ; bids me weep no more

For leaving you ; she 'll see my services
Regarded : and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bell. Are you ill, my lord ?

Phi. Ill ? no, Bellario.

Bell. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceived, boy : And she strokes thy head ?

Bell. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks ?

Bell. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy ? ha !

Bell. How, my lord ?

Phi. She kisses thee ?

Bell. Not so, my lord.

Phi. That 's strange !—I know she does.

Bell. No, by my life.
Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplexed ; when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused ;
Some villain has abused you ; I do see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you ! 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to naught.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift : I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered ? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her ? Speak some comfort to me.

Bell. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent :
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,

I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do know thy face.

Bell. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice! but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.

Bell. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?

Bell. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bell. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls: think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me!
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario:
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost: it troubles me
That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
Bell. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these
tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

BELLARIO, *discovered to be a woman, confesses the motive for her disguise to have been love for* PRINCE PHILASTER.

My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue ; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised. But yet all this
Was but a maiden longing to be lost
As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates :
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath : then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheepcote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I : you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever : I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so : alas, I found it love !
Yet far from lust ; for, could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did elude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy ; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you ; and, understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.[1]

[1] The character of Bellario must have been extremely popular

Natural Antipathies.

Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And know she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am : if a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee.

Interest in Virtue.

Why, my lord, are you so moved at this ? ——
When any fall from virtue, I am distract ;
I have an interest in 't.

ELEGY.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long striving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words' masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threaten'd me,

---

in its day. For many years after the date of Philaster's first exhibition on the stage, scare a play can be found without one of these women pages in it, following in the train of some pre-engaged lover, calling on the gods to bless her happy rival (his mistress) whom no doubt she secretly curses in her heart, giving rise to many pretty *équivoques* by the way on the confusion of sex, and either made happy at last by some surprising turn of fate, or dismissed with the joint pity of the lovers and the audience. Our ancestors seem to have been wonderfully delighted with these transformations of sex. Women's parts were then acted by young men. What an odd double confusion it must have made, to see a boy play a woman playing a man ! one cannot disentangle the perplexity without some violence to the imagination.

Donne has a copy of verses addressed to his mistress, dissuading her from a resolution, which she seems to have taken up from some of these scenical representations, of following him abroad as a page. It is so earnest, so weighty, so rich, in poetry, in sense, in wit, and pathos, that I have thought fit to insert it, as a solemn close in future to all such sickly fancies as he there deprecates. The story of his romantic and unfortunate marriage with the daughter of Sir George Moore, the lady here supposed to be addressed, may be read in Walton's Lives.

I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee; and all the oaths, which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
I here unswear, and overswear them thus:
Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
Temper, O fair love, love's impetuous rage;
Be my true mistress, not my feigned page.
I 'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back; O, if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar.
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness: thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
The fair Orithea, whom he swore he loved.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have proved
Dangers unurged; feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in the other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind; be not strange
To thyself only. All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.
Richly clothed apes are call'd apes, and as soon
Eclipsed as bright we call the moon the moon.
Men of France, changeable camelions,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Lives' fuellers, and the rightest company
Of players which upon the world's stage be,
Will too too quickly know thee; and, alas!
Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
As Lot's fair guests were vex'd. But none of these
Nor spongy Aydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O stay here; for, for thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest king call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness;
Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess;
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless, nor curse,
Openly love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnights' startings, crying out, O, O,
Nurse, O, my love is slain, I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY:

By the same Authors.

Amintor, *a noble gentleman, promises marriage to* Aspatia, *and forsakes her by the king's command to wed* Evadne.—*The grief of* Aspatia *at being forsaken described.*

This lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; where, when she seeks a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders: she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear have heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase that, ere she end,
She 'll send them weeping one by one away.

The marriage-night of Amintor *and* Evadne.

Evadne. Aspatia. Dula, *and other Ladies.*

Evad. Would thou couldst instil [*To* Dula.
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My right, and all your hands have been employ'd

In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless:
But till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he poured the sweetest words
That art or love could frame.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could! then should I leave the cause.
Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew.

Evad. That 's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, madam?

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear; say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lay lightly, gentle earth!
Madam, good night. May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! but, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I: but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him! so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.—
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth:
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee! [AMINTOR *enters.*

Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
[*To* AMINTOR.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I 'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
[*Kisses* AMINTOR.
You 'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refus'd,
Than to have had another true to me.——

ASPATIA *wills her* Maidens *to be sorrowful, because she is so.*

ASPATIA. ANTIPHILA. OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Come, let 's be sad, my girls.
That downcast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila:
Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when from a cold sea rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear.—Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble.—'Tis enough, my wench.—
Show me the piece of needle-work you wrought.
Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?
Asp. Yes, that piece.—
This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening face.—
You meant him for a man?
Ant. He was so, madam.
Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough.—Never look back;
You have a full wind and a false heart, Theseus.—

Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel.

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as evil. This false smile
Was well express'd, just such another caught me.—
You shall not go so.
Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear bravely, wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long and be believ'd. But where 's the lady?

Ant. There, madam.

Asp. Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
I stand upon the sea beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me
Make all a desolation. See, see, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam !
Asp. I have done. Sit down ; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there,
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadnesss
Give us new souls.[1]

EVADNE *implores forgiveness of* AMINTOR *for marrying him while she was the* King's Mistress.

Evad. Oh, my lord !
Amin. How now ?
Evad. My much-abused lord ! [*Kneels.*

[1] One characteristic of the excellent old poets is their being able to bestow grace upon subjects which naturally do not seem susceptible of any. I will mention two instances: Zelmane in the Arcadia of Sidney, and Helena in the All 's Well that Ends Well of Shakspeare. What can be more unpromising at first sight than the idea of a young man disguising himself in woman's attire, and passing himself off for a woman among women ? and that too for a long space of time ? yet Sir Philip has preserved such a matchless decorum, that neither does Pyrocles' manhood suffer any stain for the effeminacy of Zelmane, nor is the respect due to the princesses at all diminished when the deception comes to be known. In the sweetly constituted mind of Sir Philip Sidney it seems as if no ugly thought nor unhandsome meditation could find a harbour. He turned all that he touched into images of honour and virtue. Helena, in Shakspeare, is a young woman seeking a man in marriage. The ordinary laws of courtship are reversed; the habitual feelings are violated. Yet with such exquisite address this dangerous subject is handled, that Helena's forwardness loses her no honour ; delicacy dispenses with her laws in her favour, and Nature in her single case seems content to suffer a sweet violation.

Aspatia, in this tragedy, is a character equally difficult with Helena of being managed with grace. She too is a slighted woman, refused by the man who had once engaged to marry her. Yet it is artfully contrived, that while we pity her, we respect her, and she descends without degradation. So much true poetry and passion can do to confer dignity upon subjects which do not seem capable of it. But Aspatia must not be compared at all points with Helena ; she does not so absolutely predominate over her situation, but she suffers some diminution, some abatement of the full lustre of the female character ; which Helena never does : her character has many degrees of sweetness, some of delicacy, but it has weakness, which, if we do not despise, we are sorry for. After all, Beaumont and Fletcher were but an inferior sort of Shakspeares and Sidneys.

Amin. This cannot be !
Evad. I do not kneel to live ; I dare not hope it ;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amin. Stand up.
This is no new way to beget more sorrow :
Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me :
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wilderness,
And do an outrage : prithee, do not mock me.
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set, even with my life :
That slight contrition, that 's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amin. Sure, I dazzle :
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There 's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is ? Oh, Evadne,
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance ! but I must not :
Thou hast brought me to the dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs : you are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven : let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here

To shadow my dissembling with my tears,
(As all say women can,) or to make less
What my hot will has done, which Heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance; no, I do not;
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Dress'd in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster.
But these are names of honour to what I am;
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing ages, if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women:
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill-told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,

Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it :
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I 'll weep,
Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolv'd;
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy ! Rise ; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand :
From this time I will know thee ; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days :
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.——

Men's Natures more hard and subtile than Women's.

How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me !
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in women. All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtility in everything,
Which love could never know ; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so. It is unjust
That men and women should be match'd together.

CUPID'S REVENGE, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Authors.

Leucippus, *the* King's Son, *takes to mistress* Bacha, *a* Widow; *but being questioned by his Father, to preserve her honour, swears that she is chaste. The old* King *admires her, and on the credit of that oath, while his* Son *is absent, marries her.* Leucippus, *when he discovers the dreadful consequences of the deceit which he had used to his Father, counsels his friend* Ismenus *never to speak a falsehood in any case.*

Leu. My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill:
And I beseech thee to be warn'd by me,
And do not lie! if any man should ask thee
But *how thou dost, or what o'clock 'tis now,*
Be sure thou do not lie; make no excuse
For him that is most near thee; never let
The most officious falsehood 'scape thy tongue;
For they above (that are entirely truth)
Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies
Yield miseries a thousand fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Leucippus *and his wicked* Mother-in-law, Bacha, *are left alone together for the first time after her marriage with the* King, *his father.*

Bach. He stands
As if he grew there, with his eyes on earth—
Sir, you and I, when we were last together,
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting by ourselves.
Leu. Madam, 'tis true;
Heaven pardon it!
Bach. Amen, sir. You may think
That I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.
Leu. 'Tis past now.
Bach. But it was no fault of mine:
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd
The king; nor laid I any train to catch him,
It was your own oaths did it.

Leu. 'Tis a truth,
That takes my sleep away : but would to Heaven,
If it had so been pleas'd, you had refus'd him,
Though I had gratified that courtesy
With having you myself ! But since 'tis thus,
I do beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth ; and not abuse his credulous age,
Which you may easily do. As for myself,
What I can say, you know, alas, too well,
Is tied within me ! here it will sit like lead,
But shall offend no other ; it will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me
Of some friend's death. But I will bear myself
To you with all the due obedience
A son owes to a mother : more than this
Is not in me ; but I must leave the rest
To the just gods, who in their blessed time,
When they have given me punishment enough
For my rash sin, will mercifully find
As unexpected means to ease my grief
As they did now to bring it.

Bach. Grown so godly !
This must not be ! [*Aside.*]—And I will be to you
No other than a natural mother ought ;
And for my honesty, so you will swear
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe
From any other.

Leu. Bless me ! I should urge you !

Bach. Nay, but swear, then, that I may be at peace ;
For I do feel a weakness in myself,
That can deny you nothing : if you tempt me,
I shall embrace sin, as it were a friend,
And run to meet it.

Leu. If you knew how far
It were from me, you would not urge an oath ;
But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you——

Bach. Swear not.—I cannot move him. [*Aside.*]—This sad talk
Of things past help does not become us well :
Shall I send one for my musicians, and we 'll dance ?
Leu. Dance, madam !
Bach. Yes, a lavolta.
Leu. I cannot dance, madam.
Bach. Then let 's be merry.
Leu. I am as my fortunes bid me ;
Do not you see me sour ?
Bach. Yes.
And why think you I smile ?
Leu. I am so far
From any joy myself, I cannot fancy
A cause of mirth.
Bach. I 'll tell you ; we are alone.
Leu. Alone !
Bach. Yes.
Leu. 'Tis true ; what then !
Bach. What then !
You make my smiling now break into laughter :
What think you is to be done then ?
Leu. We should pray to Heaven for mercy.
Bach. Pray ! that were a way indeed
To pass the time !
Leu. I dare not think I understand you.
Bach. I must teach you, then : come, kiss me.
Leu. Kiss you !
Bach. Yes, be not asham'd
You did it not yourself ; I will forgive you.
Leu. Keep, you displeased gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my mother, fast within me,
Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance
Will cure me.
Bach. Leave these melancholy moods,

That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips
A thousand times.

Leu. Pray, leave this wicked talk :
You do not know to what my father's wrong
May urge me.

Bach. I am careless, and do weigh
The world, my life, and all my after-hopes,
Nothing without thy love : mistake me not ;
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within itself. What say you ?

Leu. Nothing.

Bach. Pity me ! behold, a duchess
Kneels for thy mercy. What answer will you give ?

Leu. They that can answer must be less amaz'd
Than I am now : you see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.

Bach. Shall I be contemn'd ?
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast
To let a lady kneel.

Leu. 'Tis your will,
Heaven ! but let me bear me like myself,
However she does.

Bach. How fond was I
To beg thy love ! I 'll force thee to my will :
Dost thou not know that I can make the king
Dote as me list ? yield quickly, or, by heaven,
I 'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose !

Leu. All you have nam'd, but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that :
Say what you will, I 'll hear you as becomes me ;
If you speak [wickedly], I will not follow
Your counsel, neither will I tell the world
To your disgrace, but give you the just honour
That is due from me to my father's wife.

Bach. Lord, how full of wise formality
You 're grown of late ! but you were telling me
You could have wish'd that I had married you :

If you will swear so yet, I 'll make away
The king.
Leu. You are a strumpet!
Bach. Nay, I care not
For all your railings; they will batter walls
And take in towns, as soon as trouble me:
Tell him, I care not; I shall undo you only,
Which is no matter.
Leu. I appeal to you
Still and for ever, that are and cannot
Be other!—Madam, I see 'tis in your power
To work your will on him; and I desire you
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,
But suffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace: alas, he never did you wrong!
And farther, I beseech you pardon me
For the ill word I gave you; for, however
You may deserve, it became not me
To call you so; but passion urges me
I know not whither.—My heart, break now,
And ease me ever!

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE: BEING THE SECOND OF FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS:

By Francis Beaumont.

Violante, *daughter to a nobleman of Milan, is with child by* Gerrard, *supposed to be of mean descent; an offence, which by the laws of Milan is made capital to both parties.*

Violante. Gerrard.

Viol. Why does my Gerrard grieve?
Ger. Oh, my sweet mistress!
It is not life (which, by our Milan law,
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive;

That I would lose to save the little finger
Of this your noble burthen from least hurt,
Because your blood is in 't : but since your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
Being we are not married, your dear blood
Falls under the same cruel penalty ;
And can Heaven think fit ye die for me ?
For Heaven's sake, say I ravish'd you ! I 'll swear it,
To keep your life safe, and repute unstain'd.

Viol. Oh, Gerrard, thou 'rt my life and faculties,
(And if I lose thee, I 'll not keep mine own,)
The thought of whom sweetens all miseries !
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death ?
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment ?
It was so far from rape, that, Heaven doth know,
If ever the first lovers, ere they fell,
Knew simply in the state of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush.

Ger. Oh, but, my rarest Violante, when
My lord Randulpho, brother to your father,
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim
At my poor aunt and me, which his free alms
Hath nurs'd, since Milan by the duke of Mantua,
Who now usurps it, was surpris'd ! that time
My father and my mother both were slain,
With my aunt's husband, as she says, their states
Despoil'd and seiz'd ; 'tis past my memory,
But thus she told me : only thus I know,
Since I could understand, your honour'd uncle
Hath given me all the liberal education
That his own son might look for, had he one ;
Now will he say, " Dost thou requite me thus ? "
Oh, the thought kills me !

Viol. Gentle, gentle Gerrard,
Be cheer'd and hope the best. My mother, father,
And uncle, love me most indulgently,
Being the only branch of all their stocks :

But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve
With this unwelcome news, shall ever hear
Violante's tongue reveal, much less accuse,
Gerrard to be the father of his own ;
I 'll rather silent die, that thou mayst live
To see thy little offspring grow and thrive.——

VIOLANTE *is attended in childbed by her mother* ANGELINA.

Viol. Mother,—I'd not offend you,—might not Gerrard
Steal in, and see me in the evening ?
Angel. Well ;
Bid him do so.
Viol. Heaven's blessing o' your heart !
Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother ?
Angel. Yes.
Viol. It well may be : the barefoot traveller,
That 's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me !
And yet how disobedient have I been !
Angel. Peace, Violante ; thou hast always been
Gentle and good.
Viol. Gerrard is better, mother :
Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your prayers!
I see no reason but my father might
Be told the truth, being pleas'd for Ferdinand
To woo himself ; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative : my uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.
Angel. No, not for the world,
Since his intent is cross'd ; lov'd Ferdinand
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock,
His madness would pursue you both to death.
Viol. As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of ease ; I 'll sleep.

Angel. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up! [1]

VIOLANTE *describes how her love for* GERRARD *began.*

Viol. Gerrard's and my affection began
In infancy; my uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither.
The little boy would kiss me being a child,
And say he lov'd me, give me all his toys,
Bracelets, rings, sweetmeats, all his rosy smiles:
I then would stand and stare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and swear I lov'd him too,
For, sure, methought he was a little Love;
He woo'd so prettily in innocence,
That then he warm'd my fancy.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS:

BY JOHN FLETCHER.

CLORIN, *a* Shepherdess, *watching by the Grave of her Lover, is found by a* Satyr.

Clor. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still loved ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love: all sports, delights, and jolly games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.

[1] Violante's prattle is so very pretty and so natural *in her situation*, that I could not resist giving it a place. Juno Lucina was never invoked with more elegance. Pope has been praised for giving dignity to a game of cards. It required at least as much address to ennoble a lying-in.

Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance ;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves : all be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory ;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring,
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes ;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs :
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours as I gained them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charmed with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic ; their eyes or ears
Thickened with misty film of dulling rheum ;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pulled from the fair head of the straight-grown pine ;
On these I 'll feed with free content, and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

A SATYR *enters.*

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began;
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—
But, behold, a fairer sight!
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them!

For these black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread!
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clor. And all my fears go with thee!
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand,
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it), if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;

Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin :
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me ? Sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines : then, strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I 'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell !———

PERIGOT *and* AMORET *appoint to meet at the Virtuous Well.*

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid ;
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak ; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd ; and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city ; be thou ever true !
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That, being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go !
Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so :
I do believe thee ; 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing moon, or that fair star

That guides the wandering seaman through the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before daylight
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo!

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You are sailed too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to Heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not, then,
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vowed were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand: be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!

Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say, sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do.—
Maids must be fearful.

Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.

For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality :
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness ;
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity ;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires ; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant :
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aimed at.

Amo. Thou hast prevailed : farewell. This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wished delight.—

THENOT, *admiring the constancy of* CLORIN *to her dead lover, rejects the suit of* CLOE.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been ?
Or whither goest thou ? Here be woods as green
As any ; air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams ; with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any ;

Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and dells;
Chose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,—
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountains with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft ears of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live to admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon, so sure the mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserved; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.
Then, know, she 's called the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vowed herself into the holy roll

Of strict virginity : 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire.

THENOT *loves* CLORIN, *yet fears to gain his suit.*

Clor. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place ?
No way is trodden ; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot ; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness.
The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandered, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion :
But hither am I come (believe me, fair,)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.
Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festered ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare not undertake it.
The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part imposthumed, to be cured by art,
This body holds ; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be healed by you,
Fair, beauteous virgin.
Clor. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief : that man yet never knew
The way to health that durst not show his sore.
The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.
Clor. Swain, no more !

Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offered sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not,
Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clor. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with prayers appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamelled richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wandering soul; nor the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden-whiteness as the Alpen snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, whilst this honoured strictness you dare keep,

Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

Clor. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave.
Those sparks, that long ago were buried here
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he loved you, and be still
The same opinion speaks you: let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery. If you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet there 's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clor. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!

The God *of the* River *rises with* Amoret *in his arms, whom the sullen* Shepherd *has flung wounded into his spring.*

River God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,

Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There 's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here 's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher:
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she 's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.—
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.—
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber.—Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

River God. I have healed thy wounds.

Amo. Aye, me!

River God. Fear not him that succoured thee.

I am this fountain's god: below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string. [*Sings.*

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,

I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a god ; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality :
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betrothed unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.
River God. May he prove to thee as true !
Fairest virgin, now adieu ;
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering ;
Which I would not ; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offered to my deity ;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass ;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.
Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course ;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink ;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook ;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry !
River God. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain :

Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon.

[If all the parts of this Play had been in unison with these innocent scenes, and sweet lyric intermixtures, it had been a Poem fit to vie with Comus or the Arcadia, to have been put into the hands of boys and virgins, to have made matter for young dreams, like the loves of Hermia and Lysander. But a spot is on the face of this moon.—Nothing short of infatuation could have driven Fletcher upon mixing up with this blessedness such an ugly deformity as Cloe, the wanton shepherdess. Coarse words do but wound the ears; but a character of lewdness affronts the mind. Female lewdness at once shocks nature and morality. If Cloe was meant to set off Clorin by contrast, Fletcher should have known that such weeds by juxtaposition do not set off, but kill sweet flowers.]

COMMENDATORY VERSES BEFORE THE SAME.

THERE are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken:
A poem and a play too! why, 'tis like
A scholar that 's a poet; their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,
And kill outright; one cannot both fates bear.
But as a poet, that 's no scholar, makes
Vulgarity his whiffler,[1] and so takes
Passage with ease and state through both sides, prease[2]
Of pageant seers; or, as scholars please,
That are no poets more than poets learn'd,
Since their art solely is by souls discern'd;
The others' falls within the common sense,
And sheds, like common light, her influence;
So, were your play no poem, but a thing
That every cobbler to his patch might sing,
A rout of nifles,[3] like the multitude,

[1] A person who cleared the way for a procession.
[2] Press, crowd.
[3] A set of trifles, frivolous things.

With no one limb of any art endu'd,
Like would to like, and praise you. But because
Your poem only hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely pastoral,
Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,
And all the Graces find their old abodes,
Where forests flourish but in endless verse,
And meadows nothing fit for purchasers;
This iron age, that eats itself, will never
Bite at your golden world, that others ever
Lov'd as itself. Then, like your book, do you
Live in old peace, and that for praise allow.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

DEDICATIONS TO FLETCHER'S FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS, FROM FIRST QUARTO.

I. *To that noble and true lover of learning*, SIR WALTER ASTON.

Sir, I must ask your patience, and be true;
This play was never lik'd, unless by few
That brought their judgments with 'em; for, of late,
First the infection,[1] then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got,
Either to silence plays or like them not:
Under the last of which this interlude
Had fall'n, for ever, press'd down by the rude,
That like a torrent which the moist south feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds,
Had not the saving sense of better men

[1] The plague; in which times, the acting of plays appears to have been discountenanced.

Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear sir, then,
Among the better souls, be you the best,
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest,
And proper being ; from whose equal eye
And judgment nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds anything to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun :
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,
Mov'd by your judgment, not by love or will ;
And when I sing again, (as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well ?)
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all
Able to make a work heroical.

II. *To the inheritor of all worthiness*, SIR WILLIAM SKIPWITH.

ODE.

I. If, from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy sir, I 've all I sought for :

II. For no itch of greater name,
Which some claim
By their verses, do I show it
To the world ; nor to protest
'Tis the best ;—
These are lean faults in a poet ;—

III. Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need,
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,
Nor to ravish kind attorneys
In their journeys,
Nor to read it after diet.

IV. Far from me are all these aims,
Fittest frames
To build weakness on and pity;
Only to yourself, and such
Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

III. *To the perfect gentleman*, Sir Robert Townsend.

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is,
Noble sir, I needs must have
A long one for a long amiss.
If you ask me, how is this?
Upon my faith, I 'll tell you frankly,
You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor shepherd I have sent
In home-spun gray for to excuse me;
And may all my hopes refuse me,
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more!

'Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-pil'd sweet "protesters,"
I must please you in bare letters,
And so pay my debts, like jesters;
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat and choose a sallet.

Apologetical Preface, following these. To the reader.

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift

in defining, concluded to be a play of country hired shepherds in gray cloaks, with cur-tailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure.[1] Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near to it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

[1] He damns the town: the town before damn'd him.—Ed.

We can almost be not sorry for the ill dramatic success of this play, which brought out such spirited apologies; in particular, the masterly definitions of Pastoral and Tragi-Comedy in this Preface.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY, A COMEDY:

By the same Author.

The humour of a Gallant who will not be persuaded to keep his Lands, but chooses to live by his Wits rather.

Valentine's Uncle. Merchant, *who has his Mortgage.*

Mer. When saw you Valentine?
Unc. Not since the horse-race;
He 's taken up with those that woo the widow.
Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people?
He bore a worthy mind.
Unc. Alas, he 's sunk!
His means are gone; he wants, and, which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.
Mer. That 's strange.
Unc. Runs lunatic, if you but talk of states;
He cannot be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is inheritance or means,
But all a common riches, all men bound
To be his bailiffs;——
Mer. This is something dangerous.
Unc. No gentleman that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers; for those ways
He cries against for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,
Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs,—
"God bless the founders!" These he would have vented
Into more manly uses, wit and carriage,
And never thinks of state or means, the groundworks;
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies,
And starve their understandings.

VALENTINE *joins them.*

Val. Now to your business, uncle.
Unc. To your state, then.
Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on 't; name it no more;
'Tis that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me:
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it,
(I mean of thinking of more lands or livings)
Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon 't!
Caveat emptor; let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on 't.
Unc. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.
Val. I am mad, then,
And so I mean to be; will that content you?
How bravely now I live, how jocund!
How near the first inheritance, without fears!
How free from title troubles!
Unc. And from means too.
Val. Means! why,
All good men 's my means, my wit 's my plough,
The town 's my stock, taverns my standing-house,
And all the world knows there 's no want; all gentlemen
That love society love me: all purses
That wit and pleasure open are my tenants;
Every man's clothes fit me; the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove; and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,
And I go I care not whither. What need state here?
Unc. But, say these means were honest, will they last, sir?
Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
Your mind 's enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly;

Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing
But daily sweat and trouble : were my way
So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I 'd shift it.
Are my acquaintance graziers ? But, sir, know
No man that I am allied to, in my living,
But makes it equal, whether his own use
Or my necessity pull first ; nor is this forc'd,
But the mere quality and poisure of goodness :
And do you think I venture nothing equal ?

Unc. You pose me, cousin.

Val. What 's my knowledge, uncle ?
Is 't not worth money ? what 's my understanding,
My travel, reading, wit, all these digested ;
My daily making men, some to speak,
That too much phlegm had frozen up ;
Some other that spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put
Their tongues to pensions ; some to wear their clothes,
And some to keep them ? These are nothing, uncle !
Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,
A manly love, community to all
That are deservers—not examining
How much or what 's done for them ; it is wicked.
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
The starv'd inheritance with musty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,
Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces ?
Do not I know your way of feeding beasts
With grains and windy stuff, to blow up butchers ?
Your racking pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing shepherds and their issues
As Andalusia breeds ? These are authentic.
I tell you, sir, I would not change ways with you,
Unless it were to sell your state that hour,
And, if it were possible, to spend it then too,

For all your beans in Rumnillo. Now you know me.

[The wit of Fletcher is excellent, like his serious scenes; but there is something strained and far-fetched in both. He is too mistrustful of Nature; he always goes a little on one side of her. Shakspeare chose her without a reserve; and had riches, power, understanding, and long life, with her, for a dowry.]

THIERRY AND THEODORET, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Thierry, King of France, *being childless, is foretold by an* Astrologer, *that he shall have Children if he sacrifice the first Woman that he shall meet at sun-rise coming out of the Temple of Diana. He waits before the Temple, and the first woman he sees proves to be his own Wife* Ordella.

Thierry. Martell, *a* Nobleman.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.
Thier. How can he sleep,
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour
He knows comes stealing toward him? Oh, Martell,
Is 't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Out-run her fears, can, on that day she 's married,
Consume in slumbers? or his arms rust in ease,
That hears the charge, and see the honour'd purchase
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above these passions: this day France
(France, that in want of issue withers with us,
And, like an aged river, runs his head
Into forgotten ways,) again I ransom,
And his fair course turn right.
Mart. Happy woman that dies to do these things!
Thier. The gods have heard me now! and those that scorn'd me,

Mothers of many children, and blest fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comforts more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infant songs ; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me.

Mart. The day wears ;
And those that have been offering early prayers
Are now returning homeward.

Thier. Stand, and mark then.

Mart. Is it the first must suffer ?

Thier. The first woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it, sir ?

Thier. This hand, Martell ;
For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering ?

Mart. Would I were she !
For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting.
Here comes a woman.

ORDELLA *comes out from the Temple, veiled.*

Thier. Stand, and behold her then.

Mart. I think a fair one.

Thier. Move not, whilst I prepare her. May her peace,
(Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And, offering at their altars, gives his soul
Far purer than those fires,) pull Heaven upon her !
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her !
No love of any thing but you and goodness
Tie her to earth ! fear be a stranger to her,
And all weak blood's affections but thy hope,
Let her bequeathe to women ! Hear me, Heaven !
Give her a spirit masculine and noble,
Fit for yourselves to ask and me to offer !

Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death ;
And, as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That by his cutting off more may increase,
So let her fall to raise me fruit ! Hail, woman,
The happiest and the best (if the dull will
Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet !

Ordel. She 's more than dull, sir, less and worse than woman,
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
And brings a will to rob her.

Thier. Tell me this, then ;
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
For virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
Has or dare make a story ?

Ordel. Many dead, sir ; living, I think, as many.

Thier. Say, the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
A general blessing, lady ?

Ordel. A general curse light on her heart denies it !

Thier. Full of honour,
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of and empty figures ?

Ordel. You strangely stir me, sir ; and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions. May I do it ?

Thier. You may ; and, which is more, you must.

Ordel. I joy in 't,
Above a moderate gladness. Sir, you promise
It shall be honest !

Thier. As ever time discover'd.

Ordel. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.

Thier. But, hark you ;

What may that woman merit makes this blessing ?
Ordel. Only her duty, sir.
Thier. 'Tis terrible.
Ordel. 'Tis so much the more noble.
Thier. 'Tis full of fearful shadows.
Ordel. So is sleep, sir,
Or any thing that 's merely ours and mortal ;
We were begotten gods else : but those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Thier. Suppose it death ?
Ordel. I do.
Thier. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay, reason ?
For in the silent grave, no conversation,[1]
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel ; nothing 's heard
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness : and dare you, woman,
Desire this place ?
Ordel. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest :
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations to this centre :
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures or life's profits
Can recompense this place ; and mad that stay it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispers'd to the earth.
Thier. Then you can suffer ?
Ordel. As willingly as say it.
Thier. Martell, a wonder !

[1] There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest. *Ecclesiastes.*

Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?
Ordel. I am, sir.
Thier. And have children?—She sighs and weeps.
Ordel. Oh, none, sir!
Thier. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?
Ordel. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children: he that reads me,
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes,
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.
Thier. Then, there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do, lady.
Ordel. You are the King, sir,
And what you do I 'll suffer; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom!
Thier. Thus much before I strike, then; for I must kill you,
The gods have will'd it so: they 've made the blessing
Must make France young again and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly.
Ordel. Fear me not.
Thier. And meet death like a measure.
Ordel. I am stedfast.
Thier. Thou shalt be sainted, woman; and thy tomb
Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven, every age,
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Till thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness?
Ordel. I dare, sir.
[*Pulls off her veil; he lets fall his sword.*
Thier. Ha!

Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it.
Thier. No, I dare not!
There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue!
Ordel. Strike, sir, strike!
And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!
Thier. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Rise, Ordella,
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh show'd us! Oh, my heart-strings![1]

MARTEL *relates to* THIERRY *the manner of* ORDELLA'S *death.*

Mart. The griev'd Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, inquir'd

[1] I have always considered this to be the finest scene in Fletcher, and Ordella the most perfect idea of the female heroic character, next to Calantha in the Broken Heart of Ford, that has been embodied in fiction. She is a piece of sainted nature. Yet noble as the whole scene is, it must be confessed that the manner of it, compared with Shakspeare's finest scenes, is slow and languid. Its motion is circular, not progressive. Each line revolves on itself in a sort of separate orbit. They do not join into one another like a running hand. Every step that we go we are stopped to admire some single object, like walking in beautiful scenery with a guide. This slowness I shall elsewhere have occasion to remark as characteristic of Fletcher. Another striking difference perceivable between Fletcher and Shakspeare, is the fondness of the former for unnatural and violent situations, like that in the scene before us. He seems to have thought that nothing great could be produced in an ordinary way. The chief incidents in the Wife for a Month, in Cupid's Revenge, in the Double Marriage, and in many more of his tragedies, show this. Shakspeare had nothing of this contortion in his mind, none of that craving after romantic incidents, and flights of strained and improbable virtue, which I think always betrays an imperfect moral sensibility.

What drew it from you, and the cause soon
learn'd,—
For she, whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,
'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her ;—she, I say, in whom
All was that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill ; knowing herself
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die to give you children ;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service
Would break forth in despite of the much sorrow
She show'd she had to leave you ; and then taking
Me by the hand, (this hand which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd
it,)
"Go," said she, "to my lord, (and to go to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for,)
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his love and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The orphan kingdom of such guardians as
Must of necessity descend from him ;
And therefore in some part of recompense
Of his much love, and to show to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings ; yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her." Which no sooner
spoke,
But in a moment this too ready engine

Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.

BONDUCA, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Bonduca, *the* British Queen, *taking occasion from a Defeat of the* Romans *to impeach their Valour, is rebuked by* Caratach.

Bonduca, Caratach, Hengo, Nennius, Soldiers.

Bon. The hardy Romans! oh, ye gods of Britain!—
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!
Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,
That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in 'em;
Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nurs'd 'em;
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius scatter'd them;
And through their big-bon'd Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sit in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame 'em: and a woman,
A woman beat them, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman beat these Romans!

Car. So it seems; a man would shame to talk so.

Bon. Who 's that?

Car. I.

Bon. Cousin, do you grieve at my fortunes?
Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes;
You put too much wind to your sail: discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.
Bon. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?
Car. No, Bonduca;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
Ye call the Romans—fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:
Does this become a doer? are they such?
Bon. They are no more.
Car. Where is your conquest, then?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druids composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers;
Put out your holy fires, no timbrel ring;
Let 's home and sleep; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice;
A glow-worm's tail too full a flame.—Oh, Nennius,

Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes!

Bon. By the gods, I think
Ye dote upon these Romans, Caratach.

Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given:
I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on 's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen storm sung thorough my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans: ten times a-night
I have swum the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watery ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers!)
As ready, and as full of that I brought
(Which was not fear nor flight), as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.

Have I not seen the Britons—
Bon. What?
Car. Dishearten'd,
Run, run, Bonduca; not the quick rack swifter,
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn home
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.
Bon. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!
Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I have seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then when Poenius
(The Roman girl!) cut thorough your armed carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye down the hill;
Then when he hunted ye, like Britain-foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approved men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?
Car. I fled too;
But not so fast,—your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there; he trash'd me, Nennius:
For, when your fears out-run him, then stepp'd I,
And in the head of all the Roman's fury
Took him, and with my tough belt to my back
I buckled him; behind him, my sure shield;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard

Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of virtue, Poenius,
Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
Turn'd to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,
"Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine." I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.

THE FALSE ONE, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Ptolemy, King of Egypt, *presents to* Cæsar *the head of* Pompey. Cæsar *rebukes the* Egyptians *for their treachery and ingratitude.*

Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, Sceva, Romans; Ptolemy, Photinus, Achillas, Egyptians.

Pho. Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,
Now this head 's off!
Cæs. Ha!
Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar:
From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travail and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life: here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,

That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt.

Ach. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that fac'd him strongly,
An inward war: he was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stepp'd Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right again:
This was a love to Cæsar.

Sce. Give me hate, gods!

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way:
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible. Let the worst be render'd,
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæs. Oh, Scæva, Scæva, see that head! See, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!

Scæ. He was basely ruin'd;
But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you Cæsar.

Cæs. Oh, thou conqueror,

Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance show'd what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey;
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee:
Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh, how brave these tears show!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæs. Egyptians, dare you think your high pyramids,
Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.
You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæs. And doubtless you expect rewards?
I forgive you all; that 's recompense.
You are young and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,
And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd you.
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they err'd: I am bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful: be you most thankful;
That bounty share amongst you. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you lov'd, though it were your brightest sister's,[1]
(But her you hate,) I would not be behind you.
Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar!
Cæs. I have heard too much:
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest:
You are poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy
Above the pious love you show'd to Pompey.
You have found me merciful in arguing with you:
Swords, hungers, fires, destruction of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt,
And now you have found the nature of a conqueror,

[1] Cleopatra.

That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
That, where the day gives light, will be himself still;
Know how to meet his worth with human courtesies:
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phœnix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies.

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæs. You have robb'd him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye.
My grief has stopp'd the rest. When Pompey liv'd,
He us'd you nobly; now he is dead, use him so.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, A TRAGEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.[1]

Three QUEENS, *whose* Lords *were slain and their bodies denied burial by* CREON *the cruel* King of Thebes, *seek redress from* THESEUS, Duke of Athens, *on the day of his marriage with* HIPPOLITA, Queen of the Amazons. *The first* QUEEN *falls down at the feet of* THESEUS; *the second at the feet of* HIPPOLITA, *his bride; and the third implores the mediation of* EMILIA, *his sister.*

1*st Qu. to Thes.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear, and respect me!

[1] Fletcher is said to have been assisted in this Play by Shakspeare.

2nd Qu. to Hip. For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear, and respect me!
3rd Qu. to Emil. Now, for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses! this good deed
Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise.
Hip. Stand up.
Emil. No knees to me:
What woman I may stead that is distress'd,
Does bind me to her.
Thes. What 's your request? Deliver you for all.
1st Qu. We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endure
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul field of Thebes:
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them;
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to everything!
Thes. Pray you, kneel not;
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd

Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard
the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capanëus was your lord : the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar ; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her ; your wheaten
wreath
Was then not thresh'd nor blasted ; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheeks with smiles ; Hercules, our
kinsman,
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,—
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd. O Grief, and Time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour !

1st Qu. Oh, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he 'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker !

Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow !
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—
Troubled I am.

2nd Qu. Honour'd Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar ; that, with thy arm as
strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styl'd it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection : soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity ;

Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee ; who own'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech ; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us ;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads ;
Speak it in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three ; weep ere you fail ;
Lend us a knee ;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head 's plucked off ;
Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do !

Hip. Poor lady, say no more :
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress : let him consider ;
I 'll speak anon.

3rd Qu. to Emil. Oh, my petition was
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,
Melts into drops ; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emil. Pray, stand up :
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3rd Qu. Oh, woe !
You cannot read it there ; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em. Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasures know o' the earth
Must know the centre too ; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me !
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emil. Pray you, say nothing; pray you:
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in 't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone: pray, have good comfort.

Thes. Forward to the temple! leave not out a jot
O' the sacred ceremony.

1st Qu. Oh, this celebration
Will long[er] last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' the world: what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but (O Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!

2nd Qu. What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

3rd Qu. None fit for the dead!
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been Death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1st Qu. But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living.

Thes. It is true; and I will give you comfort,

To give your dead lords graves :
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
1st Qu. And that work presents itself to the doing :
Now 'twill take form ; the heats are gone to-
morrow ;
Then bootless Toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat ; now he 's secure,
Nor dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
2nd Qu. Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.
3rd Qu. And his army, full
Of bread and sloth.
Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business ; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments ; whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.
1st Qu. Dowagers, take hands ;
Let us be widows to our woes ; delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All. Farewell !
2nd Qu. We come unseasonably ; but when could Grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation ?
Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war ; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1st Qu. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected : when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, oh, when

Her twining cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in 't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!

Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!

All Qu's. to Emil. Oh, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.

Emil. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I 'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray, stand up:
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.—Pirithous,
Lead on the bride: get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not any thing.

In the pretended celebration.—Queens,
Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger-look'd. Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token.—Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.——

HIPPOLITA *and* EMILIA *discoursing of the friendship between* PIRITHOUS *and* THESEUS, EMILIA *relates a parallel instance of the love between herself and* FLAVIA *being girls.*

Emil. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.
Hip. 'Twas Flavia.
Emil. Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I,
And she I sigh and spoke of, were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another; what she liked,
Was then of me approved; what not condemn'd,
No more arraignment: the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning

To swell about the blossom,) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phœnix-like,
They died in perfume ; on my head no toy
But was her pattern ; her affections (pretty,
Though happily hers careless were) I follow'd
For my most serious decking ; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on),
And sing it in her slumbers : this rehearsal
(Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old Importment's bastard) has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.——

PALAMON *and* ARCITE, *repining at their hara condition, in being made captives for life in Athens, derive consolation from the enjoyment of each other's company in prison.*

Pal. How do you, noble cousin ?
Arc. How do you, sir ?
Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.
Arc. I believe it ;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.
Pal. O, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now ? where is our noble country ?
Where are our friends and kindreds ? never more
Must we behold those comforts ; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail ; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out-stripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands

Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! our good swords now,
(Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore)
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
"Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!"
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature: this is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts: all valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)

In us two here shall perish ; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of honour) lastly,
Children of Grief and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here,—a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison !

Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together : 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink ; they must not ; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all 's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much ?

Pal. How, gentle cousin ?

Arc. Let 's think this prison only sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men :
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour ;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours ? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another ;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love ; we are father, friends, acquaintance ;
We are, in one another, families ;
I am your heir, and you are mine ; this place
Is our inheritance ; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us : here, with a little patience,

We shall live long, and loving ; no surfeits seek us ;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth : were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;
Quarrels consume us ; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance ; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods : a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite) almost wanton
With my captivity : what a misery
Is it to live abroad, and every where !
'Tis like a beast, methinks : I find the court here,
I am sure, a more content ; and all those pleasures
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now ; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones ? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.

[This scene bears indubitable marks of Fletcher: the two which precede it give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakspeare had a hand in this Play. The same judgment may be formed of the death of Arcite, and some other passages, not here given. They have a luxuriance in them which strongly resembles Shakspeare's manner in those parts of his plays, where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description. I might fetch instances from Troilus and Timon. That Fletcher should have copied Shakspeare's manner through so many entire scenes (which is the theory of Mr Steevens) is not very probable, that he could have done it with such facility is to me not certain. His ideas moved slow; his versification, though sweet, is tedious; it stops every moment; he lays line upon line, making up one after the other, adding

image to image so deliberately that we see where they join: Shakspeare mingles everything, he runs line into line, embarrasses sentences and metaphors; before one idea has burst its shell, another is hatched and clamorous for disclosure. If Fletcher wrote some scenes in imitation, why did he stop? or shall we say that Shakspeare wrote the other scenes in imitation of Fletcher? that he gave Shakspeare a curb and a bridle, and that Shakspeare gave him a pair of spurs: as Blackmore and Lucan are brought in exchanging gifts in the Battle of the Books?]

THE BLOODY BROTHER; OR, ROLLO: A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Rollo, Duke of Normandy, *a bloody tyrant, puts to death his tutor* Baldwin, *for too freely reproving him for his crimes; but afterwards falls in love with* Edith, *daughter to the man he has slain. She makes a show of returning his love, and invites him to a banquet; her design being to train him there, that she may kill him; but, overcome by his flatteries, and real or dissembled remorse, she faints in her resolution.*

Rollo. Edith.

Rol. What bright star, taking Beauty's form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of Heaven's glory,
Has dropp'd down from the sky to comfort me?
Wonder of nature, let it not profane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty; nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.
Edi. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience;
The servant to your will affects no flattery.
Rol. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the smart string to his brow? those sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty!

Edi. Your grace is full of game.
Rol. By Heaven, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.
The sweetness of the Arabian wind, still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress.
Edi. Will it please you sit, sir ?
Rol. So you please sit by me.
Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee ;
The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue. Pray, speak to me.
Edi. Of what, sir ?
Rol. Of any thing ; any thing that is excellent.
Will you take my direction ? speak of love, then ;
Speak of thy fair self, Edith ; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up myself, wench.
Edi. H'as a strange cunning tongue. Why do you sigh, sir ?
How masterly he turns himself to catch me !
Rol. The way to Paradise, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.
Give me thy hand ; what dost thou feel ?
Edi. Your tears, sir ;
You weep extremely. Strengthen me now, Justice ! [*Aside.*
Why are these sorrows, sir ?
Rol. Thou 'lt never love me,
If I should tell thee : yet there 's no way left
Ever to purchase this blest paradise,
But swimming thither in these tears.
Edi. I stagger.
Rol. Are they not drops of blood ?
Edi. No.
Rol. They are for blood, then,
For guiltless blood ; and they must drop, my Edith,

They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Edi. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him. [*Aside.*

Rol. I prithee, look upon me; turn not from me;
Alas, I do confess I 'm made of mischief,
Begot with all man's miseries upon me!
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition tenderness of nature—

Edi. My anger melts; oh, I shall lose my justice!

Rol. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done; to murder with thy eyes,
Those blessed eyes, as I have done with malice.
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn
(As I deserve it, lady,) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror,
Pursue thee not; no time shall tell thy griefs then,
Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father;
As I was smear'd in blood, do thou not hate me;
But thus, in whiteness of my wash'd repentance,
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,
In my fair life hereafter——

Edi. He will fool me.

Rol. Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold and bless me!
Of Heaven we call for mercy, and obtain it;
To justice for our right on earth, and have it;
Of thee I beg for love; save me, and give it.

Edi. Now, Heaven, thy help, or I am gone for ever!
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE, A COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Leocadia *leaves her father's house, disguised in man's apparel, to travel in search of* Mark Antonio, *to whom she is contracted, but has been deserted by him. When at length she meets with him, she finds, that by a precontract he is the husband of* Theodosia. *In this extremity,* Philippo, *brother to* Theodosia, *offers* Leocadia *marriage.*

Philippo. Leocadia.

Phi. Will you not hear me?
Leo. I have heard so much
Will keep me deaf for ever. No, Mark-Antony,
After thy sentence, I may hear no more:
Thou hast pronounc'd me dead.
Phi. Appeal to Reason:
She will reprieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her absence: hear me say
A sovereign message from her, which in duty
And love to your own safety you ought hear.
Why do you strive so? whither would you fly?
You cannot wrest yourself away from care,
You may from counsel; you may shift your place,
But not your person; and another clime
Makes you no other.
Leo. Oh!
Phi. For passion's sake,
(Which I do serve, honour, and love in you,)
If you will sigh, sigh here; if you would vary
A sigh to tears or out-cry, do it here:
No shade, no desert, darkness, nor the grave,
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I:
Only but hear me speak!
Leo. What would you say?
Phi. That which shall raise your heart, or pull down mine,
Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own;

We must have both one balsam, or one wound.
For know, lov'd fair,
I have read you through,
And with a wondering pity look'd on you ;
I have observ'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it even with sympathy
Of a like red and paleness in mine own ;
I knew which blush was anger's, which was love's,
Which was the eye of sorrow, which of truth ;
And could distinguish honour from disdain
In every change ; and you are worth my study :
I saw your voluntary misery
Sustain'd in travel ; a disguised maid,
Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost ;
Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by;
I saw it, and have laid it to my heart ;
And though it were my sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to triumph,
My care for you so drown'd respect of her ;
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But studied your release ; and for that day
Have I made up a ransom, brought you health,
Preservative 'gainst chance or injury,
Please you apply it to the grief,—myself.

Leo. Ah !

Phi. Nay, do not think me less than such a cure :
Antonio was not ; and 'tis possible
Philippo may succeed : my blood and house
Are as deep-rooted, and as fairly spread
As Mark Antonio's ; and in that all seek,
Fortune hath given him no precedency ;
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incense as much as he ; I ever durst
Walk with Antonio by the self-same light
At any feast or triumph, and ne'er car'd
Which side my lady or her woman took

In their survey ; I durst have told my tale too,
Though his discourse new ended.
Leo. My repulse——
Phi. Let that not torture you, which makes me happy ;
Nor think that conscience, fair, which is no shame :
'Twas no repulse ; it was your dowry rather ;
For then methought a thousand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
Of constant virtue, which you then out-reach'd
In one example, did proclaim you rich :
Nor do I think you wretched or disgrac'd
After this suffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need ; but rather know,
You are the charge and business of those powers,
Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great natures and of noblest hopes ;
Read trivial lessons and half-lines to slugs :
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance.
Leo. 'Tis well you think so.
Phi. You shall think so too ;
You shall, sweet Leocadia, and do so.
Leo. Good sir, no more ! you have too fair a shape
To play so foul a part in as the tempter :
Say that I could make peace with Fortune, who,
Who should absolve me of my vow yet, ha ?
My contract made ?
Phi. Your contract !
Leo. Yes, my contract :
Am I not his ? his wife ?
Phi. Sweet, nothing less.
Leo. I have no name, then ?
Phi. Truly, then, you have not :
How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's husband ?
Leo. Oh, though he dispense
With his faith given, I cannot with mine !

Phi. You do mistake, clear soul ; his precontract
Doth annul yours, and you have given no faith
That ties you in religion or humanity ;
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what 's another's ; sweet, you do ;
Believe me, who dare not urge dishonest things :
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,
And weigh them with your safeties : think but whither
Now you can go ; what you can do to live ;
How near you have barr'd all ports to your own succour,
Except this one that I here open, love.
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild lust of any who would look
Upon this shape like a temptation,
And think you want the man you personate ;
Would not regard this shift, which love put on,
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice ;
So should you live the slander of each sex,
And be the child of error and of shame ;
And, which is worse, even Mark-Antony
Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off,
And fame report you worthy his contempt ;
Where, if you make new choice, and settle here,
There is no further tumult in this flood,
Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions
Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid ?
Go home a wife : alone ? and in disguise ?
Go home a waited Leocadia ;
Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd ;
Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,
And all his loud grief to a silent welcome ;
Unfold the riddles you have made.—What say you ?
Now is the time ; delay is but despair :

If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so.
Leo. I am ; but how, I rather feel than know.

[This is one of the most pleasing if not the most shining scenes in Fletcher. All is sweet, natural, and unforced. It is a copy which we may suppose Massinger to have profited by the studying.]

A WOMAN 'S A WEATHERCOCK, A COMEDY :

By Nathaniel Field, 1612.

False mistress.

Scudmore *alone ; having a letter in his hand from* Bellafront, *assuring him of her faith.*

Scud. If what I feel I could express in words,
Methinks I could speak joy enough to men
To banish sadness from all love for ever.
Oh, thou that reconcil'st the faults of all
That frothy sex, and in thy single self
Confin'st, nay, hast engross'd virtue enough
To frame a spacious world of virtuous women,
Hadst thou been the beginning of thy sex,
I think the devil in the serpent's skin
Had wanted cunning to o'ercome thy goodness,
And all had liv'd and died in innocency,
The white original creation.
Who 's there ? Come in.
Nevill. (*entering.*) What, up already, Scudmore ?
Scud. Good morrow, my dear Nevill.
Nev. What 's this ? a letter ! sure it is not so—
Scud. By heaven, you must excuse me. Come, I know
You will not wrong my friendship, and your manners,
To tempt me so.
Nev. Not for the world, my friend.

Nathaniel Field, from the painting in Dulwich Gallery.

Farewell, good morrow.
Scud. Nay, sir, neither must you
Depart in anger from this friendly hand.
I swear I love you better than all men,
Equally with all virtue in the world,
Yet this would be a key to lead you to
A prize of that importance—
Nev. Worthy friend,
I leave you not in anger,—what d' ye mean ?—
Nor am I of that inquisitive nature fram'd,
To thirst to know your private businesses.
Why, they concern not me ; if they be ill
And dangerous, 't would grieve me much to know them ;
If good, they be so, though I know them not :
Nor would I do your love so gross a wrong,
To covet to participate affairs
Of that near touch, which your assured love
Doth think not fit, or dares not trust me with.
Scud. How sweetly does your friendship play with mine,
And, with a simple subtlety, steals my heart
Out of my bosom. By the holiest love
That ever made a story, you are a man
With all good so replete, that I durst trust you
Even with this secret, were it singly mine.
Nev. I do believe you. Farewell, worthy friend.
Scud. Nay, look you, this same fashion does not please me,
You were not wont to make your visitation
So short and careless.
Nev. 'Tis your jealousy
That makes you think it so, for, by my soul,
You have given me no distaste in keeping from me
All things that might be burdensome, and oppress me.
In truth, I am invited to a wedding,

And the morn faster goes away from me,
Than I toward it; and so, good morrow.

Scud. Good morrow, sir. Think I durst show it you—

Nev. Now, by my life, I not desire it, sir,
Nor ever lov'd these prying listening men,
That ask of others 'states and passages;
Not one among a hundred but proves false,
Envious and slanderous, and will cut that throat
He twines his arms about. I love that poet,
That gave us reading "Not to seek ourselves
Beyond ourselves." Farewell.

Scud. You shall not go;
I cannot now redeem the fault I have made
To such a friend, but in disclosing all.

Nev. Now, if you love me, do not wrong me so;
I see you labour with some serious thing,
And think, like fairies' treasure, to reveal it
Will burst your breast,—'tis so delicious,
And so much greater than the continent.

Scud. Oh, you have pierc'd my entrails with your words,
And I must now explain all to your eyes. [*Gives him the letter.*
Read, and be happy in my happiness.

Nev. Yet think on 't; keep thy secret and thy friend
Sure and entire. Oh! give not me the means
To become false hereafter, or thyself
A probable reason to distrust thy friend,
Though he be ne'er so near. I will not see it.

Scud. I die, by heaven, if you deny again.
I starve for counsel; take it, look upon it;
If you do not, it is an equal plague
As if it had been known and published.
For God's sake, read, but, with this caution,—
By this right hand, by this yet unstain'd sword,

Were you my father flowing in these waves,
Or a dear son exhausted out of them,
Should you betray this soul of all my hopes,
Like the two brethren (though love made them Stars)
We must be never more seen both again.

Nev. I read it, fearless of the forfeiture ;
Yet warn you, be as cautelous, not to wound
My integrity with doubt, on likelihoods
From misreport, but first exquire the truth. [*reads.*

Scud. She is the food, the sleep, the air I live by—

Nev. (*having read the letter.*) O heaven ! we speak like gods, and do like dogs.—

Scud. What means my—

Nev. This day, this Bellafront, this rich heir
Is married unto count Frederick ;
And that 's the wedding I was going to.

Scud. I prithee do not mock me—married ?—

Nev. It is no matter to be play'd withal,
But yet as true, as women all are false.

Scud. Oh, that this stroke were thunder to my breast,
For, Nevill, thou hast spoke my heart in twain,
And with the sudden whirlwind of thy breath
Hast ravish'd me out of a temperate soil,
And set me under the red burning zone.

Nev. For shame ! return thy blood into thy face.
Know'st not how slight a thing a woman is ?

Scud. Yes, and how serious too.—

SCUDMORE, *afterwards, forsaken.*

Scud. O God,
What an internal joy my heart has felt,
Sitting at one of these same idle plays,
When I have seen a maid's inconstancy
Presented to the life ; how glad my eyes
Have stole about me, fearing lest my looks
Should tell the company contented there,
I had a mistress free of all such thoughts.

He replies to his friend, who adjures him to live.

Scud. The sun is stale to me, to-morrow morn,
As this, 'twill rise, I see no difference ;
The night doth visit me but in one robe ;
She brings as many thoughts, as she wears stars
When she is pleasant, but no rest at all.
For what new strange thing should I covet life then ?
Is not she false whom only I thought true ?
Shall time (to show his strength) make Scudmore live,
Till (perish the vicious thought) I love not thee,
Or thou, dear friend, remove thy heart from me ?

GREEN'S TU QUOQUE ; OR, THE CITY GALLANT. A COMEDY :

By Joseph Cooke.

Men more niggardly of their love than women.

Thrice happy days they were, and too soon gone,
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue,
And no deceitful flattery, or guile,
Hung on the lover's tear-commixed smile.
Could women learn but that imperiousness,
By which men use to stint our happiness,
When they have purchas'd us for to be theirs,
By customary sighs and forced tears,
To give us bits of kindness, lest we faint,
But no abundance, that we ever want,
And still are begging ; which too well they know
Endears affection, and doth make it grow.
Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,
That we might glory over love-sick men !
But Arts we know not, nor have any skill

To feign a sour look to a pleasing will,
Nor couch a secret love in show of hate :
But, if we like, must be compassionate.[1]

Adversity.

How ruthless men are to adversity !
My acquaintance scarce will know me; when we meet
They cannot stay to talk, they must be gone ;
And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them.

Prodigality.

That which gilded over his imperfections,
Is wasted and consumed, even like ice,
Which by the violence of heat dissolves,
And glides to many rivers ; so his wealth,
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expense,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers
Ran like a violent stream to other men's.

THE HOG HATH LOST HIS PEARL, A COMEDY :

By Robert Tailor.

Carracus *appoints his friend* Albert *to meet him before the break of day at the house of the old* Lord Wealthy, *whose daughter* Maria *has consented to a stolen match with* Carracus. Albert, *arriving before his friend, is mistaken by* Maria *for* Carracus, *and takes advantage of the night to wrong his friend.*

Enter Albert, *solus.*

Alb. This is the green, and this the chamber-window ;
And see, the appointed light stands in the casement,

[1] This is so like Shakspeare, that one seems almost to remember it as a speech of Desdemona's upon perceiving an alteration in the behaviour of the Moor.

The ladder of ropes set orderly,
Yet he that should ascend, slow in his haste,
Is not as yet come hither.
Were it any friend that lives but Carracus,
I 'd try the bliss which this fine time presents.
Appoint to carry hence so rare an heir,
And be so slack ! 'sfoot, it doth move my patience ;
Would any man that is not void of sense
Not have watch'd night by night for such a prize ?
Her beauty 's so attractive, that by Heaven
My heart half grants to do my friend a wrong.
Forego these thoughts, Albert, be not a slave
To thy affection ; do not falsify
Thy faith to him whose only friendship 's worth
A world of women. He is such a one,
Thou canst not live without his good,
He is and was ever as thine own heart's blood.
[MARIA *beckons him from the window.*
'Sfoot, see, she beckons me for Carracus.
Shall my base purity cause me neglect
This present happiness ? I will obtain it,
Spite of my timorous conscience. I am in person,
Habit and all, so like to Carracus,
It may be acted and ne'er call'd in question.
Mar. (*calls*) Hist ! Carracus, ascend ;
All is as clear as in our hearts we wish'd.

[ALBERT *ascends, and being on the top of the ladder, puts out the candle.*

Mar. O love, why do you so ?
Alb. I heard the steps of some coming this way ;
Did you not hear Albert pass by as yet ?
Mar. Not any creature pass this way this hour.
Alb. Then he intends just at the break of day
To lend his trusty help to our departure.
Mar. Come then, dear Carracus, thou now shalt rest
Upon that bed where fancy oft hath thought thee ;
Which kindness until now I ne'er did grant thee,

Nor would I now but that thy loyal faith
I have so often tried ; even now,
Seeing thee come to that most honour'd end,
Through all the dangers which black night presents,
For to convey me hence and marry me.
[*They go in.*

Enter CARRACUS, *to his appointment.*

Car. How pleasing are the steps we lovers make,
When in the paths of our content we pace,
To meet our longings ! what happiness it is
For man to love ! but oh, what greater bliss
To love and be belov'd ! O what one virtue
E'er reign'd in me, that I should be enrich'd
With all earth's good at once ? I have a friend,
Selected by the heavens as a gift
To make me happy whilst I live on earth ;
A man so rare of goodness, firm of faith,
That earth's content must vanish in his death.
Then for my love and mistress of my soul,
A maid of rich endowments, beautified
With all the virtues nature could bestow
Upon mortality, who this happy night
Will make me gainer of her heavenly self.
And see, how suddenly I have attain'd
To the abode of my desired wishes !
This is the green ; how dark the night appears !
I cannot hear the tread of my true friend.
Albert ! hist, Albert !—he 's not come as yet,
Nor is the appointed light set in the window.
What if I call Maria ? it may be
She fear'd to set a light, and only heark'neth
To hear my steps ; and yet I dare not call,
Lest I betray myself, and that my voice,
Thinking to enter in the ears of her,
Be of some other heard ; no, I will stay

Until the coming of my dear friend Albert.
But now think, Carracus, what the end will be
Of this thou dost determine : thou art come
Hither to rob a father of that wealth
That solely lengthens his now drooping years,
His virtuous daughter, and all (of that sex) left
To make him happy in his aged days.
The loss of her may cause him to despair,
Transport his near-decaying sense to frenzy,
Or to some such abhorred inconveniency
Whereto frail age is subject. I do too ill in this,
And must not think but that a father's plaint
Will move the heavens to pour forth misery
Upon the head of disobediency.
Yet reason tells us, parents are o'erseen,
When with too strict a rein they do hold in
Their child's affections, and control that love
Which the high powers divine inspire them with ;
When in their shallowest judgments they may know,
Affection cross'd brings misery and woe.
But whilst I run contemplating on this,
I softly pace to my desired bliss ;
I 'll go into the next field, where my friend
Told me the horses were in readiness. [*Exit.*

ALBERT *descending from* MARIA.

Mar. But do not stay. What if you find not Albert ?
Alb. I 'll then return alone to fetch you hence.
Mar. If you should now deceive me, having gain'd
What you men seek for—
Alb. Sooner I 'll deceive
My soul—and so I fear I have. [*Aside.*
Mar. At your first call I will descend.
Alb. Till when, this touch of lips be the true pledge
Of Carracus' constant true devoted love.

Mar. Be sure you stay not long ; farewell,
I cannot lend an ear to hear you part.
[MARIA *goes in.*

Alb. But you did lend a hand unto my entrance.
[*He descends.*

Alb. (*solus*) How have I wrong'd my friend, my faithful friend !
Robb'd him of what 's more precious than his blood,
His earthly heaven, the unspotted honour
Of his soul-joying mistress! the fruition of whose bed
I yet am warm of ; whilst dear Carracus
Wanders this cold night through the unshelt'ring field
Seeking me treach'rous man, yet no man neither,
Though in an outward show of such appearance,
But am a devil indeed, for so this deed
Of wronged love and friendship rightly makes me.
I may compare my friend to one that 's sick,
Who, lying on his death-bed, calls to him
His dearest-thought friend, and bids him go
To some rare-gifted man that can restore
His former health ; this his friend sadly hears,
And vows with protestations to fulfil
His wish'd desires with his best performance ;
But, then, no sooner seeing that the death
Of his sick friend would add to him some gain,
Goes not to seek a remedy to save,
But like a wretch hies him to dig his grave,
As I have done for virtuous Carracus.
Yet, Albert, be not reasonless to endanger
What thou mayst yet secure. Who can detect
The crime of thy licentious appetite ?
I hear one's pace ; 'tis surely Carracus.

Enter CARRACUS.

Car. Not find my friend ! sure some malignant planet

Rules o'er this night, and envying the content
Which I in thought possess, debars me thus
From what is more than happy, the lov'd presence
Of a dear friend and love.

Alb. 'Tis wronged Carracus by Albert's baseness ;
I have no power now to reveal myself.

Car. The horses stand at the appointed place,
And night's dark coverture makes firm our safety ;
My friend is surely fall'n into a slumber
On some bank hereabouts ; I will call him.
Friend, Albert, Albert.

Alb. Whate'er you are that call, you know my name.

Car. Ay, and thy heart, dear friend.

[MARIA *appears above.*

Mar. My Carracus, are you so soon return'd ?
I see, you 'll keep your promise.

Car. Who would not do so, having pass'd it thee,
Cannot be fram'd of aught but treachery.
Fairest, descend, that by our hence departing
We may make firm the bliss of our content.

Mar. Is your friend Albert with you ?

Alb. Yes, and your servant, honour'd lady.

Mar. Hold me from falling, Carracus. [*She descends.*

Car. Come, fair Maria, the troubles of this night
Are as fore-runners to ensuing pleasures.
And, noble friend, although now Carracus
Seems, in the gaining of this beauteous prize,
To keep from you so much of his lov'd treasure,
Which ought not to be mixed ; yet his heart
Shall so far strive in your wish'd happiness,
That if the loss and ruin of itself
Can but avail your good—

Alb. O friend, no more ; come, you are slow in haste.
Friendship ought never be discuss'd in words,
Till all her deeds be finish'd. Who, looking in a book,
And reads but some part of it only, cannot judge

What praise the whole deserves, because his knowledge
Is grounded but on part—as thine, friend, is,
Ignorant of that black mischief I have done thee.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

ALBERT, *after the marriage of* CARRACUS, *struck with remorse for the injury he has done to his friend, knocks at* CARRACUS's *door, but cannot summon resolution to see him, or to do more than inquire after his welfare.*

Alb. Conscience, thou horror unto wicked men,
When wilt thou cease thy all-afflicting wrath,
And set my soul free from the labyrinth
Of thy tormenting terror? O, but it fits not!
Should I desire redress, or wish for comfort,
That have committed an act so inhuman,
Able to fill Shame's spacious chronicle?
Who but a damn'd one could have done like me?
Robb'd my dear friend in a short moment's time
Of his love's high-priz'd gem of chastity;
That which so many years himself hath staid for.
How often hath he, as he lay in bed,
Sweetly discours'd to me of his Maria!
And with what pleasing passions did he suffer
Love's gentle war-siege; then he would relate
How he first came unto her fair eyes' view;
How long it was ere she could brook affection;
And then how constant she did still abide.
I then at this would joy, as if my breast
Had sympathiz'd in equal happiness
With my true friend. But now, when joy should be,
Who but a damn'd one would have done like me?
He hath been married now at least a month;
In all which time I have not once beheld him.
This is his house.
I 'll call to know his health, but will not see him;
My looks would then betray me, for, should he ask
My cause of seeming sadness or the like,

I could not but reveal, and so pour on
Worse unto ill, which breeds confusion. [*He knocks.*

A Servant *opens.*

Alb. Is the master of the house within ?
Serv. Yes, marry, is he, sir : would you speak with him ?
Alb. My business is not so troublesome :
Is he in health with his late espoused wife ?
Serv. Both are exceeding well, sir.
Alb. I am truly glad on 't : farewell, good friend.
Serv. I pray you, let 's crave your name, sir ; I may else have anger.
Alb. You may say, one Albert, riding by this way, only inquired their health.
Serv. I will acquaint so much. [*Exit serv.*
Alb. How like a poisonous doctor have I come
To inquire their welfare, knowing that myself
Have given the potion of their ne'er-recovery ;
For which I will afflict myself with torture ever.
And since the earth yields not a remedy
Able to salve the sores my lust hath made,
I 'll now take farewell of socicty,
And the abode of men, to entertain a life
Fitting my fellowship in desert woods,
Where beasts like me consort ; there may I live,
Far off from wronging virtuous Carracus.
There 's no Maria, that shall satisfy
My hateful lust : the trees shall shelter
This wretched trunk of mine, upon whose barks
I will engrave the story of my sin.
And there this short breath of mortality
I 'll finish up in that repentant state,
Where not the allurements of earth's vanities
Can e'er o'ertake me : there 's no baits for lust,
No friend to ruin ; I shall then be free
From practising the art of treachery.

Thither then, steps, where such content abides,
Where penitency not disturb'd may grieve,
Where on each tree and springing plant I 'll carve
This heavy motto of my misery,
Who but a damn'd one could have done like me?

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT, A TRAGEDY:

By Philip Massinger.

Malefort *senior*, Admiral of Marseilles, *poisons his first wife to make way for a second. This coming to the knowledge of his son*, Malefort *junior*, *he challenges his father to fight him. This unnatural combat is performed before the* Governor *and Court of Marseilles. The spectators retiring to some distance, the father and son parley before the fight commences.*

Malefort *senior*. Malefort *junior*.

Mal. sen. Now we are alone, sir;
And thou hast liberty to unload the burden
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.
Mal. jun. I shall, sir;
But in a perplex'd form and method, which
You only can interpret: would you had not
A guilty knowledge in your bosom, of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing! As you are my father,
I bend my knee, and uncompell'd, profess
My life, and all that 's mine, to be your gift;
And that in a son's duty I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safety:
But this confess'd on my part, I rise up,
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, fear, and reverence, cast off,) but as
A wicked man, I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak,

And in the action changed the humble shape
Of my obedience to rebellious rage,
And insolent pride ? and with shut eyes constrain'd me
To run my bark of honour on a shelf
I must not see, nor, if I saw it, shun it ?
In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward,
And mankind trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would fly from. For when I advance
This sword, as I must do, against your head,
Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,
To see their altars which you built up in me,
In a moment razed and ruin'd. That you could
(From my grieved soul I wish it) but produce,
To qualify, not excuse, your deed of horror,
One seeming reason, that I might fix here,
And move no further !

Mal. sen. Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son ? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits as judge
To censure that, which only by myself
Ought to be question'd ? mountains sooner fall
Beneath their valleys, and the lofty pine
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one short syllable yields satisfaction
To any doubt of thine ; nay, though it were
A certainty disdaining argument !
Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To see with my eyes, and to hold *that* reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

Mal. jun. This sword divides that slavish knot.

Mal. sen. It cannot :

Philip Massinger, from the engraving by T. Cross.

It cannot, wretch ; and thou but remember
From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it.
Who train'd thee up in arms, but I ? who taught thee
Men were men only when they durst look down
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
All opposition, till plumed Victory
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets ?
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine ;
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.
And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
Presuming to contend with him, to whom
Submission is due, I will take from thee.
Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not
I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee
As a serpent swollen with poison ; who surviving
A little longer, with infectious breath,
Would render all things near him, like itself,
Contagious.

Mal. jun. Thou incensed Power,
Awhile forbear thy thunder ! let me have
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
My mother————

Mal. sen. Thou shalt never name her more——
[*They fight, and the son is slain.*

Mal. sen. Die all my fears,
And waking jealousies, which have so long
Been my tormentors ! there 's now no suspicion :
A fact which I alone am conscious of,
Can never be discover'd, or the cause
That call'd this duel on, I being above
All perturbations ; nor is it in
The power of fate, again [to] make me wretched.

THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE, A COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Cleremond takes an oath to perform his mistress Leonora's *pleasure. She enjoins him to kill his best friend. He invites* Montrose *to the field, under pretence of wanting him for a second: then shows, that he must fight with him.*

Cler. This is the place.
Mont. An even piece of ground,
Without advantage; but be jocund, friend:
The honour to have entered first the field,
However we come off, is ours.
Cler. I need not,
So well I am acquainted with your valour,
To dare, in a good cause, as much as man,
Lend you encouragement; and should I add,
Your power to do, which Fortune, howe'er blind,
Hath ever seconded, I cannot doubt
But victory still sits upon your sword,
And must not now forsake you.
Mont. You shall see me
Come boldly up: nor will I shame your cause,
By parting with an inch of ground not bought
With blood on my part.
Cler. 'Tis not to be question'd:
That which I would entreat, (and pray you grant it,)
Is, that you would forget your usual softness,
Your foe being at your mercy; it hath been
A custom in you, which I dare not praise,
Having disarm'd your enemy of his sword,
To tempt your fate, by yielding it again;
Then run a second hazard.
Mont. When we encounter
A noble foe, we cannot be too noble.

Cler. That I confess; but he that 's now to oppose you,
I know for an arch villain ; one that hath lost
All feeling of humanity, one that hates
Goodness in others, 'cause he 's ill himself ;
A most ungrateful wretch, (the name 's too gentle,
All attributes of wickedness cannot reach him,)
Of whom to have deserved, beyond example
Or precedent of friendship, is a wrong
Which only death can satisfy.
Mont. You describe
A monster to me.
Cler. True, Montrose, he is so.
Afric, though fertile of strange prodigies,
Never produced his equal ; be wise, therefore,
And if he fall into your hands, despatch him :
Pity to him is cruelty. The sad father,
That sees his son stung by a snake to death,
May, with more justice, stay his vengeful hand,
And let the worm escape, than you vouchsafe him
A minute to repent : for 'tis a slave
So sold to hell and mischief, that a traitor
To his most lawful prince, a church-robber,
A parricide, who, when his garners are
Cramm'd with the purest grain, suffers his parents,
Being old and weak, to starve for want of bread,
Compared to him are innocent.
Mont. I ne'er heard
Of such a cursed nature ; if long-lived,
He would infect mankind ; rest you assured,
He find from me small courtesy.
Cler. And expect
As little from him ; blood is that he thirsts for,
Not honourable wounds.
Mont. I would I had him
Within my sword's length !
Cler. Have thy wish : thou hast !
[CLEREMOND *draws his sword.*

Nay, draw thy sword and suddenly : I am
That monster, temple-robber, parricide,
Ingrateful wretch, friend-hater, or what else
Makes up the perfect figure of the devil,
Should he appear like man. Banish amazement,
And call thy ablest spirits up to guard thee
From him that's turn'd a fury. I am made
Her minister, whose cruelty but named,
Would with more horror strike the pale-cheek'd stars
Than all those dreadful words which conjurors use,
To fright their damn'd familiars. Look not on me
As I am Cleremond ; I have parted with
The essence that was his, and entertain'd
The soul of some fierce tigress, or a wolf's,
New-hang'd for human slaughter, and 'tis fit :
I could not else be an apt instrument
To bloody Leonora.

Mont. To my knowledge
I never wrong'd her.

Cler. Yes, in being a friend
To me ; she hated my best friend, her malice
Would look no lower :—and for being such,
By her commands, Montrose, I am to kill thee.
Oh, that thou hadst, like others, been all words,
And no performance ! or that thou hadst made
Some little stop in thy career of kindness !
Why wouldst thou, to confirm the name of friend,
Snatch at this fatal office of a second,
Which others fled from ?——'Tis in vain to mourn now,
When there 's no help ; and therefore, good Montrose,
Rouse thy most manly parts, and think thou stand'st now
A champion for more than king or country ;
Since, in thy fall, goodness itself must suffer.

Remember, too, the baseness of the wrong
Offer'd to friendship ; let it edge thy sword,
And kill compassion in thee ; and forget not
I will take all advantages : and so,
Without reply, have at thee !

[*They fight*, CLEREMOND *falls.*

Mont. See, how weak
An ill cause is ! you are already fallen :
What can you look for now ?

Cler. Fool, use thy fortune :
And so he counsels thee, that, if he had
Changed places, instantly would have cut thy throat,
Or digg'd thy heart out.

Mont. In requital of
That savage purpose, I must pity you ;
Witness these tears, not tears of joy for conquest,
But of true sorrow for your misery.
Live, O live, Cleremond, and, like a man,
Make use of reason, as an exorcist
To cast this devil out, that does abuse you ;
This fiend of false affection.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS, A COMEDY :

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

OVERREACH, (*a cruel extortioner*) *treats about marrying his daughter with* LORD LOVELL.

LOVELL. OVERREACH.

Over. To my wish ; we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion ; that were poor and trivial :
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,

In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I 'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well-wooded, and well-water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile, and she [1] that 's mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands, but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What 's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now;

[1] The Lady Allworth.

Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her :
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own : for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices ?

Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foaming billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs ; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course : with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for those other peddling complaints
Breathed out in bitterness ; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder

On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

THE PICTURE, A TRAGI-COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

MATTHIAS, *a knight of Bohemia, going to the wars; in parting with his wife, shows her substantial reasons why he should go.*

MATTHIAS. SOPHIA.

Mat. Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the Turkish camp
Above five leagues, and who knows but some party
Of his Timariots, that scour the country,
May fall upon us? Be now, as thy name,
Truly interpreted,[1] hath ever spoke thee,
Wise and discreet; and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.

Soph. You put me, sir,
To the utmost trial of it.

Mat. Nay, no melting;
Since the necessity that now separates us,
We have long since disputed, and the reasons,

[1] Sophia; wisdom.

Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.
I grant that you, in birth, were far above me,
And great men, my superiors, rivals for you;
But mutual consent of heart, as hands,
Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal:
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,
Or to be cried up by the public voice
For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour;
Such airy tumors take not me. You know
How narrow our demeans are, and, what 's more,
Having as yet no charge of children on us,
We hardly can subsist.

Soph. In you alone, sir,
I have all abundance.

Mat. For my mind's content,
In your own language I could answer you.
You have been an obedient wife, a right one;
And to my power, though short of your desert,
I have been ever an indulgent husband.
We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and though
Not to satiety, or loathing, yet
We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,
As still to hug them to the certain loss
Of profit and preferment. Competent means
Maintains a quiet bed; want breeds dissension,
Even in good women.

Soph. Have you found in me, sir,
Any distaste, or sign of discontent,
For want of what 's superfluous?

Mat. No, Sophia?
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee,
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,
Upon this sea of action as a factor,
To trade for rich materials to adorn

Thy noble parts, and show them in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty
And outward form, but in the harmony
Of the soul's ravishing music, the same age
Not to be named with thee, should so outshine thee
In jewels, and variety of wardrobes;
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compared, are of no value, wanting these,
Pass unregarded.

Soph. If I am so rich, or
In your opinion so, why should you borrow
Additions for me?

Mat. Why? I should be censured
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel
Above all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments: therefore, Sophia,
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your discretion
I leave the government of my family,
And our poor fortunes; and from these command
Obedience to you, as to myself:
To the utmost of what 's mine, live plentifully;
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you
A harvest in such full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.

Soph. Since you are not
To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
All arguments to stay you here are useless:
Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you waste not
One drop of sorrow; look you hoard all up
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you,
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,
Guardians of human life, I at this instant
Forbear t' invoke you: at our parting, 'twere
To personate devotion. My soul

Shall go along with you, and, when you are
Circled with death and horror, seek and find you:
And then I will not leave a saint unsued to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will do in your absence, would show poorly;
My actions shall speak me; 'twere to doubt you
To beg I may hear from you; where you are,
You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post,
By night or day, pass unexamined by me.
If I dwell long upon your lips, consider,
After this feast, the griping fast that follows,
And it will be excusable; pray, turn from me.
All that I can is spoken.

[The good sense, rational fondness, and chastened feeling, of this dialogue, make it more valuable than many of those scenes in which this writer has attempted a deeper passion and more tragical interest. Massinger had not the higher requisites of his art in anything like the degree in which they were possessed by Ford, Webster, Tourneur, Heywood, and others. He never shakes or disturbs the mind with grief. He is read with composure and placid delight. He wrote with that equability of all the passions, which made his English style the purest and most free from violent metaphors and harsh constructions, of any of the dramatists who were his contemporaries.]

THE CITY MADAM, A COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Luke, *from a state of indigence and dependence is suddenly raised into immense affluence by a deed of gift of the estates of his brother* Sir John Frugal, *a merchant, retired from the world. He enters, from taking a survey of his new riches.*

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon 't! it did endure the touch,
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief

(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician, that without a charm
[*To the key.*
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish, and toil for! Hermes' moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only by the alchymist,
Compared with thee are shadows—thou the substance,
And guardian of felicity! No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power: there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my moneys are not

Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more.

The extravagance of the City Madams *aping court fashions reprehended.*

LUKE, *having come into the possession of his brother* SIR JOHN FRUGAL'S *estates.* Lady, *wife to* SIR JOHN FRUGAL, *and two daughters, in homely attire.*

Luke. Save you, sister!
I now dare style you so: you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear
Like a city matron, and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why
should you ape
The fashions of court ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous;
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.
Lady. Is this spoken
In scorn?
Luke. Fie! no; with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now show you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes.
Lady. We acknowledge
We have deserved ill from you,[1] yet despair not,
Though we 're at your disposure, you 'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.
Luke. 'Tis my purpose.
Lady. And not make us ridiculous.
Luke. Admired rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Hear gently,
And in gentle phrase I 'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity.
Your father was
An honest country farmer, goodman Humble,

[1] In his dependent state they had treated him very cruelly: they are now dependent on him.

By his neighbours ne'er called Master. Did your pride
Descend from him ? but let that pass : your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin
Headed with a pearl worth threepence, and thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it ;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be distinction between
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.
But when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
Became a byword, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were raised, my brother's fond indulgence
Giving the reins to it, and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court ;
What a strange, nay, monstrous metamorphosis followed !
No English workman then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse ;
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
Appear'd in the last mask, and how it drew
The young lords' eyes upon her ; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice place
To walk before you. Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrowed hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art,
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl ; your carcanets

That did adorn your neck, of equal value;
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd
That your night-rails of forty pounds a-piece
Might be seen with envy of the visitants;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,
And roses worth a family; you were served in plate,
Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going
To church, not for devotion, but to show
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried,
Heaven save your honour! this idolatry
Paid to a painted room. And when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.

Lady. No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I 'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example.

[This bitter satire against the city women for aping the fashions of the court ladies must have been peculiarly gratifying to the females of the Herbert family and the rest of Massinger's patrons and patronesses.]

THE FATAL DOWRY, A TRAGEDY:

By Philip Massinger and Nathaniel Field.

The Marshal of Burgundy *dies in prison at Dijon for debts contracted by him for the service of the state in the wars. His dead body is arrested and denied burial by his creditors. His son, young* Charalois, *gives up himself to prison to redeem his father's body, that it may have honourable burial. He has leave from his prison doors to view the ceremony of the funeral, but to go no farther.*

Enter three gentlemen, Pontalier, Malotin, *and* Beaumont, *as spectators of the funeral.*

Mal. 'Tis strange.
Beaum. Methinks so.
Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theoric and practic
In all humanity, and, to increase the wonder,
Religious, yet a soldier,—that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive, for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,
And rather choose to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from christian ceremony.
Mal. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,
To let strong nature have the better hand,
In such a case, of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois?
Beaum. Twenty-eight;
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Serv'd and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,
And never less than 's son; the old man's virtues
So recent in him, as the world may swear,
Naught but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.
Mal. This morning is the funeral?
Pont. Certainly,

And from this prison,—'twas the son's request
[CHARALOIS *appears at the door of the prison.*
That his dear father might interment have ;
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave.

Beaum. They come ; observe their order.

The funeral procession enters. Captains *and* soldiers, mourners. ROMONT, *friend to the deceased. Three* creditors *are among the spectators.* CHARALOIS *speaks.*

Char. How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity !
Tears, sighs, and blacks, filling the simile,
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth !—Vouchsafe
To stay awhile ; rest, rest in peace, dear earth,
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death !
Here stands thy poor executor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner, to bail thy death ;
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories, for they
Remember best, forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love.
And though this country, like a viperous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee, her son, but last thyself,
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or an usurer hath,
Thy worth in every honest breast builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.

Pont. Sir !

Char. Peace ! O peace ! This scene is wholly mine.

What! weep ye, soldiers?—blanch not—Romont weeps.—
Ha! let me see! my miracle is eas'd,
The jailers and the creditors do weep;
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves.
Be these thy body's balm; these, and thy virtue,—
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive stinks in his vices, and, being vanish'd,
The golden calf that was an idol, deck'd
With marble pillars, jet and porphyry,
Shall quickly both in bone and name consume,
Though wrapp'd in lead, spice, cerecloth, and perfume.

Creditor. Sir!

Char. What!—away for shame,—you, profane rogues,
Must not be mingled with these holy relics:
This is a sacrifice—our shower shall crown
His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,
The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory,
Your tears would spring but weeds.

Rom. Look, look, you slaves! your thankless cruelty,
And savage manners of unkind Dijon,
Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.

Priest. On.

Char. One moment more,
But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's right,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf, and may it tie
Thy valour and thy honesty together,
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold, this other, strew
Among the poor: 'tis all I have. Romont,

(Wear thou this medal of himself) that like
A hearty oak grew'st close to this tall pine,
Even in the wildest wilderness of war,
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tir'd themselves :
Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
For me, my portion provide in heaven :
My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolish'd house,
This would I wear as my inheritance.
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are here both prisoners ?
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep, or redeem me from all infamy.
Jailer. You must no farther ;
The prison limits you, and the creditors
Exact the strictness.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR, A TRAGEDY :

By Philip Massinger and Thomas Decker.

Angelo, *an* Angel, *attends* Dorothea *as a* page.

Angelo. Dorothea. *The time, midnight.*

Dor. My book and taper.
Ang. Here, most holy mistress.
Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us : thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest ;
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress'd.

Ang. No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I 'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most lov'd mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence,
For then you break his heart.
Dor. Be nigh me still, then;
In golden letters down I 'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little pretty body, when I coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-fac'd godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.
Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents;
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do 't ten times more:
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents,
Be not asham'd.
Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,

My father is in heaven ; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
Dor. A blessed day !

[This scene has beauties of so very high an order, that, with all my respect for Massinger, I do not think he had poetical enthusiasm capable of furnishing them. His associate Decker, who wrote old Fortunatus, had poetry enough for any thing. The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pieties of this play (like Satan among the sons of heaven) and which the brief scope of my plan fortunately enables me to leave out, have a strength of contrast, a raciness, and a glow in them, which are above Massinger. They set off the religion of the rest, somehow as Caliban serves to show Miranda.]

A VERY WOMAN; OR, THE PRINCE OF TARENT. A TRAGI-COMEDY:

By Philip Massinger and John Fletcher.

Don John Antonio, Prince of Tarent, *in the disguise of a slave recounts to the* Lady Almira, *she not knowing him in that disguise, the story of his own passion for her, and of the unworthy treatment which he found from her.*

John. Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbour by, blest with as great a beauty
As Nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And bless'd the house a thousand times she dwelt in.
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness,
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,

In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,
I sued, and served. Long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade, to win her ;
With all the duty of my soul, I served her.

Alm. How feelingly he speaks ! And she loved you too ?
It must be so.

John. I would it had, dear lady;
This story had been needless, and this place,
I think, unknown to me.

Alm. Were your bloods equal ?

John. Yes, and I thought our hearts too.

Alm. Then she must love.

John. She did—but never me ; she could not love me,
She would not love, she hated, more, she scorn'd me,
And in so poor and base a way abused me,
For all my services, for all my bounties,
So bold neglects flung on me——

Alm. An ill woman !
Belike you found some rival in your love, then ?

John. How perfectly she points me to my story !
[*Aside.*
Madam, I did ; and one whose pride and anger,
Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on ;
Doted, to my undoing, and my ruin.
And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,
And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,
As she must fall that durst be so unnoble,
I should say something unbeseeming me.
What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,
Shame to her most unworthy mind ! to fools,
To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,
And in disdain of me.

Last, to blot me
From all remembrance what I had been to her,
And how, how honestly, how nobly served her,
'Twas thought she set her gallant to despatch me.
'Tis true, he quarrel'd without place or reason;
We fought, I kill'd him; Heaven's strong hand
was with me;
For which I lost my country, friends, acquaintance,
And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me,
And sold me here.

THE TRAGEDY OF NERO.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Scenical Personation.

'TIS better in play
Be Agamemnon than himself indeed;
How oft, with danger of the field beset,
Or with home mutinies, would he unbe
Himself, or, over cruel altars weeping,
Wish, that with putting off a vizard, he
Might his true inward sorrow lay aside;
The shows of things are better than themselves.
How doth it stir this airy part of us,
To hear our Poets tell imagin'd fights,
And the strange blows, that feigned courage gives;
When I 'd Achilles hear upon the stage
Speak Honour, and the greatness of his soul,
Methinks I too, could on a Phrygian spear
Run boldly, and make tales for after times;
But when we come to act it in the deed,
Death mars this bravery, and the ugly fears
Of th' other world, sit on the proudest brow,
And boasting valour loseth his red cheek.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

By John Ford.

Contention of a Bird and a Musician.

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last

Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief down dropp'd she on his lute
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes, then sigh'd, and cried,
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

[This story, which is originally to be met with in Strada's Prolusions, has been paraphrased in rhyme by Crashaw, Ambrose Phillips, and others: but none of those versions can at all compare for harmony and grace with this blank verse of Ford's: it is as fine as anything in Beaumont and Fletcher; and almost equals the strife which it celebrates.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Giovanni, *a young gentleman of Parma, entertains an illicit love for his sister. He asks counsel of* Bonaventura, *a* Friar.[1]

Friar. Giovanni.

Friar. Dispute no more in this, for know, young man,
These are no school-points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jests. Wits that presum'd
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell,
And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond: far better 'tis
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
Yet he thou talk'st of is above the sun.
No more; I may not hear it.

Gio. Gentle father,
To you have I unclasp'd my burthen'd soul,
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left
Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst, or think, or know;
And yet is here the comfort I shall have?
Must I not do what all men else may, love?

Friar. Yes, you may love, fair son.

Gio. Must I not praise
That beauty which, if framed anew, the gods
Would make a god of, if they had it there,

[1] The good friar in this play is evidently a copy of Friar Lawrence in Romeo and Juliet. He is the same kind physician to the souls of his young charges; but he has more desperate patients to deal with.

And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them?
Friar. Why, foolish madman!
Gio. Shall a peevish sound,
A customary form, from man to man,
Of brother and of sister, be a bar
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me?
Friar. Have done, unhappy youth, for thou art lost.
Gio. No, father; in your eyes I see the change
Of pity and compassion; from your age,
As from a sacred oracle, distils
The life of counsel. Tell me, holy man,
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes?
Friar. Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast mov'd a majesty above
With thy unrangèd (almost) blasphemy.
Gio. O, do not speak of that, dear confessor.
Friar. Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age throughout Bononia?
How did the university applaud
Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books than part with thee.
I did so; but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
O Giovanni! hast thou left the schools
Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death?
For death waits on thy lust.——Look through the world,
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st.
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin;
Though in such games as those they lose that win.
Gio. It were more ease to stop the ocean
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

Friar. Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames
Already see thy ruin ; Heaven is just.
Yet hear my counsel !
Gio. As a voice of life.
Friar. Hie to thy father's house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy chamber, then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground ;
Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utter'st
In tears, and—if 't be possible—of blood :
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul ; acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing ; weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night ;
For seven days' space do this ; then, if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me ;
I 'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here ; away——
My blessing with thee——we have need to pray.

GIOVANNI *discloses his passion to his sister* ANNABELLA.—*They compare their unhappy loves.*

Anna. Do you mock me or flatter me ?
[*He has been praising her beauty.*
Gio. If you would see a beauty more exact
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,
Look in your glass and there behold your own.
Anna. O, you are a trim youth.
Gio. Here. [*Offers his dagger to her.*
Anna. What to do ?
Gio. And here 's my breast. Strike home,
Rip up my bosom ; there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak.
Why stand you ?
Anna. Are you earnest ?
Gio. Yes, most earnest.
You cannot love.
Anna. Whom ?
Gio. Me.——My tortur'd soul

Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.
O, Annabella, I am quite undone.
The love of thee, my sister, and the view
Of thy immortal beauty, have untun'd
All harmony both of my rest and life.
Why do you not strike?

Anna. Forbid it, my just fears!
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Gio. True, Annabella! 'tis no time to jest;
I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames,
That almost have consumed me: I have spent
Many a silent night in sighs and groans,
Ran over all my thoughts, despis'd my fate,
Reason'd against the reasons of my love,
Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,
But found all bootless: 'tis my destiny
That you must either love, or I must die.

Anna. Comes this in sadness from you?

Gio. Let some mischief
Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

Anna. You are my brother, Giovanni.

Gio. You
My sister, Annabella, I know this,
And could afford you instance why to love
So much the more for this.—

He gives some sophistical reasons, and resumes.

Must I now live or die?

Anna. Live: thou hast won
The field, and never fought. What thou hast urg'd,
My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.
I blush to tell thee—but I tell thee now—
For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,
I have sigh'd ten; for every tear shed twenty:
And not so much for that I lov'd, as that
I durst not say I lov'd, nor scarcely think it.

Gio. Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,
For pity's sake, I beg ye.
Anna. On my knees, [*She kneels.*
Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
Love me, or kill me, brother.
Gio. On my knees, [*He kneels.*
Sister, even by my mother's dust, I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
Love me, or kill me, sister.
Anna. You mean good sooth, then?
Gio. In good troth I do;
And so do you, I hope: say, I 'm in earnest.
Anna. I 'll swear it, and I.
Gio. And I.
I would not change this minute for Elysium.

ANNABELLA *proves pregnant by her brother.* SORANO, *her husband, to whom she is newly married, discovers that she is pregnant, but cannot make her confess by whom. At length by means of* VASQUES, *his servant, he comes to the truth of it. He feigns forgiveness and reconcilement with his wife: and makes a sumptuous feast to which are invited* ANNABELLA'S *old father, with* GIOVANNI, *and all the chief* Citizens *in Parma; meaning to entrap* GIOVANNI *by that bait to his death.—*ANNABELLA *suspects his drift.*

GIOVANNI. ANNABELLA.

Gio. What, chang'd so soon?
——does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous
To your past vows and oaths?
Anna. Why should you jest
At my calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in?
Gio. What danger 's half so great as thy revolt?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside,
Would stoop to my bent brows: why, I hold fate
Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been

One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
Anna. Brother, dear brother, know what I have been;
And know that now there 's but a dining time
'Twixt us and our confusion: let 's not waste
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
Alas! these gay attires were not put on
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast
Was not ordain'd to riot in expense:
I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother;
This banquet is a harbinger of death
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,
And be prepar'd to welcome it.
Gio. Well then,
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
Shall be consum'd to ashes in a minute.
Anna. So I have read too.
Gio. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn. Could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or heaven.
Anna. That 's most certain.——But,
Good brother, for the present, what d' you mean
To free yourself from danger? some way think
How to escape. I 'm sure the guests are come.
Gio. Look up, look here; what see you in my face?
Anna. Distraction and a troubled conscience.
Gio. Death and a swift repining wrath——yet look,
What see you in mine eyes?
Anna. Methinks you weep.
Gio. I do indeed; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave: these furrowed up my cheeks,
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.

Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,
Hath been these tears which are her mourners now.
Never till now did nature do her best
To show a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous destinies require again.
Pray, Annabella, pray; since we must part,
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.
Pray, pray, my sister.

Anna. Then I see your drift.
Ye blessed angels, guard me!

Gio. Give me your hand: how sweetly life doth run
In these well-coloured veins! how constantly
These palms do promise health! But I could chide
With nature for this cunning flattery!
Forgive me.

Anna. With my heart.

Gio. Farewell.

Anna. Will you be gone?——

Gio. Be dark, bright sun,
And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx.

Anna. What means this? [*Stabs her.*

Gio. To save thy fame.——
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand;
Revenge is mine, honour doth love command.

Anna. Forgive him, Heaven, and me my sins. Farewell,
Brother, unkind, unkind—— [*Dies.*

[Sir Thomas Browne, in the last chapter of his Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors, rebukes such authors as have chosen to relate prodigious and nameless sins. The chapter is entitled,

Of some Relations whose Truth we fear. His reasoning is solemn and fine.—"Lastly, as there are many relations whereto we cannot assent, and make some doubt thereof, so there are divers others whose verities we fear, and heartily wish there were no truth therein. Many other accounts like these we meet sometimes in history, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto humanity; whose not only verities but relations honest minds do deprecate. For of sins heteroclital, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oft-times a sin even in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities; sins should be accounted new, that so they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity, as they fall from their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villainy; for, as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that may make latter ages worse than were the former: for the vicious examples of ages past poison the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature silence commendeth history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein there must never rise a Pancirollus [1] nor remain any register but that of hell."]

THE BROKEN HEART, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Ithocles *loves* Calantha, Princess of Sparta; *and would have his sister* Penthea *plead for him with the princess. She objects to him her own wretched condition, made miserable by a match, into which he forcea her with* Bassanes, *when she was precontracted by her dead father's will, and by inclination, to* Orgilus; *but at last she consents.*

Ithocles. Penthea.

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me, nearer yet:
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have lived
At distance like two strangers; I could wish,
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled

[1] Who wrote *De Antiquis Deperditis*, or of the Lost Inventions of Antiquity.

Had prov'd to me a grave.
Pen. You had been happy :
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.
Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel ; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
A lover-blest heart, to grind it into dust ;
For which mine 's now a-breaking.
Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee ! first let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it ! may the heat be cherish'd
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible.
Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.
Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother !
Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass ;
Yet cannot die.
Pen. The handmaid to the wages,
The untroubled [1][ ] of country toil, drinks streams
With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure ; whilst I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.
Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lies him down to sleep ;
While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee merciful.
Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband ;

[1] A word seems defective here.

Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister——
Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous; thou shalt stand
A deity, my sister, and be worship'd
For thy resolved martyrdom; wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle; if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure lend
One finger but to ease it.
Pen. O, no more!
Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.
Pen. Who is the saint you serve?
Ith. Friendship, or [nearness]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have moved that question; 'tis a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.
Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations I conjure ye,
Partake her name.
Ith. Her name——'tis——'tis—I dare not—
Pen. All your respects are forged.
Ith. They are not—Peace!
Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable!
Do I now love thee? For my injuries,
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears. Do:—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.
Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,

And force her on the prince of Argos?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story;
I sweat in blood for 't.

Pen. We are reconciled.
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide;
Have comfort, you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I 'll cheer invention for an active strain.

PENTHEA *recommends her brother as a dying bequest to the* Princess.

CALANTHA. PENTHEA.

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for:
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feel too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweeten'd in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see.
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great,
As to distrust a remedy.
Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.
Cal. Speak; I enjoy it.
Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on ye, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heaven will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.
Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman.
Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion. Then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was character'd; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
Cal. Talk on, prithee:
It is a pretty earnest.
Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
Cal. To whom that?
Pen. To virgin wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,

Rather than ranging of their blood : and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage ;
May those be ever young !

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with ?

Pen. 'Tis my Fame ; I trust,
By scandal yet untouch'd : this I bequeath
To memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour !

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination ! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me ; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long agone since first I lost my heart :
Long I have liv'd without it ; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What saidst thou ?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it :
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity ;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd
He moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly ?

Pen. First his heart

Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption ; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service :
Yet this lost creature loves you. Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood ; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure ?

Pen. I must leave the world
To revel [in] Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here ;
Yet, by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit : but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, oh, most unkind !

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye ?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.[1]

While CALANTHA (Princess of Sparta) *is celebrating the nuptials of* PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANEA *at court with music and dancing, one enters to inform her that the* King *her father is dead; a second brings the news that* PENTHEA (*sister to* ITHOCLES) *is starved; and a third comes to tell that* ITHOCLES *himself* (*to whom the* Princess *is contracted*) *is cruelly murdered.*

CALANTHA. PROPHILUS. EUPHRANEA. NEARCHUS. CROTOLON. CHRISTALLA. PHILEMA, *and others.*

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus ;
On whom attend they ?

[1] It is necessary to the understanding of the Scene which follows,

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher; wherein, I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.
Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome; Armostes
Is with the king?
Crot. He is.
Cal. On to the dance!
(*To* NEARCHUS.) Cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegroom must be
Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

They dance the first change, during which ARMOSTES *enters.*

Arm. The king your father 's dead.
Cal. To the other change.
Arm. Is 't possible?

They dance again: BASSANES *enters.*

Bass. O madam!
Penthea, poor Penthea 's starv'd.
Cal. Beshrew thee!——
Lead to the next.
Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They dance again: ORGILUS *enters.*

Org. Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.
Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly;
Our footings are not active like our heart,

---

to know that the princess is won by these solicitations of Penthea, and by the real deserts of Ithocles, to requite his love, and that they are contracted with the consent of the king her father.

Which treads the nimbler measure.
Org. I am thunderstruck.

They dance the last change. The music ceases.

Cal. So! let us breathe awhile. Hath not this motion
Raised fresher colour on your cheeks? [*To*
Near. Sweet princess, NEARCHUS.
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.
Cal. We all look cheerfully:
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, t' interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.
Near. None dares, lady.
Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to me
How that the king was dead.
Arm. The king is dead:
That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
He breathed his last, and with his crown bequeath'd you
Your mother's wedding-ring; which here I tender.
Crot. Most strange!
Cal. Peace crown his ashes! we are queen then.
Near. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign queen!
All. Long live the queen!
Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes?
Bass. That my Penthea,[1] miserable soul,
Was starv'd to death.
Cal. She 's happy; she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.
Org. That Ithocles
Was murder'd.
Cal. By whose hand?

[1] Wife to Bassanes.

Org. By mine; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge; the reasons [1]
Are just, and known: quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abiliment to steer a kingdom.
Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon,[2] a blessing
To thy lost son; Euphranea,[3] take a farewell;
And both begone.
(*To* ORGILUS.) Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from him,
With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best; there 's all our bounty.—
But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Entreat you and these lords see execution
Instant, before ye part.
Near. Your will commands us.
Org. One suit, just queen; my last: vouchsafe your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.
Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference: those that are dead
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature
One time or other. Use despatch, my lords;

[1] Penthea (sister to Ithocles) was betrothed at first to Orgilus, but compelled by her brother to marry Bassanes; by which forced match she becoming miserable, refused to take food, and died.
[2] His father. [3] His sister.

We 'll suddenly prepare our coronation. [*Exit.*

Arm. 'Tis strange these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit.

The Coronation of the Princess *takes place after the execution of* Orgilus.—*She enters the Temple, dressed in white, having a crown on her head. She kneels at the altar. The dead body of* Ithocles (*whom she should have married*) *is borne on a hearse, in rich robes, having a crown on his head; and placed by the side of the altar, where she kneels. Her devotions ended, she rises.*—

Calantha. Nearchus. Prophilus. Crotolon. Bassanes. Armostes. Euphranea. Amelus. Christalla. Philema, *and others.*

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.—
Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties, or obedience is, to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition.
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike, and inured to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminate authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,
Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice
By your own judgment both allow'd and liked of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height.

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam.
Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I 'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.
Near. Name them, virtuous lady.
Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds ; then in Argos
Armostes might be viceroy ; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway ; and Bassanes
Be Sparta's marshal :
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person in your chamber.—
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,
She 'll prove a constant wife ; and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple.
Bass. This is a testament !
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.
Near. All this should be perform'd.
Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus,
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honours, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend and my neglected husband
Too short a time enjoy'd.
Proph. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.
Euph. Excellent lady !
Near. Madam, what means that word, neglected husband ?
Cal. Forgive me :—now I turn to thee, thou shadow
[*To the dead body of* ITHOCLES.
Of my contracted lord ! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger ; 'twas my father's last bequest.
Thus I new marry him, whose wife I am ;

Death shall not separate us. O, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another
Of death! and death! and death! still I danc'd forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them:
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings;
Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last! Crack, crack.— [*Dies.*
Argos now 's Sparta's king.

[I do not know where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this. This is indeed, according to Milton, to "describe high passions and high actions." The fortitude of the Spartan boy who let a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of this dilaceration of the spirit and exenteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha with a holy violence against her nature keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a wife and a queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdom are but of chains and the stake; a little bodily suffering; these torments

> On the purest spirits prey
> As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
> With answerable pains, but more intense.

What a noble thing is the soul in its strengths and in its weaknesses! who would be less weak than Calantha? who can be so strong? the expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me in imagination to Calvary and the Cross; and I seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which I am here contemplating, and the real agonies of that final completion to which I dare no more than hint a reference.

Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas, and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Annabella (in the play which

precedes this) we discern traces of that fiery particle, which in the irregular starting from out of the road of beaten action, discovers something of a right line even in obliquity, and shows hints of an improveable greatness in the lowest descents and degradations of our nature.]

LOVE'S SACRIFICE, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Biancha, Wife *to* Caraffa, Duke of Pavia, *loves and is loved by* Fernando *the Duke's favourite. She long resists his importunate suit; at length, she enters the room where he is sleeping, and awakens him, to hear her confession of her love for him.*

Biancha. Fernando, *sleeping.*

Bian. Resolve, and do; 'tis done. What, are those eyes,
Which lately were so over-drown'd in tears,
So easy to take rest? O happy man!
How sweetly sleep hath seal'd up sorrows here!
But I will call him: what, my lord, my lord,
My lord Fernando——————
Fer. Who calls?
Bian. My lord,
Sleeping, or waking?
Fer. Ha, who is it?
Bian. 'Tis I:
Have you forgot my voice? or is your ear
But useful to your eye?
Fer. Madam the duchess!
Bian. She, 'tis she; sit up,
Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell:
The nights are short, and I have much to say.
Fer. Is 't possible 'tis you?
Bian. 'Tis possible:
Why do you think I come?
Fer. Why? to crown joys,

And make me master of my best desires.
Bian. 'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up and listen.
With shame and passion now I must confess,
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
You have been only king. If there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt
That tyranny: be record to my soul
The justice which I for this folly fear.
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear: was never poor,
Poor wretched woman liv'd, that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.
Fer. Oh, madam——
Bian. To witness that I speak is truth, look here!
Thus singly I adventure to thy bed,
And do confess my weakness: if thou tempt'st
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.
Fer. Perpetual happiness!
Bian. Now hear me out:
When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me; and, without respect
Of dower, took me to his bed and bosom,
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not mov'd by counsel, or remov'd by greatness:
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and heaven
I vow'd a vow to live a constant wife.
I have done so: nor was there in the world
A man created, could have broke that truth,
For all the glories of the earth, but thou,
But thou, Fernando. Do I love thee now?
Fer. Beyond imagination.
Bian. True, I do,
Beyond imagination: if no pledge
Of love can instance what I speak is true,
But loss of my best joys, here, here, Fernando,
Be satisfied, and ruin me.

Fer. What do you mean?
Bian. To give my body up to thy embraces;
A pleasure that I never wish'd to thrive in
Before this fatal minute: mark me now;
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,
By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to heaven, to the world, to time,
Ere yet the morning shall new christen day,
I 'll kill myself!
Fer. How, madam, how!
Bian. I will:
Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice; what say ye?
Fer. Pish, do you come to try me? tell me first,
Will you but grant a kiss?
Bian. Yes, take it; that,
Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine.
Fer. Oh me—Come, come, how many women, pray,
Were ever heard or read of, granted love,
And did as you protest you will?
Bian. Fernando, [*Kneels.*
Jest not at my calamity. I kneel—
By these dishevel'd hairs, these wretched tears,
By all that 's good, if what I speak, my heart
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
Was never man sued to me I denied;
Think me a common and most cunning whore,
And let my sins be written on my grave,
My name rest in reproof! Do as you list.
Fer. I must believe ye; yet I hope, anon,
When you are parted from me, you will say
I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,
Nay, laugh at my simplicity: say, will ye?
Bian. No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far
Than all my joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.
Fer. You have prevail'd; and Heaven forbid that I
Should by a wanton appetite profane

This sacred temple! 'Tis enough for me,
You 'll please to call me servant.
Bian. Nay, be thine:
Command my power, my bosom; and I 'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.
Fer. Enough; I 'll master passion, and triumph
In being conquer'd, adding to it this,
In you my love as it begun shall end.
Bian. The latter I new vow——but day comes on;
What now we leave unfinish'd of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: sweet, let 's part.
Fer. Best life, good rest!

THE CHRONICLE HISTORY OF PERKIN WARBECK.

By the same Author.

Perkin Warbeck *and his* Followers *are by* Lord Dawbney *presented to* King Henry *as* Prisoners.

Dawb. Life to the king, and safety fix his throne!
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of majesty, but in effect, a substance
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy:
Perkin, the christian world's strange wonder.
King H. Dawbney,
We observe no wonder; I behold, 'tis true,
An ornament of nature, fine and polish'd,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands?
Dawb. From sanctuary
At Bewley, near Southampton; register'd,
With these few followers, for persons privileged.
King H. I must not thank you, sir! you were to blame

To infringe the liberty of houses sacred :
Dare we be irreligious ?

Dawb. Gracious lord,
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,
Without compulsion.

King H. So ? 'twas very well ;
'Twas very, very well ! turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions.
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck !

Warb. But not my heart ; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter : if the sun
Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
Lasting and universal ! Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,
Not aiming at a crown, retir'd, and gladly,
For comfort to the duke of Bretagne's court.
Richard, who swayed the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then ; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore,
At Milford Haven—

Dawb. Whither speeds his boldness ?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

King H. O, let him range :
The player 's on the stage still, 'tis his part ;
He does but act.——What follow'd ?

Warb. Bosworth field !
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,
Appear'd at once : the tale is soon applied ;
Fate which crown'd these attempts when least assured,

Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

King H. A pretty gallant! thus, your aunt of Burgundy,
Your duchess aunt inform'd her nephew; so
The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

Warb. Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
To put a feigned blush on; scorn wears only
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
The sphere of majesty: in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,
By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd
From zanies to his greatness.

King H. Sirrah, shift
Your antick pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you 'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

Warb. I expect
No less than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but, if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures,[1] whose engagements,
To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator, in death,
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

King H. So brave!
What a bold knave is this!
We trifle time with follies.
Urswick, command the dukeling and these fellows
To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:
With safety let them be convey'd to London.

[1] His followers.

It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,
Taunts, or abuse, be suffer'd to their persons ;
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition
Hath many years distracted.

Warb. Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity : the Tower !
Our childhood's dreadful nursery !

King H. Was ever so much impudence in forgery ?
The custom sure of being styled a king,
Hath fasten'd in his thought that he is such.

WARBECK *is led to his death.*

Oxford. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death.

Warb. Why, peers of England,
We 'll lead them on courageously ; I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory ! our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears : and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines
In this last issue male ; Heaven be obey'd !
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death ? pish ! 'tis but a sound ; a name of air ;
A minute's storm, or not so much ; to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood ; here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit !
Spurn coward passion ! so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er death.

THE LADIES' TRIAL:

By the same Author.

Auria, *in the possession of honours, preferment, fame, can find no peace in his mind while he thinks his* Wife *unchaste.*

Auria. Aurelio.

Auria. Count of Savona! Genoa's admiral!
Lord governor of Corsica! enroll'd
A worthy of my country! sought and sued to,
Praised, courted, flatter'd!—
My triumphs
Are echo'd under every roof; the air
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room
Enough to brace them in; but not a thought
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here:
Here through a creek, a little inlet, crawls
A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread,
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.
I had a kingdom once, but am deposed
From all that royalty of blest content,
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.
Aurelio. Glories in public view but add to misery,
Which travails in unrest at home.
Auria. At home!
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,
And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care, and over-worn with age,
Lodged in the grave, I am not yet at home;
There rots but half of me, the other part
Sleeps, Heaven knows where: would she and I—
my wife
I mean,—but what, alas! talk I of wife?
The woman—would we had together fed
On any outcast parings, coarse and mouldy,
Not liv'd divided thus!

LOVE TRICKS, A COMEDY:

By James Shirley.[1]

Passionate courtship.

Infortunio. I must have other answer, for I must love you.

Selina. Must! but I do not see any necessity that I should love you; I do confess you are a proper man.

Inf. O, do not mock, Selina; let not excellence,
Which you are full of, make you proud and scornful.
I am a gentleman; though my outward part
Cannot attract affection, yet some have told me
Nature hath made me what she need not shame;
Yet look into my heart, there you shall see
What you cannot despise, for there you are,
With all your graces waiting on you; there
Love hath made you a throne to sit, and rule
O'er Infortunio, all my thoughts obeying
And honouring you as queen: pass by my outside,
My breast I dare compare with any man.

Sel. But who can see this breast you boast of so?

Inf. Oh! 'tis an easy work; for though it be
Not to be pierced by the dull eye, whose beam
Is spent on outward shapes, there is a way
To make a search into [its] hidden'st passage.
I know you would not love, to please your sense.
A tree that bears a ragged, unleaf'd top,
In depth of winter, may, when summer comes,
Speak, by his fruit, he is not dead but youthful,

[1] Shirley claims a place amongst the worthies of this period, not so much for any transcendent genius in himself, as that he was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common. A new language and quite a new turn of tragic and comic interest came in with the Restoration.

James Shirley, from the engraving by R. Gaywood, after the painting by G. P. Lerrick.

Though once he show'd no sap. My heart 's a plant
Kept down by colder thoughts, and doubtful fears ;
Your frowns, like winter storms, make it seem dead,
But yet it is not so ; make it but yours,
And you shall see it spring, and shoot forth leaves
Worthy your eye, and the oppressed sap
Ascend to every part to make it green,
And pay your love with fruit when harvest comes.

Sel. Then you confess your love is cold as yet,
And winter 's in your heart ?

Inf. Mistake me not, Selina, for I say
My heart is cold, not love.

Sel. And yet your love is from your heart, I 'll warrant.

Inf. Oh, you are nimble to mistake ;
My heart is cold in your displeasures only,
And yet my love is fervent ; for your eye,
Casting out beams, maintains the flame it burns in.
Again, sweet love,
My heart is not mine own, 'tis yours, you have it,
And, while it naked lies, nor deign'd your bosom
To keep it warm, how can it be but cold,
In danger to be frozen ? blame not it,
You only are in fault it hath no heat.

Sel. Well, sir, I know you have rhetoric ; but I
Can, without art, give you a final answer.

Inf. Oh, stay ! and think awhile ; I cannot relish
You should say final : Sweet, deliberate ;
It doth concern all the estate I have,
I mean not dunghill treasure, but my life
Doth stand or fall to it. If your answer be,
That you can love me, be as swift as lightning ;
But, if you mean to kill me, and reject
My so long love-devotions, which I have paid
As to an altar, stay a little longer,
And let me count the riches I shall lose
By one poor airy word : first give me back

That part of Infortunio that is lost
Within your love ; play not the tyrant with me.

THE MAID'S REVENGE, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Sebastiano *invites* Antonio *to Avero Castle.*

Sebastiano. Antonio.

Seb. The noble courtesies I have receiv'd
At Lisbon, worthy friend, so much engage me,
That I must die indebted to your worth,
Unless you mean to accept what I have studied,
Although but partly, to discharge the sum
Due to your honour'd love.

Ant. How now, Sebastiano ? will you forfeit
The name of friend, then ?—I did hope our love
Had out-grown compliment.

Seb. I speak my thoughts ;
My tongue and heart are relatives : I think
I have deserved no base opinion from you ;
I wish not only to perpetuate
Our friendship, but to exchange that common name
Of friend, for—

Ant. What ?—take heed ; do not profane.—
Wouldst thou be more than friend ? it is a name
Virtue can only answer to. Couldst thou
Unite into one, all goodness whatsoe'er
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow-bounded to contain
This swelling treasure : every good admits
Degrees, but this, being so good, it cannot :
For he is no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
By the natural flow of blood, alliances,

And what you can imagine, is too light
To weigh with th' name of friend : they execute,
At best, but what a nature prompts them to,
Are often less than friends, when they remain
Our kinsmen still ; but friend is never lost.

Seb. Nay then, Antonio, you mistake ; I mean not
To leave off friend, which, with another title,
Would not be lost. Come then, I'll tell you, sir.—
I would be friend and brother ; thus our friendship
Shall, like a diamond set in gold, not lose
His sparkling, but show fairer. I have a pair
Of sisters, which I would commend, but that
I might seem partial, their birth and fortunes
Deserving noble love ; if thou be'st free
From other fair engagement, I would be proud
To speak them worthy. Come, shalt go and see
them.
I would not beg them suitors ; fame hath spread
Through Portugal their persons, and drawn to
Avero
Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. Catalina and Berinthia ?

Seb. The same.

Ant. Report speaks loud their beauties, and no less
Virtue in either.—Well, I see you strive
To leave no merit where you mean to honour.
I cannot otherwise escape the censure
Of one ungrateful, but by waiting on you
Home to Avero.

Seb. You shall honour me,
And glad my noble father, to whom you are
No stranger ; your own worth before hath been
Sufficient preparation.

Ant. Ha !
I have not so much choice, Sebastiano ;
But if one sister of Antonio's
May have a commendation to your thoughts,

I will not spend much art in praising her,
Her virtue speak itself, I shall be happy,
And be confirm'd your brother, though I miss
Acceptance at Avero.

Seb. Still you outdo me ; I could never wish
My service better placed. At opportunity
I 'll visit you at Elvas ; i' the mean time
Let 's haste to Avero, where with you I 'll bring
My double welcome, and not fail to second
Any design——

Ant. You shall teach me a lesson
Against we meet at Elvas castle, sir.

SEBASTIANO'S *father welcomes* ANTONIO *to Avero Castle.*

VILAREZO. CATALINA. BERINTHIA. SEBASTIANO. ANTONIO.

Vil. Old Gaspar's house is honour'd by such guests :
Now by the tomb of my progenitors,
I envied that your fame should visit me
So oft without your person ; Sebastiano
Hath been long happy in your noble friendship,
And cannot but improve himself in virtues,
That lives so near your love.—You shall dishonour me,
Unless you think yourself as welcome here,
As at your Elvas castle. Vilarezo
Was once, as you are, sprightly, and though I say it,
Maintain'd my father's reputation,
And honour of our house, with actions
Worthy our name and family ; but now,
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my hairs,
Plough'd on my brows the furrows of his anger,
Disfurnish'd me of active blood, and wrapp'd me
Half in my cerecloth ; yet I have mind
That bids me honour virtue, where I see it
Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

Ant. You speak all nobleness, and encourage me
To spend the greenness of my rising years
So to th' advantage, that at last I may
Be old like you.
Vill. Daughters, speak his welcome.

ANTONIO *loves and is beloved by* BERINTHIA, *the younger sister.* CATALINA *the elder is jealous, and plots to take off her sister by poison.* ANTONIO *rescues* BERINTHIA *from the vindictive jealousy of her sister, and carries her off to Elvas Castle; where his sister* CASTABELLA *and his cousin* VILLANDRAS *welcome her.*

ANTONIO. BERINTHIA. CASTABELLA. VILLANDRAS. SFORZA, *a domestic.*

Ant. The welcomest guest that ever Elvas had.
Sister—Villandras—you 're not sensible
What treasure you possess; I have no loves
I would not here divide.
Cast. Indeed, madam, you 're as welcome here
As e'er my mother was.
Vill. And you are here as safe,
As if you had an army for your guard.
Nor think my noble cousin meaneth you
Any dishonour here.
Ant. Dishonour! it is a language I never understood, yet
Throw off your fears, Berinthia, you 're i' the power
Of him that dares not think the least dishonour to you.—
Come, be not sad.
Cast. Put on fresh blood; you 're not cheerful; how do you?
Ber. I know not how, nor what to answer you;
Your loves I cannot be ungrateful to,
You 're my best friends, I think; but yet I know not
With what consent you brought my body hither.
Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot was laid

To take your fair life from you?

Ber. If all be not a dream, I do remember
Your servant Diego told me wonders, and
I owe you for my preservation; but—

Cast. It is your happiness you have escaped
The malice of your sister.

Vill. And it is worth
A noble gratitude to have been quit,
By such an honourer as Antonio is
Of fair Berinthia.

Ber. Oh, but my father, under whose displeasure I ever sink.

Ant. You are secure—

Ber. As the poor deer that, being pursued, for safety
Gets up a rock that overhangs the sea,
Where all that she can see, is her destruction;
Before, the waves, behind, her enemies
Promise her certain ruin.

Ant. Feign not yourself so hapless, my Berinthia;
Raise your dejected thoughts; be merry; come,
Think I am your Antonio.

Cast. It is not wisdom
To let our passed fortunes trouble us;
Since were they bad, the memory is sweet,
That we have pass'd them: look before you, lady;
The future most concerneth.

DIEGO, *a domestic, enters, and announces that* SEBASTIANO *is at the gate.*

Ant. Your brother, lady, and my honour'd friend.
Why do the gates not spread themselves, to open
At his arrival? Sforza, 'tis Berinthia's brother,
Sebastiano, the example of all worth
And friendship, is come after his sweet sister.

Ber. Alas, I fear.

Ant. Be not such a coward, lady; he cannot come
Without all goodness waiting on him. Sforza!
Sforza! I say. What precious time we lose!

Sebastiano—I almost lose myself
In joy to meet him. Break the iron bars,
And give him entrance.—Sebastiano 's come——
Ber. Sent by my father to——
Ant. What ? to see thee ? He shall see thee here,
Respected like thyself, Berinthia,
Attended with Antonio, begirt
With armies of thy servants.

SEBASTIANO *enters, with* COUNT DE MONTE NIGRO, *his friend.*

Ant. Oh, my friend !
Seb. 'Tis yet in question, sir, and will not be
So easily proved.
Ant. What face have you put on ? am I awake ?
Or do I dream Sebastiano frowns ?
Seb. Antonio, for here I throw off all
The ties of love, I come to fetch a sister,
Dishonourably taken from her father ;
Or, with my sword, to force thee render her :
Now, if thou be'st a soldier, re-deliver,
Or keep her with the danger of thy person.
Ant. Promise me the hearing,
And shalt have any satisfaction
Becomes my fame.
Were 't in your power, would you not account it
A precious victory, in your sister's cause,
To dye your sword with any blood of him,
Sav'd both her life and honour ?
Seb. Why, would you have me think my sister owes
To you such preservation ?
Ant. Oh, Sebastiano !
Thou dost not think what devil lies at home
Within a sister's bosom ; Catalina
(I know not with what worst of envy) laid
Force to this goodly building, and through poison
Had robb'd the earth of more than all the world,
Her virtue.

Valasco was the man, appointed by
That goodly sister, to steal Berinthia,
And lord himself of this possession,
Just at that time ; but hear, and tremble at it :
She, by a cunning poison, should have breathed
Her soul into his arms, within two hours,
And so Valasco should have borne the shame
Of theft and murder.

Seb. You amaze me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis true, by honour's self ; hear it confirm'd,
And when you will, I am ready.

Seb. I cannot but believe it. Oh, Berinthia,
I am wounded ere I fight !

Ant. Holds your resolve yet constant ? if you have
Better opinion of your sword, than truth,
I am bound to answer ; but I would I had
Such an advantage 'gainst another man,
As the justice of my cause, all valour fights
But with a foil, against it.

Seb. But will you back with me, then ?

Ber. Excuse me, brother ; I shall fall too soon
Upon my sister's malice, whose foul guilt
Will make me [to] expect more certain ruin.

Ant. Now, Sebastiano
Puts on his judgment, and assumes his nobleness,
Whilst he loves equity.

Seb. And shall I carry shame
To Vilarezo's house, neglect a father,
Whose precepts bind me to return with her,
Or leave my life at Elvas ? I must on.
I have heard you to no purpose ; shall Berinthia
Back to Avero ?

Ant. Sir, she must not yet ;
'Tis dangerous.

Seb. Choose thee a second then ;
This count and I mean to leave honour here.

Vill. Honour me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis done ; Sebastiano shall report
Antonio just and noble. Sforza, swear
Upon my sword—oh, do not hinder me—
If victory crown Sebastiano's arm,
I charge thee, by thy honesty, restore
This lady to him, on whose lip I seal
My unstain'd faith.

ANTONIO *falls in a duel by the sword of* SEBASTIANO. SEBASTIANO *is disconsolate for having killed his friend. In his penitence, he is visited by* ANTONIO'S *sister,* CASTABELLA, *disguised as a* Page.

CASTABELLA. SEBASTIANO.

Cast. He that hath sent you, sir, this gift, did love you,
You 'll say yourself he did.
Seb. Ha ! name him, prithee.
Cast. The friend I came from was Antonio.
Seb. Who hath sent thee
To tempt Sebastiano's soul to act on thee
Another death, for thus affrighting me ?
Cast. Indeed I do not mock, nor come to affright you ;
Heaven knows my heart. I know Antonio 's dead,
But 'twas a gift he in his life design'd
To you, and I have brought it.
Seb. Thou dost not promise cozenage ; what gift is it ?
Cast. It is myself, sir : while Antonio liv'd,
I was his boy, but never did boy lose
So kind a master ; in his life he promised
He would bestow me (so much was his love
To my poor merit) on his dearest friend,
And nam'd you, sir, if heaven should point [you] out
To over-live him ; for he knew you would
Love me the better for his sake. Indeed,
I will be very honest to you, and

Refuse no service to procure your love
And good opinion to me.

Seb. Can it be
Thou wert his boy? Oh, thou shouldst hate me then.
Thou art false, I dare not trust thee. Unto him
Thou show'st thee now unfaithful, to accept
Of me. I kill'd thy master! 'Twas a friend
He would commit thee to; I only was,
Of all the stock of men, his enemy,
His cruellest enemy.

Cast. Indeed I am sure it was; he spoke all truth,
And had he liv'd to have made his will, I know
He had bequeath'd me as a legacy
To be your boy. Alas! I am willing, sir,
To obey him in it: had he laid on me
Command, to have mingled with his sacred dust
My unprofitable blood, it should have been
A most glad sacrifice, and 't had been honour
To have done him such a duty, sir. I know
You did not kill him with a heart of malice,
But in contention with your very soul
To part with him.

Seb. All is as true as oracle, by heaven.
Dost thou believe so?

Cast. Indeed I do.

Seb. Yet be not rash;
'Tis no advantage to belong to me;
I have no power nor greatness in the court,
To raise thee to a fortune, worthy of
So much observance as I shall expect
When thou art mine.

Cast. All the ambition of my thought shall be
To do my duty, sir.

Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy tenderness
With solitude and passion: for I am
Only in love with sorrow, never merry,

Wear out the day in telling of sad tales ;
Delight in sighs and tears ; sometimes I walk
To a wood or river, purposely to challenge
The boldest echo, to send back my groans
I' the height I break them. Come, I shall undo thee.

Cast. Sir, I shall be most happy to bear part
In any of your sorrows ; I ne'er had
So hard a heart but I could shed a tear
To bear my master company.

Seb. I will not leave thee, if thou wilt dwell with me,
For wealth of Indies ; be my loved boy,
Come in with me. Thus I 'll begin to do
Some recompense for dead Antonio.

BERINTHIA *kills her brother* SEBASTIANO *sleeping.*

CASTABELLA. SEBASTIANO.

Cast. Sir, if the opportunity I use
To comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keep not distance of a servant, lay it
Upon my love ; indeed, if it be an error,
It springs out of my duty.

Seb. Prithee, boy, be patient ;
The more I strive to throw off the remembrance
Of dead Antonio, love still rubs the wounds
To make them bleed afresh.

Cast. Alas ! they are past,
Bind up your own, for honour's sake, and show
Love to yourself ; pray do not lose your reason,
To make your grief so fruitless ; I have procur'd
Some music, sir, to quiet those sad thoughts,
That make such war within you.

Seb. Alas, good boy ! it will but add more weights
Of dullness on me ; I am stung with worse
Than the tarantula to be cur'd with music.—
'T has the exactest unity, but it cannot
Accord my thoughts.

Cast. Sir, this your couch
Seems to invite some small repose :
Oh, I beseech you taste it : I will beg
A little leave to sing. [*She sings.*

BERINTHIA *enters softly.*

Cast. Sweet sleep charm his sad senses, and gentle thoughts
Let fall your flowing numbers here, and round about
Hover celestial angels with your wings,
That none offend his quiet ! Sleep begins
To cast his nets o'er me, too : I 'll obey,
And dream on him that dreams not what I am.
[*She lies down by him.*

Ber. Nature doth wrestle with me ; but revenge
Doth arm my love against it. Justice is
Above all tie of blood.—Sebastiano,
Thou art the first shall tell Antonio's ghost
How much I lov'd him. [*She stabs him upon his couch.*

Seb. (*waking.*) Oh, stay thy hand,—Berinthia ! oh, thou 'st done 't.
I wish thee Heaven's forgiveness ; I cannot
Tarry to hear thy reasons : at many doors
My life runs out ; and yet, Berinthia
Doth, in her name, give me more wounds than these.—
Antonio, oh, Antonio, we shall now
Be friends again. [*Dies.*

THE BROTHERS: A COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Don Ramires *leaves his son* Fernando *with a heavy curse, and a threat of disinheriting, if he do not renounce* Felisarda, *the poor niece of* Don Carlos, *whom he courts, when by his father's command he should address* Jacinta, *the daughter and rich heiress of* Carlos, *his younger brother* Francisco's *Mistress.*

Fernando. Francisco.

Fer. Why does not all the stock of thunder fall?
Or the fierce winds from their close caves let loose,
Now shake me into atoms?

Fran. Fie, noble brother, what can so deject
Your masculine thoughts? is this done like Fernando?
Whose resolute soul so late was arm'd to fight
With all the miseries of man, and triumph
With patience of a martyr? I observ'd
My father late come from you.

Fer. Yes, Francisco,
He hath left his curse upon me.

Fran. How?

Fer. His curse; dost comprehend what that word carries,
Shot from a father's angry breath? unless
I tear poor Felisarda from my heart,
He hath pronounc'd me heir to all his curses.—
Does this fright thee, Francisco? Thou hast cause
To dance in soul for this, 'tis only I
Must lose and mourn; thou shalt have all, I am
Degraded from my birth, while he affects
Thy forward youth, and only calls thee son,
Son of his active spirit, and applauds
Thy progress with Jacinta, in whose smiles

Thou mayst see all thy wishes waiting for thee,
Whilst poor Fernando, for her sake, must stand
An excommunicate from every blessing,
A thing that dare not give myself a name,
But flung into the world's necessities,
Until in time, with wonder of my wants,
I turn a ragged statue, on whose forehead
Each clown may carve his motto.

DON RAMIRES *is seized with a mortal sickness, but forbids* FERNANDO *to approach his chamber till he shall send for him, on pain of his dying curse.*

FERNANDO.

Fer. This turn is fatal, and affrights me ; but
Heaven has more charity than to let him die
With such a hard heart ; 'twere a sin, next his
Want of compassion, to suspect he can
Take his eternal flight and leave Fernando
This desperate legacy ; he will [yet] change
The curse into some little prayer, I hope,
And then—

Enter Servant *and* Physician.

Ser. Make haste, I beseech you, doctor.
Phy. Noble Fernando.
Fer. As you would have men think your art is meant
Not to abuse mankind, employ it all
To cure my poor sick father.
Phy. Fear it not, sir. [*Exeunt* Physician *and* Servant.
Fer. But there is more than your thin skill requir'd
T' instate a health ; your recipes, perplex'd
With tough names, are but mockeries and noise,
Without some dew from heaven, to mix and make them
Thrive in the application. What now ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Oh, sir, I am sent for the confessor,

The doctor fears him much: your brother says
You must have patience, and not enter, sir;
Your father is a-going, good old man,
And having made him heir, is loth your presence
Should interrupt his journey. [*Exit.*

Fer. Francisco may be honest, yet, methinks,
It would become his love to interpose
For my access at such a needful hour,
And mediate for my blessing, not assist
Unkindly thus my banishment. I 'll not
Be lost so tamely: shall my father die,
And not Fernando take his leave!——I dare not.—
"If thou dost hope I should take off this curse,
Do not approach until I send." 'Twas so,
And 'tis a law that binds above my blood.

Enter Confessor *and* Servant.

Make haste, good father, and if Heaven deny
Him life, let not his charity die too.
One curse may sink us both; say how I kneel
And beg he would bequeath me but his blessing;
Then, though Francisco be his heir, I shall
Live happy, and take comfort in my tears,
When I remember him so kind a father.

Conf. It is my duty. [*Exit.*

Fer. Do thy holy office. —
Those fond philosophers that magnify
Our human nature, and did boast we had
Such a prerogative in our rational soul,
Convers'd but little with the world confined
To cells, and unfrequented woods, they knew not
The fierce vexation of community,
Else they had taught, our reason is our loss,
And but a privilege that exceedeth sense,
By nearer apprehension of what wounds,
To know ourselves most miserable. My heart

Enter Physician *and* FRANCISCO.

Is teeming with new fears.—Ha! is he dead?

Phy. Not dead, but in a desperate condition;
And so that little breath remains we have
Remitted to his confessor, whose office
Is all that 's left.

Fer. Is he not merciful to Fernando yet?
No talk of me?

Phy. I find he takes no pleasure
To hear you nam'd: Francisco, to us all,
He did confirm his heir, with many blessings.

Fer. And not left one for me! Oh, take me in,
Thou gentle earth, and let me creep through all
Thy dark and hollow crannies, till I find
Another way to come into the world,
For all the air I breathe in here is poison'd.

Fran. We must have patience, brother; it was no
Ambitious thought of mine to supplant you:
He may live yet, and you be reconciled.

Fer. That was some kindness yet, Francisco; but
I charge thee, by the nearness of our blood,
When I am made this mockery, and wonder,
And know not where to find out charity,
If unawares a chance direct my weary
And wither'd feet to some fair house of thine,
Where plenty with full blessings crowns thy table,
If my thin face betray my want of food,
Do not despise me, 'cause I was thy brother.

Enter Confessor.

Fran. Leave these imagined horrors; I must not
Live when my brother is thus miserable.

Fer. There 's something in that face looks comfortably.

Conf. Your father, sir, is dead; his will to make
Francisco the sole master of his fortunes
Is now irrevocable; a small pension

He hath given you for life, which, with his blessing,
Is all the benefit I bring.

Fer. Ha! blessing! speak it again, good father.

Conf. I did apply some lenitives to soften
His anger, and prevail'd; your father hath
Revers'd that heavy censure of his curse,
And in the place bequeath'd his prayer and blessing.

Fer. I am new created by his charity.

Conf. Some ceremonies are behind: he did
Desire to be interr'd within our convent,
And left his sepulture to me; I am confident,
Your pieties will give me leave————

Fran. His will in all things I obey, and yours,
Most reverend father; order, as you please,
His body; we may after celebrate
With all due obsequies, his funeral.

Fer. Why you alone obey? I am your brother:
My father's eldest son, though not his heir.

Fran. It pleas'd my father, sir, to think me worthy
Of such a title; you shall find me kind,
If you can look on matters without envy.

Fer. If I can look on matters without envy!

Fran. You may live here still.

Fer. I may live here, Francisco!

Enter a Gentleman *with a letter.*

Conditions?
I would not understand this dialect.

Fran. With me? from madam———?

Gent. If you be signor Francisco.

Fer. Slighted!—
I find my father was not dead till now.
Crowd not, you jealous thoughts,
So thick into my brain, lest you do tempt
Me to an act, will forfeit all again.

FERNANDO *tells* FELISARDA *that his father is dead.*

Fer. I have a story to deliver,

A tale, will make thee sad, but I must tell it,—
There is one dead, that lov'd thee not.

Fel. One dead
That lov'd me not? this carries, sir, in nature
No killing sound;[1] I shall be sad to know
I did deserve an enemy, or he want
A charity at death.

Fer. Thy cruel enemy,
And my best friend, hath took eternal leave,
And 's gone—to heaven, I hope; excuse my tears,
It is a tribute I must pay his memory,
For I did love my father.

Fel. Ha! your father?

Fer. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years; but death
Hath in a few hours made him as stiff, as all
The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him,
And whisper'd him to marble.

FRANCISCO *offers to restore* FERNANDO *his birthright.* FERNANDO *dares not take it.*

FRANCISCO. FERNANDO. DON CARLOS.

Fran. What demands,
Fernando?

Fer. My inheritance, wrought from me
By thy sly creeping to supplant my birth,
And cheat our father's easy soul, unworthily
Betraying to his anger, for thy lust
Of wealth, the love and promise of two hearts;
Poor Felisarda and Fernando now
Wither at soul, and, robb'd by thee of that
Should cherish virtue, like to rifled pilgrims
Met on the way, and having told their story,
And dropp'd their even tears for both their loss,
Wander from one another.

[1] Like the reply of Manoah in Samson Agonistes: "Sad, but not saddest, the desolation of a hostile city."

Fran. 'Tis not, sure,
Fernando, but his passion, that obeys not
The counsel of his reason, would accuse me;
And if my father now, (since spirits lose not
Intelligence, but more active when they have
Shook off their chains of flesh,) would leave his dwelling,
And visit this coarse orb[1] again, my innocence
Should dare the appeal, and make Fernando see
His empty accusations.
Fer. He that thrives
By wicked art, has confidence to dress
His actions with simplicity, and shapes
To cheat our credulous natures; 'tis my wonder
Thou durst do so much injury, Francisco,
As must provoke my justice to revenge,
Yet wear no sword.
Fran. I need no guard; I know
Thou darest not kill me.
Fer. Dare I not?
Fran. And name
Thy cause; 'tis thy suspicion, not Francisco,
Hath wrought thee high and passionate: to assure it,
If you dare violate, I dare possess you
With all my title to your land.
Car. How is that?
Fran. Let him receive it at his peril.
Fer. Ha!
Fran. It was my father's act, not mine; he trembled
To hear his curse alive, what horror will
His conscience feel, when he shall spurn his dust,
And call the reverend shade from his bless'd seat,
To this bad world again, to walk and fright him?
Fer. Can this be more than a dream?
Fran. (*Gives him the will.*) Sir, you may cancel it,
But think withal

[1] "Dirty planet."—Sterne.

How you can answer him that 's dead, when he
Shall charge your timorous soul for this contempt
To nature and religion, to break
His last bequest, and breath, that seal'd your blessings?

Car. These are fine fancies.

Fer. (*Returns the will.*) Here, and may it prosper,
Where my good father meant it; I 'm o'ercome.
Forgive me, and enjoy it. [*Is going.*

His father RAMIRES (*supposed dead*) *appears above, with* FELISARDA.

Ram. Fernando, stay.

Fer. Ha! my father and Felisarda? [*Kneels.*
Are they both dead?—I did not think
To find thee in this pale society
Of ghosts so soon.

Fel. I am alive, Fernando,
And Don Ramires still thy living father.

Fran. You may believe it, sir; I was o' the counsel.

Car. Men thought you dead.

Ram. It lay within
The knowledge of Francisco and some few,
By this device to advance my younger son
To a marriage with Jacinta, sir, and try
Fernando's piety and his mistress' virtue;
Which I have found worth him, and my acceptance.
With her I give thee what thy birth did challenge:
Receive thy Felisarda.

Fer. 'Tis a joy
So flowing, it drowns all my faculties;
My soul will not contain, I fear, but lose,
And leave me in this ecstasy.

THE TRAITOR, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

BY SOME SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ONE RIVERS, A JESUIT.

SCIARRAH, *whose life is forfeited, has offer of pardon, conditionally, that he bring his sister* AMIDEA *to consent to the* Prince's *unlawful suit. He jestingly tries her affection.*

Sci. —— if thou couldst redeem me
With anything but death, I think I should
Consent to live.
Amid. Nothing can be too precious
To save a brother, such a loving brother
As you have been.
Sci. Death 's a devouring gamester,
And sweeps up all;—what think'st thou of an eye?
Couldst thou spare one, and think the blemish recompens'd
To see me safe with t' other? or a hand?
This white hand, that has so often
With admiration trembled on the lute,
Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings awhile,
And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,
Suspecting all the harmony proceeded
From their own motions without the need
Of any dull or passive instrument—
No, Amidea, thou shalt not bear one scar
To buy my life; the sickle shall not touch
A flower that grows so fair upon his stalk;
I would live, and owe my life to thee,
So 'twere not bought too dear.
Amid. Do you believe I should not find
The way to heaven, were both mine eyes thy ransom?

I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs
Without a hand.

[My transcript breaks off here. Perhaps what follows was of less value; or perhaps I broke off, as I own I have sometimes done, to leave in my readers a relish and an inclination to explore for themselves the genuine fountains of these old dramatic delicacies.]

CHANGES, OR LOVE IN A MAZE: A COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Excess of epithets, enfeebling to Poetry.

Friend. Master Caperwit, before you read, pray tell me, have your verses any adjectives?

Caperwit. Adjectives! would you have a poem without adjectives?
They are the flowers, the grace of all our language:
A well-chose epithet doth give new soul
To fainting poesy; and makes every verse
A bride; with adjectives we bait our lines,
When we do fish for gentlewomen's loves,
And with their sweetness catch the nibbling ear
Of amorous ladies; with the music of
These ravishing nouns, we charm the silken tribe,
And make the gallant melt with apprehension
Of the rare word: I will maintain 't against
A bundle of grammarians, in poetry
The substantive itself cannot subsist
Without an adjective.

Friend. But, for all that,
Those words would sound more full, methinks, that are not
So larded, and if I might counsel you,
You should compose a sonnet clean without them:

A row of stately substantives would march
Like Switzers, and bear all the field before them;
Carry their weight, show fair, like deeds enroll'd,
Not writs, that are first made, and after filled.
Thence first came up the title of blank verse;—
You know, sir, what blank signifies?—when the sense
First framed, is tied with adjectives like points,
And could not hold together without wedges:
Hang 't, 'tis pedantic, vulgar poetry;
Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there these peddling words for want of matter.
Poets write masculine numbers.

THE EXAMPLE, A TRAGI-COMEDY:

By the same Author.

The humour of a wary knight, *who sleeps all day, and wakes all night, for security.—He calls up his household at midnight.*

Plot. Dormant! why, Dormant! thou eternal sleeper!—
Who would be troubled with these lethargies about him?
Dormant! Are you come, dreamer?

Dormant (*entering*). Would I were so happy! There 's less noise in a steeple, upon a coronation-day. Oh, sleep, sleep, though it were a dead one, would be comfortable: your worship might please to let my fellow Old-rat watch, as well as I.

Plot. Old-rat! that fellow is a drone.

Dorm. He has slept this half-hour on the iron chest. Would I were in my grave, to take a nap! death would do me a courtesy, I should be at rest, and hear no noise of "Dormant!"

Plot. Ha! what 's the matter?

Dorm. Nothing but a yawn, sir; I do all that I can to keep myself waking.

Plot. 'Tis done considerately; this heavy dullness
Is the disease of souls; sleep in the night?

Dorm. Shall I wake my fellow Old-rat? he is refreshed.

Plot. Do, but return you with him, I have business for both.

Dorm. To hear us join in opinion of what 's o'clock!
They talk of Endymion, now could I sleep three lives.

Plot. When other men measure the hours with sleep, [*Exit.*
Careless of where they are, and whom they trust,
Exposing their condition to danger
Of plots, I wake, and wisely think prevention;
Night was not made to snore in, but so calm
For our imaginations to be stirring
About the world, this subtle world, this world
Of plots, and close conspiracy: there is
No faith in man, nor woman.—Where 's this Dormant?

Dorm. (*re-entering with* OLD-RAT.) Here is the sleepy vermin.

Old. It has been day this two hours.

Plot. Then 'tis time for me to go to bed.

Dorm. Would my hour were come once!

Plot. Keep out daylight, and set up a fresh taper.

Dorm. By that time we have dined, he 'll have slept his first sleep.

Old. And after supper call for his breakfast.

Plot. You 're sure 'tis morning?

Dorm. As sure as I am sleepy.

THE LADY OF PLEASURE, A COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Sir Thomas Bornewell *expostulates with his* Lady *on her extravagance and love of pleasure.*

Bornewell. Aretina, *his lady.*

Are. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.
Bor. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? have I not obey'd
All thy desires? against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in? changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?
Are. What charge, more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?
Bor. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen great and powerful
I' the state; but with this, lose not you [the] memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men wit by loss of mine, employ'd
To serve your vast expenses.
Are. Am I then
Brought in the balance? So, sir!
Bor. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,

And must take liberty to think you have
Obey'd no modest counsel, to affect,
Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony;
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Fourscore-pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman,
Banquets for t' other lady aunt, and cousins,
And perfumes that exceed all; train of servants,
To stifle us at home, and show abroad
More motley than the French, or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hindering of their market.

Are. Have you done, sir?

Bor. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which,
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not show their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And show like bonfires on you by the tapers:
Something might here be spar'd, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.

Are. Pray do, I like
Your homily of thrift.

Bor. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

Are. A gamester too!

Bor. But are not come to that acquaintance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
You look not through the subtilty of cards,

And mysteries of dice ; nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income ;
Nor do I wish you should : my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchas'd beneath my honour. You make play
Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.

Are. Good ! proceed.

Bor. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse ; your revels in the night,
Your meetings, call'd the Ball, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure ;
'Tis but the Family of Love, translated
Into more costly sin ! there was a play on it,
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in 't,
Some darks had been discover'd, and the deeds too:
In time he may repent, and make some blush,
To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act ; but the virtuous know,
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicions of our shame.

Are. Have you concluded
Your lecture ?

Bor. I have done ; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest,
And noble freedom.

Are. I 'll not be so tedious
In my reply ; but, without art or elegance,
Assure you I keep still my first opinion ;
And though you veil your avaricious meaning

With handsome names of modesty and thrift,
I find you would intrench and wound the liberty
I was born with. Were my desires unprivileged
By example, while my judgment thought them fit,
You ought not to oppose; but when the practice
And tract of every honourable lady
Authorize me, I take it great injustice
To have my pleasures circumscribed, and taught me.

[This dialogue is in the very spirit of the recriminating scenes between Lord and Lady Townley in the Provoked Husband It is difficult to believe, but it must have been Vanbrugh's prototype.]

THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE, A TRAGI-COMEDY:

By the same Author.

Giovanni, *of noble extraction, but brought up a gardener, and ignorant of any greater birth, loves* Bellaura, *a princess; and is beloved again.*

Bellaura. Giovanni.

Bell. How now, Giovanni?
What, with a sword! You were not us'd to appear
Thus arm'd; your weapon is a spade, I take it.
Gio. It did become my late profession, madam;
But I am chang'd—
Bell. Not to a soldier?
Gio. It is a title, madam, will much grace me;
And with the best collection of my thoughts,
I have ambition to the wars.
Bell. You have?
Gio. Oh, 'tis a brave profession, and rewards
All loss we meet, with double weight in glory,
A calling princes still are proud to own;
And some do willingly forget their crowns
To be commanded: 'tis the spring of all

We here entitle fame to; emperors,
And all degrees of honours, owing all
Their names to this employment: in her vast
And circular embraces holding kings,
And making them; and yet so kind, as not
To exclude such private things as I, who may
Learn and commence in her great arts.—My life
Hath been too useless to myself and country;
'Tis time I should employ it to deserve
A name within their registry, that bring
The wealth, the harvest home of well-bought honour.

Bell. Yet I can see
Through all this revolution, Giovanni;
'Tis something else hath wrought this violent change.
Pray let me be of counsel with your thoughts,
And know the serious motive: come, be clear.
I am no enemy, and can assist,
Where I allow the cause.

Gio. You may be angry,
Madam, and chide it as a saucy pride
In me to name or look at honour; nor
Can I but know what small addition
Is my unskilful arm to aid a country.

Bell. I may therefore justly suspect there is
Something of other force, that moves you to
The wars; enlarge my knowledge with the secret.

Gio. At this command I open my heart, madam.
I must confess there is another cause,
Which I dare not, in [my] obedience,
Obscure, since you will call it forth;—and yet
I know you will laugh at me—

Bell. It would ill
Become my breeding, Giovanni—

Gio. Then
Know, madam, I 'm in love.

Bell. In love! with whom?
Gio. With one I dare not name, she is so much
Above my birth and fortunes.
Bell. I commend
Your flight; but does she know it?
Gio. I durst never
Appear with so much boldness, to discover
My heart's so great ambition; 'tis here still,
A strange and busy guest.
Bell. And you think absence
May cure this wound?
Gio. Or death.
Bell. I may presume
You think she 's fair?
Gio. I dare as soon question your beauty, madam,
The only ornament and star of Venice;
Pardon the bold comparison: yet there is
Something in you resembles my great mistress.—
She blushes—(*aside*)
Such very beams disperseth her bright eye,
Powerful to restore decrepit nature;
But when she frowns, and changes from her sweet
Aspect, (as in my fears I see you now,
Offended at my boldness,) she does blast
Poor Giovanni thus, and thus I wither
At heart, and wish myself a thing lost in
My own forgotten dust!

THE POLITICIAN, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author.

Marpisa *widow of* Count Altomarus *is advanced to be Queen to the* King of Norway, *by the practices of her paramour* Gotharus. *She has by her first husband a young son* Haraldus; *to secure whose succession to the crown by the aid of* Gotharus (*in prejudice of the king's son, the lawful heir*), *she tells* Gotharus *that the child is his. He believes her, and tells* Haraldus; *who taking to heart his mother's dishonour, and his own stain of bastardy, falls into a mortal sickness.*

Queen. Haraldus.

Queen. How is it with my child?
Har. I know you love me;
Yet I must tell you truth, I cannot live;
And let this comfort you, death will not come
Unwelcome to your son. I do not die
Against my will; and having my desires,
You have less cause to mourn.
Queen. What is 't has made
The thought of life unpleasant, which does court
Thy dwelling here, with all delights that nature
And art can study for thee? Rich in all things
Thy wish can be ambitious of; yet all
These treasures nothing to thy mother's love,
Which, to enjoy thee, would defer awhile
Her thought of going to heaven.
Har. Oh, take heed, mother:
Heaven has a spacious ear, and power to punish
Your too much love with my eternal absence.
I beg your prayers and blessing.
Queen. Thou art dejected;
Have but a will and live.
Har. 'Tis in vain, mother.
Queen. Sink with a fever into earth? look up;
Thou shalt not die.
Har. I have a wound within
You do not see, more killing than all fevers.

Queen. A wound! where? who has murder'd thee?
Har. Gotharus——
Queen. Ha! Furies persecute him!
Har. Oh, pray for him!
It is my duty, though he gave me death,—
He is my father.
Queen. How? thy father!
Har. He told me so, and with that breath destroy'd me;
I felt it strike upon my spirits. Mother,
Would I had ne'er been born!
Queen. Believe him not.
Har. Oh, do not add another sin to what
Is done already; death is charitable,
To quit me from the scorn of all the world.
Queen. By all my hopes, Gotharus has abus'd thee;
Thou art the lawful burthen of my womb;
Thy father Altomarus.
Har. Ha!
Queen. Before whose spirit, long since taken up
To meet with saints and troops angelical,
I dare again repeat, thou art his son.
Har. Ten thousand blessings now reward my mother!
Speak it again, and I may live; a stream
Of pious joy runs through me; to my soul
You have struck a harmony next that in heaven:
Can you, without a blush, call me your child,
And son of Altomarus? all that 's holy
Dwell in your blood for ever! Speak it once,
But once again.
Queen. Were it my latest breath,
Thou art his, and mine.
Har. Enough; my tears do flow,
To give you thanks for 't. I would you could resolve me
But one truth more; why did my lord Gotharus

Call me the issue of his blood?
Queen. Alas!
He thinks thou art—
Har. What are those words? I am undone again.
Queen. Ha!
Har. 'Tis too late
To call them back—he thinks I am his son.
Queen. I have confess'd too much, and tremble with
The imagination. Forgive me, child,
And Heaven, if there be mercy to a crime
So black, as I must now, to quit thy fears,
Say I have been guilty of. We have been sinful;
And I was not unwilling to oblige
His active brain for thy advancement, by
Abusing his belief thou wert his own;
But thou hast no such stain; thy birth is innocent,
Or may I perish ever! 'Tis a strange
Confession to a child, but it may drop
A balsam to thy wound. Live, my Haraldus;
If not for this, to see my penitence,
And with what tears I 'll wash away my sin.
Har. I am no bastard then?
Queen. Thou art not.
Har. But
I am not found, while you are lost;
No time can restore you. My spirits faint.
Queen. Will nothing comfort thee?
Har. Give me your blessing, and, within my heart
I 'll pray you may have many. My soul flies
'Bove this vain world. Good mother, close mine eyes.
Queen. Never died so much sweetness in his years.[1]

[1] Mamillus in the Winter's Tale in this manner droops and dies from a conceit of his mother's dishonour.

THE ASPARAGUS GARDEN, A COMEDY:

By Richard Brome.

Private conference.

Father-in-law. You will not assault me in mine own house? nor urge me beyond my patience with your borrowing attempts!

Spendthrift Knight. I have not us'd the word of loan or borrowing;
Only some private conference I requested.

Fath. Private conference! a new coin'd word for borrowing of money; I tell you, your very face, your countenance (though it be gloss'd with knighthood,) looks so borrowingly, that the best words you give me are as dreadful as Stand and Deliver.—Your riotousness abroad, and her long night-watchings at home, shortened my daughter's days, and cast her into her grave—and 'twas not long before all her estate was buried too.

Spend. I wish my life might have excus'd
Hers, far more precious; never had a man
A juster cause to mourn.

Fath. Nor mourned more justly; it is your only wearing; you have just none other: nor have had means to purchase better any time these seven years, as I take it. By which means you have got the name of the Mourning Knight.

Timothy Hoyden, *the Yeoman's son, desires to be made a gentleman. He consults with his friends.*

Moneylack. Well, sir, we will take the speediest course with you.

Hoyd. But must I bleed?

Richard Brome, from the frontispiece to
'Five New Plays,' 1653.

Mon. Yes, you must bleed ; your father's blood must out.

He was but a yeoman, was he ?

Hoyd. As rank a clown, none disprais'd, as any in Somersetshire.

Mon. His foul rank blood of bacon and pease porridge must out of you to the last dram—

Springe. Fear nothing, sir : your blood shall be taken out by degrees, and your veins replenished with pure blood still, as you lose the puddle.

Hoyd. I was bewitch'd, I think, before I was begot, to have a clown to my father : yet my mother said she was a gentlewoman.

Spr. Said ! what will not women say ?

Mon. Be content, sir ; here 's half a labour saved : you shall bleed but of one side : the mother vein shall not be pricked.

Old STRIKER, *after a quarrelling bout with old* TOUCHWOOD.

Touchwood. I have put him into these fits forty times at least, and not without hope it will throttle him at last. [*Aside ; and exit.*

Striker. Huh, huh, huh ! so he 's gone, the villain 's gone in hope that he has kill'd me, when my comfort is he has recover'd me. I was heart-sick with a conceit, which lay so mingled with my phlegm, that I had perished if I had not broke it, and made me spit it out ; hem, 'tis gone, and I 'll home merrily. I would not that he should know the good he has done me for half my estate ; nor would I be at peace with him to save it all. I would not lose his hatred for all the good neighbourhood of the parish.

His malice works upon me,
Past all the drugs and all the doctor' counsels,
That e'er I cop'd with ; he has been my vexation

E'er since my wife died ; if the rascal knew 't,
He would be friends, and I were instantly
But a dead man ; I could not get another
To anger me so handsomely.

THE ANTIPODES, A COMEDY :

By the same Author.

Directions to players.

Nobleman. —— My actors
Are all in readiness ; and I think all perfect,
But one, that never will be perfect in a thing
He studies ; yet he makes such shifts extempore,
(Knowing the purpose what he is to speak to,)
That he moves mirth in me 'bove all the rest.
For I am none of those poetic furies,
That threats the actor's life, in a whole play,
That adds a syllable, or takes away.
If he can fribble through, and move delight
In others, I am pleas'd. . . . .
Let me not see you act now,
In your scholastic way, you brought to town with you,
With see-saw, sack-a-down, like a sawyer ;
Nor in a comic scene, play Hercules Furens,
Tearing your throat to split the audients' ears ;—
And you, sir, you had got a trick of late,
Of holding out your breech in a set speech ;
Your fingers fibulating on your breast,
As if your buttons, or your bandstrings were
Helps to your memory. Let me see you in 't
No more, I charge you. No, nor you, sir, in
That over-action of the legs I told you of,
Your singles, and your doubles—look you—thus—

Like one o' th' dancing-masters of the bear-garden ;
And when you have spoke, at end of every speech,
Not minding the reply, you turn you round
As tumblers do, when betwixt every feat
They gather wind, by firking up their breeches.
I 'll none of these absurdities in my house ;
But words and actions married so together,
That shall strike harmony in the ears and eyes
Of the severest, if judicious, critics.

Players. My lord, we are corrected.

Nobleman. Go, be ready.—
But you, sir, are incorrigible, and
Take licence to yourself, to add unto
Your parts your own free fancy ; and sometimes
To alter, or diminish what the writer
With care and skill compos'd ; and when you are
To speak to your co-actors in the scene,
You hold interlocutions with the audients.

Player. That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
On elder stages to move mirth and laughter.

Nobleman. Yes, in the days of Tarleton and Kemp,
Before the stage was purged from barbarism,
And brought to the perfection it now shines with.
Then fools and jesters spent their wits, because
The poets were wise enough to save their own
For profitabler uses.

A Doctor *humours his patient, who is crazed with reading lying books of travels, by pretending that he himself has been a great traveller in his time.*

PEREGRINE, *the patient.* DOCTOR. LADY.

Per. All the world over have you been ?

Doct. Over and under too.

Per. In the Antipodes ?

Doct. Yes, through and through :
Nor isle nor angle in that nether world,

But I have made discovery of. Do you
Think, sir, to th' Antipodes such a journey?

Per. I think there 's none beyond it, and that Mandevil
Was the only man that e'er came near it.

Doct. Mandevil went far.

Per. Beyond all English legs that I can read of.

Doct. What think you, sir, of Drake, our famous countryman?

Per. Drake was a Dy'dapper to Mandevil;
Candish, and Hawkins, Frobisher, all our voyagers
Went short of Mandevil: but had he reach'd
To this place—here—yes here—this wilderness,
And seen the trees of the sun and moon, that *speak*,
And told king Alexander of his death, he then
Had left a passage ope for travellers,
That now is kept and guarded by wild beasts,
Dragons, and serpents, elephants white and blue,
Unicorns, and lions of many colours,
And monsters more, as numberless as nameless.

Doct. Stay there—

Per. Read here else: can you read?
Is it not true?

Doct. No truer, than I have seen 't.
You hear me not deny that all is true
That Mandevil delivers of his travels,
Yet I myself may be as well believ'd.

Per. Since you speak reverently of him, say on.

Doct. Of Europe I 'll not speak, 'tis too near home:
Who 's not familiar with the Spanish garb,
Th' Italian shrug, French cringe, and German hug?
Nor will I trouble you with my observations
Fetch'd from Arabia, Paphlagonia,
Mesopotamia, Mauritania,
Syria, Thessalia, Persia, India,
All still is too near home: though I have touch'd

The clouds upon the Pyrenean mountains,
And been on Paphos isle, where I have kiss'd
The image of bright Venus: all is still
Too near home to be boasted. They sound
In a far traveller's ear,
Like the reports of those, that beggingly
Have put out, on returns from Edinburgh,
Paris, or Venice, or perhaps Madrid,
Whither a Milaner may with half a nose
Smell out his way; and is not near so difficult,
As for some man in debt, and unprotected,
To walk from Charing Cross to th' Old Exchange.
No, I will pitch no nearer than th' Antipodes;
That which is furthest distant, foot to foot,
Against our region.

Lady. What, with their heels upwards?
Bless us! how 'scape they breaking of their necks?

Doct. They walk upon firm earth, as we do here,
And have the firmament over their heads,
As we have here.

Lady. And yet just under us!
Where is Hell then? if they whose feet are towards us
At the lower part of the world, have Heaven too
Beyond their heads, where 's Hell!

Doct. You may find that
Without inquiry.

Scene, at the Antipodes.

N.B. In the Antipodes, every thing goes contrary to our manners; wives rule their husbands; servant govern their masters; old men go to school again, &c.

SON. SERVANT. GENTLEMAN, *and* LADY, *natives.* ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Servant (*to his young master*). How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, and knowing how apt

He is to play the truant!
Son. But is he not
Yet gone to school?
Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men *with satchels.*

All three (*singing*). Domine, domine, duster:
Three knaves in a cluster.
Son. O, this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on.
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?
1st Old Man. Pray now, good son, indeed, indeed—
Son. Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him; and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.
2nd Old Man. You sha'nt send us now, so you sha'nt.
3rd Old Man. We be none of your father, so we be'n't.
Son. Away with them, I say; and tell their schoolmistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay them soundly.
All three. O, O, O!
Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?
English Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Gentleman. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that if they live until
Threescore, their sons send them to school again;
They 'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
English Traveller. 'Tis a wise nation; and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable.

Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
Son. 'Tis granted.
Hold up your heads, and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.
All three. Gratias, gratias, gratias. [*Exeunt singing.*

THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, AN HISTORICAL PLAY:

By Thomas Drewe.

A Tragic pursuit.

The Duchess, *with her little child, preparing to escape by night from the relentless persecution of the* Romanists.

Duch. (*to the Nurse*) Give me my child, and mantle; now Heaven's pleasure:
Farewell;—come life or death, I 'll hug my treasure.
Nay, chide not, pretty babe, our enemies come;
Thy crying will pronounce thy mother's doom.
But be thou still,
This gate may shade us from their envious will.
[*Exit.*

[*A noise of pursuers. She re-enters.*

Duch. Oh, fear, what art thou? lend me wings to fly,
Direct me in this plunge of misery.
Nature has taught the child obedience;
Thou hast been humble to thy mother's wish.
Oh, let me kiss these duteous lips of thine,
That would not kill thy mother with a cry.
Now forward, whither Heaven directs, for I
Can guide no better than thine infancy.
Here are two pilgrims bound for Lion Quay,[1]

[1] From which place she hopes to embark for Flanders.

And neither knows one footstep of the way.
[*Noise again heard.*
Return you? then 'tis time to shift me hence.
[*Exit, and presently re-enters.*

Duch. Thus far, but Heaven knows where, we have escaped
The eager pursuit of our enemies,
Having for guidance my attentive fear.
Still I look back, still start my tired feet,
Which never till now measur'd London street:
My honours scorn'd that custom, they would ride,
Now forc'd to walk, more weary pain to bide.
Thou shalt not do so, child, I 'll carry thee
In sorrow's arms to welcome misery;
Custom must steel thy youth with pinching want,
That thy great birth in age may bear with scant.
Sleep peaceably, sweet duck, and make no noise,
Methinks each step is death's arresting voice.
We shall meet nurse anon; a dug will come,
To please my quiet infant: when, nurse, when?

The Duchess, *persecuted from place to place, with* Berty, *her husband, takes comfort from her baby's smiles.*

Duch. Yet we have scap'd the danger of our foes,
And I, that whilom was exceeding weak
Through my hard travail in this infant's birth,
Am now grown strong upon necessity.
How forwards are we towards Windham Castle?

Berty. Just half our way; but we have lost our friends,
Through the hot pursuit of our enemies.

Duch. We are not utterly devoid of friends;
Behold, the young lord Willoughby smiles on us:
And 'tis great help to have a lord our friend.

THE TRUE TROJANS, OR FUIMUS TROES, AN HISTORICAL PLAY:

By Jasper Fisher.

Invocation of the Druids to the gods of Britain, on the invasion of Cæsar.

Draw near, ye heavenly Powers,
Who dwell in starry bowers;
And ye, who in the deep
On mossy pillows sleep;
And ye who keep the centre,
Where light did never enter;
And ye whose habitations
Are still among the nations,
To see and hear our doings,
Our births, our wars, our wooings;
Behold our present grief;
Belief doth beg relief.

By the vervain, and lunary,
By fern seed planetary,
By the dreadful misletoe
Which doth on holy oak grow,
Draw near, draw near, draw near.

Help us beset with danger,
And turn away your anger;
Help us begirt with trouble,
And now your mercy double;
Help us oppress'd with sorrow,
And fight for us to-morrow.
Let fire consume the foeman,
Let air infect the Roman,
Let seas entomb their fury,
Let gaping earth them bury,

Let fire, and air, and water,
And earth conspire their slaughter.

By the vervain, &c.

We 'll praise then your great power,
Each month, each day, each hour,
And blaze in lasting story
Your honour and your glory.
High altars lost in vapour,
Young heifers free from labour,
White lambs for suck still crying,
Shall make your music dying ;
The boys and girls around,
With honeysuckles crown'd ;
The bards with harp and rhyming,
Green bays their brows entwining,
Sweet tune, and sweeter ditty,
Shall chant your gracious pity.

By the vervain, &c.

Another, to the moon.

Thou queen of heaven, commandress of the deep,
Lady of lakes, regent of woods and deer,
A lamp, dispelling irksome night, the source
Of generable moisture, at whose feet
Wait twenty thousand Naides !—thy crescent
Brute elephants adore, and man doth feel
Thy force run through the zodiac of his limbs.
O thou first guide of Brutus to this isle,
Drive back these proud usurpers from this isle.
Whether the name of Cynthia's silver globe,
Or chaste Diana with a gilded quiver,
Or dread Proserpina, stern Dis's spouse,
Or soft Lucina, call'd in child-bed throes,
Doth thee delight, rise with a glorious face,
Green drops of Nereus, trickling down thy cheeks,
And with bright horns, united in full orb,

Toss high the seas, with billows beat the banks,
Conjure up Neptune, and the Æolian slaves,
Protract both night and winter in a storm,
That Romans lose their way, and sooner land
At sad Avernus, than at Albion's strand.
So may'st thou shun the Dragon's head and tail!
So may Endymion snort on Latmian bed!
So may the fair game fall before thy bow!
Shed light on us, but light'ning on our foe.

ADRASTA, A TRAGI-COMEDY:

By John Jones, 1635.

Dirge.

Die, die, ah die!
We all must die:
'Tis Fate's decree,
Then ask not why.
When we were fram'd, the Fates consultedly
Did make this law, that all things born should die.
Yet Nature strove
And did deny
We should be slaves
To destiny:
At which, they heap'd
Such misery,
That Nature's self
Did wish to die:
And thank'd their goodness that they would foresee
To end our cares with such a mild decree.

Another.

Come, Lovers, bring your cares,
Bring sigh-perfumed sweets,

Bedew the grave with teares,
Where death and virtue meets :
Sigh for the hapless hour,
That knit two hearts in one,
And only gave love power
To die when 'twas begun.

THE FLOATING ISLAND, A COMEDY:

By the Rev. W. Strode.

Acted by the Students of Christchurch, Oxford, 1636.

Once Venus' cheeks, that sham'd the morn,
Their hue let fall ;—
Her lips, that Winter had outborn,
In June look'd pale :
Her heat grew cold, her nectar dry,
No juice she had but in her eye,
The wonted fire and flames to mortify.
When was this so dismal sight ?
When Adonis bade good night.

THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM :

By John Kirke, 1638.

Calib, *the Witch, in the opening scene, in a storm.*

Ha ! louder a little ; so, that burst was well.
Again ; ha, ha ! house, house your heads, you fear-
Struck mortal fools ; when Calib's consort plays
A hunt's-up to her, how rarely doth it languell
In mine ears ! these are mine organs ; the toad,
The bat, the raven, and the fell whistling bird,

Are all my anthem-singing quiristers.—
Such sapless roots, and liveless wither'd woods
Are pleasanter to me, than to behold
The jocund month of May, in whose green head of youth,
The amorous Flora strews her various flowers,
And smiles to see how brave she has deck'd her girl.
And pass we May, a game for fangled fools,
That dare not set a foot in Art's dark secret,
And bewitching path as Calib has.
Here is my mansion, within the rugged bowels of this cave,
This crag, this cliff, this den, which to behold
Would freeze to ice the hissing trammels of Medusa.
Yet here enthron'd I sit, more richer in my spells
And potent charms, than is the stately mountain queen,
Dress'd with the beauty of her sparkling gems,
To vie a lustre 'gainst the heavenly lamps.
And we are sunk in these Antipodes, so chok'd
With darkness in great Calib's cave, that it
Can stifle day, it can and shall, for we do loth
The light, and as our deeds are black, we hug the night.
But where 's this boy, my George, my love, my life,
Whom Calib lately doats on more than life?
I must not have him wander from my love farther than
Summons of my eye or beck can call him back again.
But 'tis my fiend-gotten, and deformed issue that misleads him,
For which I 'll wrap him in a storm of hail, and dash him
'Gainst the pavement on the rocky den;
He must not lead my joy astray from me.
The parents of that boy begetting him,
Begot and bore the issue of their deaths, which done,

The child I stole, thinking alone to triumph in his death,
And bathe my body in his popular gore;
But dove-like nature favoured so the child,
That Calib's killing knife fell from her hand,
And, 'stead of stabs, I kiss'd the red-lipp'd boy.

THE CONSPIRACY, A TRAGEDY:

By Henry Killigrew, 1638. Author's age 17.

The rightful heir to the crown kept from his inheritance: an Angel *sings to him sleeping.*

Song.

While Morpheus thus doth gently lay
His powerful charge upon each part,
Making thy spirits even obey
The silver charms of his dull art;

I, thy good Angel, from thy side,
As smoke doth from the altar rise,
Making no noise as it doth glide,
Will leave thee in this soft surprise;

And from the clouds will fetch thee down
A holy vision, to express
Thy right unto an earthly crown;
No power can make this kingdom less.

But gently, gently, lest I bring
A start in sleep by sudden flight,
Playing aloof, and hovering,
Till I am lost unto the sight.

This is a motion, still and soft,
So free from noise and cry,
That Jove himself, who hears a thought,
Knows not when we pass by.

TOTTENHAM COURT, A COMEDY:

By Thomas Nabbes, 1638.

Lovers pursued.

Worthgood, Bellamie, *as travelling together before daylight.*

Worth. Come, my delight! let not such painted griefs
Press down thy soul: the darkness but presents
Shadows of fear, which should secure us best
From danger of pursuit.

Bell. Would it were day!
My apprehension is so full of horror,
I think each sound, the air's light motion
Makes in these thickets, is my uncle's voice,
Threatening our ruins.

Worth. Let his rage persist
To enterprise a vengeance, we 'll prevent it.
Wrapp'd in the arms of Night, that favours lovers,
We hitherto have 'scaped his eager search,
And are arriv'd near London. Sure I hear
The bridge's cataracts, and such-like murmurs
As night and sleep yield from a populous number.

Bell. But when will it be day? the light hath comfort;
Our first of useful senses being lost,
The rest are less delighted.

Worth. Th' early cock
Hath sung his summons to the day's approach:
'Twill instantly appear. Why startled, Bellamie?

Bell. Did no amazing sounds arrive your ear?
Pray listen.
Worth. Come, come; 'tis thy fear suggests
Illusive fancies. Under love's protection
We may presume of safety.
(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*
Bell. Ay me, 'tis sure my uncle, dear love Worthgood.
Worth. Astonishment hath seiz'd my faculties.
My love, my Bellamie, ha!
Bell. Dost thou forsake me, Worthgood?
[*Exit, as losing him.*
Worth. Where 's my love?
Dart from thy silver crescent one fair beam
Through this black air, thou Governess of Night,
To show me whither she is led by fear;
Thou envious Darkness, to assist us here,
And then prove fatal!
(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*
Worth. Silence your noise, ye clamorous ministers
Of this injustice. Bellamie is lost;
She 's lost to me. Not her fierce uncle's rage,
Who whets your eager aptness to pursue me
With threats or promises, not his painted terrors
Of laws' severity, could ever work
Upon the temper of my resolute soul
To soften it to fear, till she was lost.
Not all the illusive horrors, which the night
Presents unto th' imagination,
T' affright a guilty conscience, could possess me,
While I possess'd my love. The dismal shrieks
Of fatal owls, and groans of dying mandrakes,
Whilst her soft palm warm'd mine, were music to me.—
Their light appears.—No safety doth consist
In passion or complaints. Night, let thine arms
Again assist me; and, if no kind minister

Of better fate guide me to Bellamie,
Be thou eternal.
(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*

BELLAMIE, *alone, in Marybone Park.*

Bell. The day begins to break; and trembling light,
As if affrighted with this night's disaster,
Steals through the farthest air, and by degrees
Salutes my weary longings.—Oh, my Worthgood,
Thy presence would have check'd these passions,
And shot delight through all the mists of sadness,
To guide my fear safe through the paths of danger:
Now fears assault me.—'Tis a woman's voice—
She sings; and in her music's cheerfulness
Seems to express the freedom of a heart,
Not chain'd to any passions.

Song, within.

What a dainty life the milkmaid leads!
When over the flow'ry meads
She dabbles in the dew,
And sings to her cow;
And feels not the pain
Of love or disdain.
She sleeps in the night, though she toils in the day;
And merrily passeth her time away.

Bell. Oh, might I change my misery
For such a shape of quiet!

THE BRIDE, A COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1640.

Antiquities.

HORTEN, *a collector.* *His friend.*

Friend. You are learned in antiquities?
Hort. A little, sir.
I should affect them more, were not tradition

One of the best assurances to show
They are the things we think them. What more
proofs,
Unless perhaps a little circumstance,
Have we for this or that to be a piece
Of Delphos' ruins? or the marble statues,
Made Athens glorious, when she was suppos'd
To have more images of men than men?
A weather-beaten stone, with an inscription
That is not legible but through an optic,
Tells us its age; that in some Sibyl's cave,
Three thousand years ago, it was an altar;
'Tis satisfaction to our curiosity,
But ought not to necessitate belief.—
For antiquity,
I do not store up any under Grecian;
Your Roman antiques are but modern toys
Compar'd to them; besides, they are so counterfeit
With mouldings, 'tis scarce possible to find
Any but copies.

Friend. Yet you are confident
Of yours, that are of more doubt.

Hort. Others from their easiness
May credit what they please. My trial 's such
Of any thing I doubt, all the impostors
That ever made antiquity ridiculous,
Cannot deceive me. If I light upon
Aught that 's above my skill, I have recourse
To those, whose judgment at the second view
(If not the first) will tell me what philosopher's
That eye-less, nose-less, mouth-less statue is,
And who the workman was; though since his death
Thousands of years have been revolv'd.

Accidents to frustrate purpose.

How various are th' events that may depend
Upon one action, yet the end propos'd

Not follow the intention ! accidents
Will interpose themselves ; like those rash men,
That thrust into a throng, occasion'd
By some tumultuous difference, where perhaps
Their busy curiosity begets
New quarrels with new issues.

WIT IN A CONSTABLE, A COMEDY :

By Henry Glapthorne.

Books.

Collegian. Did you, ere we departed from the college,
O'erlook my library ?
Servant. Yes, sir ; and I find,
Although you tell me Learning is immortal,
The paper and the parchment 'tis contain'd in
Savours of much mortality.
The moths have eaten more
Authentic learning, than would richly furnish
A hundred country pedants ; yet the worms
Are not one letter wiser.

COMMENDATORY VERSES BEFORE "THE REBELLION," A TRAGEDY :

By T. Rawlins, 1640.

To see a springot of thy tender age,
With such a lofty strain to word a stage ;
To see a tragedy from thee in print,
With such a world of fine meanders in 't,
Puzzles my wondering soul : for there appears

Such disproportion 'twixt thy lines and years,
That when I read thy lines, methinks I see
The sweet-tongu'd Ovid fall upon his knee,
With *Parce precor*. Every line and word
Runs in sweet numbers of its own accord :
But I am thunderstruck, that all this while
Thy unfeather'd quill should write a tragic style.
This, above all, my admiration draws,
That one so young should know dramatic laws :
'Tis rare, and therefore is not for the span
Or greasy thumbs of every common man.
The damask rose that sprouts before the spring,
Is fit for none to smell at but a king.
Go on, sweet friend : I hope in time to see
Thy temples rounded with the Daphnean tree ;
And if men ask, "Who nurs'd thee?" I 'll say thus :—
"It was the ambrosian spring of Pegasus."

Robert Chamberlain.

SICILY AND NAPLES; OR, THE FATAL UNION: A TRAGEDY.

By Samuel Harding.

Dirge.

Noblest bodies are but gilded clay ;
Put away
But the precious shining rind,
The inmost rottenness remains behind.
Kings, on earth though gods they be,
Yet in death are vile as we ;
He, a thousand kings before,
Now is vassal unto more.

Vermin now insulting lie,
And dig for diamonds in each eye;
Whilst the sceptre-bearing hand
Cannot their inroads withstand.
Here doth one in odours wade
By the regal unction made;
While another dares to gnaw
On that tongue, his people's law.
Fools! ah, fools are we, that so contrive,
And do strive,
In each gaudy ornament,
Who shall his corpse in the best dish present.

THE PARLIAMENT OF BEES, A MASQUE:[1]

By John Day.

Ulania, *a female Bee, confesses her passion for* Meletus, *who loves* Arethusa.

—— not a village fly, nor meadow bee,
That traffics daily on the neighbouring plain,
But will report how all the winged train
Have sued to me for love, when we have flown
In swarms out to discover fields new-blown.
Happy was he could find the forward'st tree,
And cull the choicest blossoms out for me;
Of all their labours they allow'd me some
And, like my champions, mann'd me out, and home,
Yet loved I none of them. Philon, a bee
Well-skill'd in verse and amorous poesie,

[1] Whether this singular production, in which the characters are all *bees*, was ever acted, I have no information to determine. It is at least as capable of representation as we can conceive the "Birds" of Aristophanes to have been.

As we have sat at work, both of one rose,[1]
Has humm'd sweet canzons both in verse and prose,
Which I ne'er minded. Astrophel, a bee
(Although not so poetical as he)
Yet in his full invention quick and ripe,
In summer evenings, on his well-tun'd pipe,
Upon a woodbine blossom in the sun,
(Our hive being clean-swept, and our day's work done,)
Would play me twenty several tunes; yet I
Nor minded Astrophel, nor his melody.
Then there 's Amniter, for whose love fair Leade
(That pretty bee) flies up and down the mead
With rivers in her eyes, without deserving
Sent me trim acorn bowls of his own carving,
To drink May dew and mead in. Yet none of these,
My hive-born playfellows and fellow bees,
Could I affect, until this strange bee came,
And him I love with such an ardent flame,
Discretion cannot quench.
He labours and toils,
Extracts more honey out of barren soils
Than twenty lazy drones. I have heard my father,
Steward of the hive, profess that he had rather
Lose half the swarm than him. If a bee, poor or weak,
Grows faint on 's way, or by misfortune break
A wing or leg against a twig; alive
Or dead, he 'll bring into the master's hive
Him and his burthen. But the other day,

[1] Prettily pilfered from the sweet passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream, where Helena recounts to Hermia their school-day's friendship:—

> We Hermia, like two artificial gods,
> Created with our needles both one flower,
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.

On the next plain, there grew a fatal fray
Betwixt the wasps and us; the wind grew high,
And a rough storm rag'd so impetuously,
Our bees could scarce keep wing; then fell such rain,
It made our colony forsake the plain,
And fly to garrison, yet still he stood,
And 'gainst the whole swarm made his party good,
And at each blow he gave, cried out *His Vow*,
His Vow, and Arethusa!—On each bough
And tender blossom he engraves her name
With his sharp sting. To Arethusa's fame
He consecrates his actions; all his worth
Is only spent to character her forth.
On damask roses, and the leaves of pines,
I have seen him write such amorous moving lines
In Arethusa's praise, as my poor heart
Has, when I read them, envied her desert,
And wept and sigh'd to think that he should be
To her so constant, yet not pity me.

. . . . . .

PROREX, Viceroy of Bees *under* KING OBERON, *describes his large prerogative.*

To us, who warranted by Oberon's love,
Write Ourself *Master Bee*, both field and grove,
Garden and orchard, lawns and flowery meads,
Where th' amorous wind plays with the golden heads
Of wanton cowslips, daisies in their prime,
Sun-loving marigolds, the blossom'd thyme,
The blue-vein'd violets, and the damask rose,
The stately lily, mistress of all those,
Are allow'd and given, by Oberon's free areed,
Pasture for me, and all my swarms to feed.

[————————the doings,
The births, the wars, the wooings,
of these pretty little winged creatures are with continued liveliness

portrayed throughout the whole of this curious old Drama, in words which bees would talk with, could they talk; the very air seems replete with humming and buzzing melodies, while we read them. Surely bees were never so be-rhymed before.]

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

OBERON. FLORA, *a Bee.*

Ober. A female bee! thy character?
Flo. Flora, Oberon's gardener,
Huswife both of herbs and flowers,
To strew thy shrine, and trim thy bowers,
With violets, roses, eglantine,
Duffadown, and blue columbine,
Hath forth the bosom of the spring
Pluck'd this nosegay, which I bring
From Eleusis, mine own shrine,
To thee, a monarch all divine;
And, as true impost of my grove,
Present it to great Oberon's love.
Ober. Honey dews refresh thy meads,
Cowslips spring with golden heads,
July-flowers and carnations wear
Leaves double-streak'd, with maiden-hair;
May thy lilies taller grow,
Thy violets fuller sweetness owe;
And last of all, may Phœbus love
To kiss thee, and frequent thy grove,
As thou in service true shalt be
Unto our crown and royalty.

OBERON *holds a court, in which he sentences the* Wasp, *the* Drone, *and the* Humble Bee, *for divers offences against the Commonwealth of Bees.*

OBERON. PROREX, *his viceroy and other Bees.*

Pro. And whither must these flies be sent?
Ober. To everlasting banishment.

Underneath two hanging rocks
(Where babbling Echo sits and mocks
Poor travellers) there lies a grove,
With whom the sun 's so out of love,
He never smiles on 't; pale Despair
Calls it his monarchal chair.
Fruit, half-ripe, hang rivell'd and shrunk
On broken arms, torn from the trunk:
The moorish pools stand empty, left
By water, stol'n by cunning theft
To hollow banks, driven out by snakes,
Adders, and newts, that man these lakes:
The mossy weeds, half-swelter'd, serv'd
As beds for vermin hunger-sterv'd:
The woods are yew-trees, rent, and broke
By whirlwinds; here and there an oak,
Half-cleft with thunder. To this grove
We banish them.

Culprits. Some mercy, Jove!

Ober. You should have cried so in your youth,
When Chronos and his daughter Truth
Sojourn'd amongst you; when you spent
Whole years in riotous merriment,
Thrusting poor Bees out of their hives,
Seizing both honey, wax, and lives;
You should have call'd for mercy when
You impal'd common blossoms, when,
Instead of giving poor Bees food,
You ate their flesh, and drank their blood.
Fairies, thrust them to their fate.

OBERON *then confirms* PROREX *in his government, and breaks up session*

Ober. —— now adieu!
Prorex shall again renew
His potent reign: the massy world,
Which in glittering orbs is hurl'd
About the poles, be lord of: we

Only reserve our royalty—
Field Music.[1] Oberon must away ;
For us our gentle fairies stay :
In the mountains and the rocks
We 'll hunt the gray, and little fox,
Who destroy our lambs at feed,
And spoil the nests where turtles feed.

THE HECTORS, A COMEDY :

By E. Prestwich.

A Waiting Maid *wheedles an old* Justice *into a belief that her* Lady *is in love with him.*

Maid. I think there never was woman of so strange a humour as she is, in this world ; for from her infancy she ever doted on old men. I have heard her say, that in these her late law troubles, it has been no small comfort to her, that she has been conversant with grave counsellors and serjeants, and what a happiness she had to look sometimes an hour together upon the judges. She will go and walk a whole afternoon in Charterhouse Garden, on purpose to view the ancient gentlemen there. Not long ago there was a young gentleman here about the town, who, hearing of her riches, and knowing this her humour, had almost got her, by counterfeiting himself to be an old man.

Justice. And how came he to miss her ?

Maid. The strangeliest that ever you heard ; for all things were agreed, the very writings drawn, and when he came to seal them, because he

[1] The hum of Bees.

set his name without using a pair of spectacles, she would never see him more.

Justice. Nay, if she could love an old man so—well—

The Waiting Maid *places the* Justice *where he can overhear a sham discourse of the* Lady *with a pretended* Brother.

Brother. What is the matter, sister? you do not use to be so strange to me.

Lady. I do not indeed, but now, methinks, I cannot conceal anything; yet I could wish you could now guess my thoughts, and look into my mind, and see what strange passions there have ruled of late, without forcing me to strain my modesty.

Broth. What? are you in love with anybody? Come, let me know the party; a brother's advice may do you no harm.

Sist. Did not you see an ancient gentleman with me, when you came in?

Broth. What, is it any son or kinsman of his?

Sist. No, no. (*she weeps.*)

Broth. Who then?

Sist. I have told you—

Broth. What, that feeble and decrepit piece of age—

Sist. Nay, brother—

Broth. That sad effect of some threescore years and ten—that antique relique of the last century—

Sist. Alas, dear brother, it is but too true!

Broth. It is impossible.

Sist. One would think so indeed.

Broth. I grant, you may bear a reverence and regard, as to your father's ashes, or your grandsire's tomb.

Sist. Alas, brother, you know I never did affect those vain, though pleasing braveries of youth, but still have set my mind on the more noble part of man, which age doth more refine and

elevate, than it doth depress and sink this same contemptible clod.

Justice. I see, she loves me.

THE VIRGIN WIDOW, A COMEDY, 1649;

THE ONLY PRODUCTION, IN THAT KIND, OF FRANCIS QUARLES, AUTHOR OF "EMBLEMS."

Song.

How blest are they that waste their weary hours
In solemn groves and solitary bowers,
Where neither eye nor ear
Can see or hear
The frantic mirth
And false delights of frolic earth;
Where they may sit, and pant,
And breathe their pursy souls;
Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want
Afflicts, nor sullen care controls.
Away, false joys! ye murther where ye kiss:
There is no heaven to that, no life to this.

THE GUARDIAN, A COMEDY:

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY, 1650.[1]

DOGGRELL, *the foolish poet, described.*

Cutter. —— the very emblem of poverty and poor poetry. The feet are worse patched of his rhymes than of his stockings.—If one line forget itself, and run out beyond his elbow, while the

[1] This was the first draught of that which he published afterwards under the title of the "Cutter of Coleman Street;" and

Pictor adumbravit Vultum quem cernimus, aſt hic
Non vult egregias pingere mentis Opes.
Has ſi ſcire cupis, ſua conſule Carmina, in illis
Dotes percipies pectoris eximias.

What heere wee ſee is but a Graven face,
Onely the ſhaddow of that brittle caſe
Wherin were treaſur'd up thoſe Gemms, which he
Hath left behind him to Poſteritie. *Al: Roſs*
W.M ſculp:

Francis Quarles.

next keeps at home (like *him*), and dares not show his head, he calls that an Ode. . . .

Tab. Nay, they mock'd and fleer'd at us as we sung the Psalm the last Sunday night.

Cutt. That was that mongrel Rhymer, by this light, he envies his brother Poet honest John Sternhold, because he cannot reach his heights . . . .

Dogg. (*reciting his own verses*). Thus pride doth still with beauty dwell,
And like the Baltic ocean swell.

Blade. Why the Baltic, Doggrell?

Dogg. Why the Baltic!—that 'tis not to have read the poets. . . . .
She looks like Niobe on the mountain's top.

Cutt. That Niobe, Doggrell, you have used worse than Phœbus did. Not a dog looks melancholy but he 's compared to Niobe. He beat a villainous tapster t' other day; to make him look like Niobe.

---

contains the character of a foolish poet omitted in the latter. I give a few scraps of this character, both because the Edition is scarce, and as furnishing no unsuitable corollary to the critical admonitions in the preceding extract.[1] The "Cutter" has always appeared to me the link between the comedy of Fletcher and of Congreve. In the elegant passion of the love scenes it approaches the former: and Puny (the character substituted for the omitted poet) is the prototype of the half-witted wits, the Brisks and Dapperwits, of the latter.

[1] *Changes*, by Shirley, preceded this in the original edition.

HEY FOR HONESTY, A COMEDY:

By T. Randolph, 1651.

To Plutus.

Did not Will Summers break his wind for thee?
And Shakespeare therefore writ his comedy?
All things acknowledge thy vast power divine,
Great God of Money, whose most powerful shine
Gives motion, life; day rises from thy sight,
Thy setting, though at noon, makes pitchy night.
Sole catholic cause of what we feel and see,
All in this all are but the effects of thee.

Riches above poverty; a syllogism.

——My *major*, That which is most noble, is worse honourable. But poverty is more noble. My *minor* I prove thus. Whose houses are most ancient, those are most noble. But poverty's houses are most ancient; for some of them are so old, like vicarage houses, they are every hour in danger of falling.

Stationer's Preface before the Play.

Reader, this is a pleasant comedy, though some may judge it satirical, 'tis the more like Aristophanes, the father; besides, if it be biting, 'tis a biting age we live in; then biting for biting. Again, Tom Randal, the adopted son of Ben Jonson, being the translator hereof, followed his father's steps. They both of them loved sack, and harmless mirth, and here they show it; and I, that know myself, am not averse from it neither. This I thought good to acquaint thee with. Farewell. Thine, F. J.

Thomas Randolph, from an engraving in the Burney Collection in the British Museum.

THE BASTARD, A TRAGEDY:

Cosmo Manuche, 1652.

Lover's frown.

Roderiguez. Thy uncle, Love, holds still a jealous eye
On all my actions; and I am advis'd
That his suspicious ears
Are still behind the hangings; that the servants
Have from him in commands to watch who visits.
'Tis safest, in my judgment, in his presence
That thou forbear to cast a smile upon me;
And that, like old December, I should look
With an unpleasant and contracted brow.
Varina. Why! canst thou change thy heart, my dear, that heart
Of flesh, thou gav'st me, into adamant,
Or rigid marble? canst thou frown on me?
Rod. You do mistake me, sweet, I mean not so
To change my heart; I 'll change my countenance,
But keep my heart as loyal as before.
Var. In truth I cannot credit it, that thou
Canst cast a frown on me; I prithee try.
Rod. Then thus! [*He tries, and cannot; they smile on each other.*
Var. I prithee, sweet, betake thyself to school;
This lesson thou must learn; in troth thou 'rt out.
Rod. Well, I must learn and practise it, or we
Shall blast our budding hopes.
Var. Come, try again.
Rod. But if I try, and prove a good proficient;
If I do act my part discreetly, you
Must take it as a play, not as a truth;
Think it a formal, not a real frown.
Var. I shall.

Rod. Then thus : i' faith, minion, I 'll look to you.
[*She swoons.*
Why, how now, sweet !—I did mistrust thy weakness :
Now I have learn'd my part, you are to seek.
Var. 'Faith, 'twas my weakness ; when I did perceive
A cloud of rage condensed on thy brow,
My heart began to melt.——

LOVE'S DOMINION, A DRAMATIC PASTORAL :

By Richard Flecknoe, 1654.

Invocation to Silence.

Still-born Silence, thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart ;
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' th' mouth and thaw o' th' mind ;
Secrecy's confidant, and he
That makes religion mystery ;
Admiration's speaking'st tongue,—
Leave thy desert shades, among
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retir'dst Devotion dwells ;
With thy Enthusiasms come,
Seize this nymph and strike her dumb.

Fable.

Love and Death, o' th' way once meeting,
Having pass'd a friendly greeting,
Sleep their weary eyelids closing,
Lay them down, themselves reposing ;
When this fortune did befall 'em,
Which after did so much appal 'em :

Love, whom divers cares molested,
Could not sleep, but, whilst Death rested,
All in haste away he posts him :
But his haste full dearly costs him ;
For it chanc'd, that going to sleeping,
Both had given their darts in keeping
Unto Night, who, Error's mother,
Blindly knowing not th' one from th' other,
Gave Love Death's, and ne'er perceiv'd it,
Whilst as blindly Love receiv'd it ;
Since which time, their darts confounding,
Love now kills, instead of wounding,
Death, our hearts with sweetness filling,
Gently wounds, instead of killing.

THE TWINS, A COMEDY :

By W. Rider, 1655.

Irresolution.

I am a heavy stone,
Roll'd up a hill by a weak child : I move
A little up, and tumble back again.

Resolution for innocence.

My noble mind has not yet lost all shame :
I will desist. My love, that will not serve me
As a true subject, I 'll conquer as an enemy.
O Fame, I will not add another spot
To thy pure robe ! I 'll keep my ermine honour
Pure and alive in death, and with my end
I 'll end my sin and shame : Like Charicles,
Who living to a hundred years of age
Free from the least disease, fearing a sickness,

To kill it kill'd himself, and made his death
The period of his health.

PHYLLIS OF SCYROS, A DRAMATIC PASTORAL:

By Sir E. Sherburne.

Translated from the Italian, 1655.

True Love irremoveable by Death.

Serpilla. Phyllis.

Ser. Thyrsis believes thee dead, and justly may
Within his youthful breast then entertain
New flames of love, and yet therein be free
From the least show of doing injury
To that rich beauty which he thinks extinct,
And happily hath mourn'd for long ago:
But when he shall perceive thee here alive,
His old lost love will then with thee revive.

Phyl. That love, Serpilla, which can be remov'd
With the light breath of an imagin'd death,
Is but a faint weak love, nor care I much
Whether it live within, or still lie dead.
Even I myself believ'd him long ago
Dead, and enclosed within an earthen urn,
And yet, abhorring any other love,
I only lov'd that pale-fac'd beauty still,
And those dry bones, dissolved into dust,
And underneath their ashes kept alive
The lively flames of my still burning fire.

Celia, *being put to sleep by an ineffectual poison, waking believes herself to be among the dead. The old shepherd* Narete *finds her, and re-assures her of her still being alive.*

Shep. Celia, thou talk'st idly; call again
Thy wand'ring senses, thou art yet alive;

And, if thou wilt not credit what I say,
Look up, and see the heavens turning round,
The sun descending down into the west,
Which not long since thou saw'st rise in the east;
Observe, that with the motion of the air,
These fading leaves do fall:—
In the infernal region of the deep
The sun doth never rise, nor ever set,
Nor doth a falling leaf there e'er adorn
Those black eternal plants.
Thou still art on the earth 'mongst mortal men,
And still thou liv'st. I am Narete; these
Are the sweet fields of Scyros; know'st thou not
The meadow where the fountain springs? this wood?
Euros' great mountain, and Ormino's hill;
The hill where thou wert born?

THYRSIS, *upbraided by* PHYLLIS, *for loving another, while he supposed her dead, replies—*

Thyrsis. O, do not turn thy face another way.
Perhaps thou thinkest, by denying thus
That lovely visage to these eyes of mine,
To punish my misdeeds, but think not so.
Look on me still, and mark me what I say,
For, if thou know'st it not, I 'll tell thee then,
A more severe revenger of thy wrongs
Thou canst not have than those fair eyes of thine,
Which by those shining beams that wound my heart,
Punish me more than all the world can do.
What greater pain canst thou inflict on me,
Than still to keep as fire before my face
That lovely beauty, which I have betray'd,
That beauty, I have lost?

NIGHT *breaks off her speech.*[1]

Night. But stay! for there methinks I see the sun,

[1] In the Prologue.

Eternal painter, now begin to rise,
And limn the heavens in vermilion dye,
And having dipp'd his pencil, aptly fram'd,
Already in the colour of the morn,
With various temper he doth mix in one
Darkness and light ; and drawing curiously
Strait golden lines quite through the dusky sky,
A rough draught of the day he seems to yield,
With red and tawny in an azure field.
Already, by the clatt'ring of their bits,
Their gingling harness, and their neighing sound,
I heard Eous, and fierce Pirous,
Come panting at my back ; and therefore I
Must fly away. And yet I do not fly,
But follow on my regulated course,
And those eternal orders I receiv'd
From the first mover of the Universe.

KING JOHN AND MATILDA, A TRAGEDY:

By Robert Davenport.

John, *not being able to bring* Matilda, *the chaste daughter of the old Baron* Fitzwater, *to compliance with his wishes, causes her to be poisoned in a nunnery.*

Scene.—John. *The* Barons: *they being as yet ignorant of the murder, and having just come to composition with the* King *after tedious wars.* Matilda's *hearse is brought in by* Hubert.

John. Hubert, interpret this apparition.
Hub. Behold, sir,
A sad-writ tragedy, so feelingly
Languag'd and cast, with such a crafty cruelty
Contriv'd and acted, that wild savages
Would weep to lay their ears to, and (admiring
To see themselves outdone) they would conceive

Their wildness mildness to this deed, and call
Men more than savage, themselves rational.
And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy *name*,[1]
And turn the *Son of Tears*. Oh, forget
That Cupid ever spent a dart upon thee,
That Hymen ever coupled thee, or that ever
The hasty, happy, willing messenger
Told thee thou hadst a daughter. Oh, look here!
Look here, King John, and with a trembling eye,
Read your sad act, Matilda's tragedy.

Barons. Matilda!

Fitzw. By the labouring soul of a much injur'd man,
It is my child Matilda.

Bruce. Sweet niece!

Leic. Chaste soul!

John. Do I stir, Chester?
Good Oxford, do I move? stand I not still
To watch when the griev'd friends of dead Matilda
Will with a thousand stabs turn me to dust,
That in a thousand prayers they may be happy?
Will no one do 't? then give a mourner room,
A man of tears. Oh, immaculate Matilda,
These shed but sailing heat-drops, misling showers,
The faint dews of a doubtful April morning;
But from mine eyes, ship-sinking cataracts,
Whole clouds of waters, wealthy exhalations,
Shall fall into the sea of my affliction,
Till it amaze the mourners.

Hub. Unmatch'd Matilda,

[1] Fitzwater: son of water. A striking instance of the compatibility of the *serious pun* with the expression of the profoundest sorrows. Grief, as well as joy, finds ease in thus playing with a word. Old John of Gaunt in Shakspeare thus descants on his *name*: "Gaunt, and gaunt indeed;" to a long string of conceits, which no one has ever yet felt as ridiculous. The poet Wither thus, in a mournful review of the declining estate of his family, says with deepest nature:—

The very name of Wither shows decay.

Celestial soldier, that keptst a fort of chastity
'Gainst all temptations.
Fitzw. Not to be a queen
Would she break her chaste vow; truth crowns your reed:
Un*match'd* Matilda was her name indeed.
John. Oh take into your spirit-piercing praise
My scene of sorrow; I have well-clad woes,
Pathetic epithets to illustrate passion,
And steal true tears so sweetly from all these,
Shall touch the soul, and at once pierce and please.
[*Peruses the motto and emblems on the hearse.*
"To Piety and Purity"—and "Lilies mix'd with Roses"—
How well you have apparel'd woe! this pendant,
To Piety and Purity directed,
Insinuates a chaste soul in a clean body,
Virtue's white Virgin, Chastity's red Martyr!
Suffer me then with this well-suited wreath,
To make our griefs ingenious. Let all be dumb,
Whilst the king speaks her Epicedium.
Chest. His very soul speaks sorrow.
Oxf. And it becomes him sweetly.
John. Hail maid and martyr! lo, on thy breast,
Devotion's altar, chaste Truth's nest,
I offer (as my guilt imposes)
Thy merit's laurel, lilies, and roses;
Lilies, intimating plain
Thy immaculate life, stuck with no stain;
Roses, red and sweet, to tell
How sweet red sacrifices smell;
Hang round then as you walk about this hearse,
The songs of holy hearts, sweet virtuous verse.
Fitzw. Bring Persian silks to deck her monument;
John. Arabian spices, quick'ning by their scent;
Fitzw. Numidian marble, to preserve her praise;
John. Corinthian ivory, her shape to praise:

Fitzw. And write in gold upon it, "In this breast
Virtue sat mistress, Passion but a guest."
John. Virtue is sweet, and, since griefs bitter be,
Strew her with roses, and give rue to me.
Bruce. My noble brother, I have lost a wife and son,[1]
You a sweet daughter, look on the king's penitence,
His promise for the public peace. Prefer
A public benefit.[2] When it shall please,
Let Heaven question him. Let us secure,
And quit the land of Lewis.[3]
Fitzw. Do any thing;
Do all things that are honourable, and the Great King
Make you a good king, sir! and when your soul
Shall at any time reflect upon your follies,
Good king John, weep, weep very heartily,
It will become you sweetly. At your eyes
Your sin stole in; there pay your sacrifice.
John. Back unto Dunmow Abbey; there we 'll pay
To sweet Matilda's memory, and her sufferings,
A monthly obsequy, which (sweeten'd by
The wealthy woes of a tear-troubled eye)
Shall by those sharp afflictions of my face
Court mercy, and make grief arrive at grace.

Song.

Matilda! now go take thy bed,
In the dark dwellings of the dead;

And rise in the great waking-day,
Sweet as incense, fresh as May.

Rest thou, chaste soul, fix'd in thy proper sphere,
Amongst Heaven's fair ones; all are fair ones there.

[1] Also cruelly slain by the poisoning John.

[2] i. e. of peace; which this monstrous act of John's in this play comes to counteract, in the same way as the discovered death of Prince Arthur is like to break the composition of the king with his barons in Shakspeare's play.

[3] The Dauphin of France, whom they had called in, as in Shakspeare's play.

Rest there, chaste soul, whilst we, here troubled, say:
Time gives us griefs, Death takes our joys away.

[This scene has much passion and poetry in it, if I mistake not. The last words of Fitzwater are an instance of noble temperament; but to understand him, the character throughout of this mad, merry, feeling, insensible-seeming lord, should be read. That the venomous John could have even counterfeited repentance so well, is out of nature; but, supposing the possibility, nothing is truer than the way in which it is managed. These old playwrights invested their bad characters with notions of good, which could by no possibility have coexisted with their actions. Without a soul of goodness in himself, how could Shakspeare's Richard the Third have lit upon those sweet phrases and inducements by which he attempts to win over the dowager queen to let him wed her daughter? It is not Nature's nature, but Imagination's substituted nature, which does almost as well in a fiction.]

THE CITY NIGHT-CAP, A TRAGI-COMEDY:

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, 1661.

LORENZO MEDICO *suborns three* Slaves *to swear falsely to an adultery between his virtuous wife* ABSTEMIA, *and his friend* PHILIPPO. *They give their testimony before the* Duke of Verona, *and the* Senators.

Phil. —— how soon
Two souls, more precious than a pair of worlds,
Are levell'd below death!
Abst. Oh, hark! did you not hear it?
Sen. What, lady?
Abst. This hour a pair of glorious towers are fallen;
Two godly buildings beaten with a breath
Beneath the grave: you all have seen this day
A pair of souls both cast and kiss'd away.
Sen. What censure gives your grace?
Duke. In that I am kinsman
To the accuser, that I might not appear
Partial in judgment, let it seem no wonder,
If unto your gravities I leave

The following sentence : but as Lorenzo stands
A kinsman to Verona, so forget not,
Abstemia still is sister unto Venice.
Phil. Misery of goodness !
Abst. Oh ! Lorenzo Medico,
Abstemia's lover once, when he did vow,
And when I did believe ; then when Abstemia
Denied so many princes for Lorenzo,
Then when you swore. Oh maids ! how men can weep !
Print protestations on their breasts, and sigh,
And look so truly, and then weep again,
And then protest again, and again dissemble !—
When once enjoy'd, like strange sights, we grow stale,
And find our comforts, like their wonder, fail.
Phil. Oh, Lorenzo !
Look upon tears, each one of which well valued
Is worth the pity of a king ; but thou
Art harder far than rocks, and canst not prize
The precious waters of truth's injur'd eyes.
Lor. Please your grace, proceed to censure.
Duke. Thus 'tis decreed, as these lords have set down,
Against all contradiction : Signor Philippo,
In that you have thus grossly, sir, dishonour'd
Even our blood itself, in this rude injury
Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative
Implies death on your trespass ; but, your merit
Of more antiquity than is your trespass,
That death is blotted out ; and in the place
Banishment writ, perpetual banishment
On pain of death if you return, for ever
From Verona and her signories.
Phil. Verona is kind.
Sen. Unto you, madam,
This censure is allotted : your high blood
Takes off the danger of the law ; nay, from

Even banishment itself: this lord, your husband,
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
Which we think good to grant, the church allowing:
And in that the injury
Chiefly reflects on him, he hath free licence
To marry when and whom he pleases.

Abst. I thank ye,
That you are favourable unto my love,
Whom yet I love and weep for.

Phil. Farewell, Lorenzo;
This breast did never yet harbour a thought
Of thee, but man was in it, honest man:
There 's all the words that thou art worth; of your grace
I humbly thus take leave. Farewell, my lords;—
And lastly farewell, thou fairest of many,
Yet by far more unfortunate!—look up,
And see a crown held for thee; win it, and die
Love's martyr, the sad map of injury.—
And so remember, sir, your injur'd lady
Has a brother yet in Venice.

PHILIPPO, *at an after-trial, challenges* LORENZO.

Phil. —— in the integrity
And glory of the cause, I throw the pawn
Of my afflicted honour, and on that
I openly affirm your absent lady
Chastity's well-knit abstract; snow in the fall,
Purely refin'd by the bleak northern blast,
Not freer from a soil; the thoughts of infants
But little nearer heaven: and if these princes
Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts
Injure another hour upon the lady,
My right-drawn sword shall prove it.—

ABSTEMIA, *decoyed to a brothel in Milan, is attempted by the* Duke's Son.

Prince. Do you know me?

Abst. Yes, sir, report hath given intelligence,
You are the prince, the duke's son.
Prince. Both in one.
Abst. Report, sure,
Spoke but her native language; you are none
Of either.
Prince. How?
Abst. Were you the prince, you would not sure be slav'd
To your blood's passion. I do crave your pardon
For my rough language; truth hath a forehead free,
And in the tower of her integrity,
Sits an unvanquish'd virgin. Can you imagine,
'Twill appear possible you are the prince?
Why, when you set your foot first in this house,
You crush'd obedient duty unto death,
And even then fell from you your respect.
Honour is like a goodly old house, which
If we repair not still with virtue's hand,
Like a citadel being madly rais'd on sand,
It falls, is swallow'd, and not found.
Prince. If thou rail upon the place, prithee how cam'st thou hither?
Abst. By treacherous intelligence; honest men so,
In the way ignorant, through thieves' purlieus go.—
Are you son to such a father?
Send him to 's grave then,
Like a white almond tree, full of glad days,
With joy that he begot so good a son.
Oh sir, methinks, I see sweet majesty
Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows
To see you in this place. This is a cave
Of scorpions and of dragons; oh, turn back;
Toads here engender, 'tis the stream of death;
The very air poisons a good man's breath.

Prince. Let me borrow goodness from thy lips. Farewell !
Here 's a new wonder, I have met heaven in hell.

Undue praise declined.

—— you are far too prodigal in praise,
And crown me with the garlands of *your* merit ;
As we meet barks on rivers,—the strong gale
Being best friends to us,—our own swift motion
Makes us believe that t' other nimbler rows ;
Swift virtue thinks small goodness fastest goes.

LONDON CHANTICLEERS,

A Rude Sketch of a Play, Printed 1659, but evidently much older.

Song in praise of Ale.

I.

Submit, bunch of Grapes,
To the strong Barley ear ;
The weak Vine no longer,
The Laurel shall wear.

II.

Sack and all drinks else,
Desist from the strife,
Ale 's th' only Aqua vitæ,
And liquor of life.

III.

Then come my boon fellows,
Let 's drink it around ;
It keeps us from th' grave,
Though it lays us o' th' ground.

IV.

Ale 's a Physician,
No Mountebank bragger,
Can cure the chill ague,
Though 't be with the stagger.

V.

Ale 's a strong wrestler,
Flings all it hath met ;
And makes the ground slippery,
Though 't be not wet.

VI.

Ale is both Ceres,
And good Neptune too,
Ale's froth was the Sea,
From whence Venus grew.

VII.

Ale is immortal :
And be there no stops,
In bonny Lads' quaffing,
Can live without hops.[1]

VIII.

Then come my boon fellows,
Let 's drink it around ;
It keeps us from the grave,
Though it lays us o' th' ground.

[1] The original distinction of beer from the old drink of our forefathers, which was made without that ingredient.

ANDRONICUS, A TRAGEDY:

By Philonax Lovekin, 1661.

Effect of religious structures on different minds.

Crato. I grieve the chapel was defaced; 'twas stately.
Cleobulus. I love no such triumphant churches,
They scatter my devotion; whilst my sight
Is courted to observe their sumptuous cost,
I find my heart lost in my eyes;
Whilst that a holy horror seems to dwell
Within a dark obscure and humble cell.
Crato. But I love churches, mount up to the skies,
For my devotion rises with their roof:
Therein my soul doth heaven anticipate.

Song for sleep.

Come, Somnus, with thy potent charms,
And seize this captive in thy arms;
And sweetly drop on every sense
Thy soul-refreshing influence.
His sight, smell, hearing, touch, and taste,
Unto the peace do thou bind fast.
On working brains, at school all day,
At night thou dost bestow a play,
And troubled minds thou dost set free;
Thou mak'st both friends and foes agree:
All are alike, who live by breath,
In thee, and in thy brother Death.

THE REWARDS OF VIRTUE, A COMEDY :

By John Fountain.

Success in Battle not always attributable to the General.

—— Generals oft-times famous grow
By valiant friends, or cowardly enemies ;
Or, what is worse, by some mean piece of chance.
Truth is, 'tis pretty to observe
How little princes and great generals
Contribute oft-times to the fame they win.
How oft hath it been found, that noblest minds
With two short arms, have fought with fatal stars ;
And have endeavour'd with their dearest blood
To mollify those diamonds, where dwell
The fate of kingdoms ; and at last have fallen
By vulgar hands, unable now to do
More for their cause than die ; and have been lost
Among the sacrifices of their swords ;
No more remember'd than poor villagers,
Whose ashes sleep among the common flowers,
That every meadow wears, whilst other men
With trembling hands have caught a victory,
And on pale foreheads wear triumphant bays.
Besides, I have thought
A thousand times, in times of war, when we
Lift up our hands to Heaven for victory,
Suppose some virgin shepherdess, whose soul
Is chaste and clean as the cold spring, where she
Quenches all thirsts, being told of enemies,
That seek to fright the long-enjoyed Peace
Of our Arcadia hence with sound of drums,
And with hoarse trumpets' warlike airs to drown
The harmless music of her oaten reeds,
Should in the passion of her troubled sprite
Repair to some small fane (such as the gods

Hear poor folks from), and there on humble knees
Lift up her trembling hands to holy Pan,
And beg his helps: 'tis possible to think,
That Heaven, which holds the purest vows most rich,
May not permit her still to weep in vain,
But grant her wish (for, would the gods not hear
The prayers of poor folks, they 'd ne'er bid them pray);
And so, in the next action, happeneth out
(The gods still using means) the enemy
May be defeated. The glory of all this
Is attributed to the general,
And none but he is spoke loud of for the act;
While she, from whose so unaffected tears
His laurel sprung, for ever dwells unknown.[1]

Unlawful Solicitings.

When I first
Mention'd the business to her all alone,
Poor soul, she blush'd, as if already she
Had done some harm by hearing of me speak;
Whilst from her pretty eyes two fountains ran
So true, so native, down her fairest cheeks,
As if she thought herself obliged to cry,
'Cause all the world was not so good as she.

Proportion in Pity.

There must be some proportion still to pity

[1] Is it possible that Cowper might have remembered this sentiment in his description of the advantages which the world, that scorns him, may derive from the noiseless hours of the contemplative man?

Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not on herself.—*Task.*

Between ourselves and what we moan : 'tis hard
For men to be aught sensible how motes
Press flies to death. Should the lion, in
His midnight walks for prey, hear some poor worms
Complain for want of little drops of dew,
What pity could that generous creature have
(Who never wanted small things) for those poor
Ambitions ? yet these are their concernments,
And but for want of these they pine and die.

Modesty a bar to preferment.

Sure 'twas his modesty. He might have thriven
Much better possibly, had his ambition
Been greater much. They oft-times take more pains
Who look for pins, than those who find out stars.

Innocence vindicated at last.

Heaven may awhile correct the virtuous ;
Yet it will wipe their eyes again, and make
Their faces whiter with their tears. Innocence
Conceal'd is the stolen pleasure of the gods,
Which never ends in shame, as that of men
Doth oft-times do ; but like the sun, breaks forth,
When it hath gratified another world,
And to our unexpecting eyes appears
More glorious through its late obscurity.

Dying for a beloved person.

There is a gust in death, when 'tis for love,
That 's more than all that 's taste in all the world.
For the true measure of true love is death ;
And what falls short of this, was never love :
And therefore when those tides do meet and strive,
And both swell high, but love is higher still,
This is the truest satisfaction of
The perfectest love : for here it sees itself

Endure the highest test ; and then it feels
The sum of delectation, since it now
Attains its perfect end ; and shows its object,
By one intense act ; all its verity,
Which by a thousand and ten thousand words
It would have took a poor diluted pleasure
To have imperfectly express'd.

URANIA *makes a mock assignation with the* King, *and substitutes the* Queen *in her place. The* King *describes the supposed meeting to the* Confident, *whom he had employed to solicit for his guilty passion.*

Pyrrhus, I 'll tell thee all. When now the night
Grew black enough to hide a skulking action ;
And Heaven had ne'er an eye unshut to see
Her representative on earth creep 'mongst
Those poor defenceless worms, whom nature left
An humble prey to every thing, and no
Asylum but the dark, I softly stole
To yonder grotto through the upper walks,
And there found my Urania. But I found her,
I found her, Pyrrhus, not a mistress, but
A goddess rather ; which made me now to be
No more her lover, but idolater.
She only whisper'd to me, as she promised,
Yet never heard I any voice so loud ;
And, though her words were gentler far than those
That holy priests do speak to dying saints,
Yet never thunder signified so much.
And (what did more impress whate'er she said)
Methought her whispers were my injured Queen's,
Her manner just like hers ! and when she urged,
Among a thousand things, the injury
I did the faithfulest princess in the world,
Who now supposed me sick, and was perchance
Upon her knees offering up holy vows
For him who mock'd both Heaven and her, and was

Now breaking of that vow he made her, when
With sacrifice he call'd the gods to witness;
When she urged this, and wept, and spake so like
My poor deluded Queen, Pyrrhus, I trembled;
Almost persuaded that it was her angel
Spake through Urania's lips, who for her sake
Took care of me, as something she much loved.
It would be long to tell thee all she said,
How oft she sigh'd, how bitterly she wept:
But the effect—Urania still is chaste;
And with her chaster lips hath promised to
Invoke blest Heaven for my intended sin.

COMMENDATORY VERSES BEFORE THREE PLAYS OF SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW:

By T. L.

I. That thy wise and modest Muse
Flies the stage's looser use;
Not bawdry Wit does falsely name,
And to move laughter puts off shame:

II. That thy theatre's loud noise
May be virgins' chaste applause;
And the stoled matron, grave divine,
Their lectures done, may tend to thine:

III. That no actor 's made profane,
To debase gods, to raise thy strain;
And people forced, that hear thy play,
Their money and their souls to pay:

IV. That thou leav'st affected phrase
To the shops to use and praise;
And breath'st a noble courtly vein,—
Such as may Cæsar entertain,

v. When he wearied would lay down
The burdens that attend a crown ;
Disband his soul's severer powers ;
In mirth and ease dissolve two hours :

vi. These are thy inferior arts,
These I call thy second parts !
But when thou carriest on the plot,
And all are lost in the subtle knot :

vii. When the scene sticks to every thought
And can to no event be brought ;
When (thus of old the scene betray'd)
Poets call'd gods unto their aid,

viii. Who by power might do the thing,
Art could to no issue bring ;
As the Pellean prince, that broke
With a rude and downright stroke

ix. The perplex'd and fatal noose,
Which his skill could not unloose :—
Thou dost a nobler art profess ;
And the coil'd serpent canst no less

x. Stretch out from every twisted fold,
In which he lay inwove and roll'd :
Induce a night, and then a day,
Wrap all in clouds, and then display.

xi. The easy and the even design :
A plot, without a god, divine !—
Let others' bold pretending pens
Write acts of gods, that know not men's ;
In this to thee all must resign ;
The surprise of the scene is wholly thine.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE'S TRANSLATION OF "QUERER POR SOLO QUERER"—"TO LOVE FOR LOVE'S SAKE:" A ROMANTIC DRAMA.

Written in Spanish by Mendoza, 1623.

Felisbravo, *prince of Persia, from a picture sent him of the brave Amazonian queen of Tartary,* Zelidaura, *becoming enamoured, sets out for that realm; in his way thither disenchants a queen of Araby; but first, overcome by fatigue, falls asleep in the Enchanted Grove, where* Zelidaura *herself, coming by, steals the picture from him. The passion of the romance arises from his remorse at being taken so negligent; and her disdain that he should sleep, having the company of her picture. She here plays upon him, who does not yet know her, in the disguise of a rustic.*

Fel. What a spanking Labradora!
Zel. You, th' unkent Knight, God ye gud mora![1]
Fel. The time of day thou dost mistake.
Zel. —and joy—
Fel. —of what?
Zel. That I discover,
By a sure sign, you are awake.
Fel. Awake? the sign?
Zel. Your being a lover.
Fel. In love am I?
Zel. —and very deep.
Fel. Deep in love? how is that seen!
Zel. Perfectly: you do not sleep.
Fel. Rustic excellence, unscreen,
And discover that sweet face,
Which covers so much wit and grace.
Zel. You but dreamt so: sleep again,
And forget it.
Fel. Why now saint?
Zel. Why? the lady, that went in,[2]

[1] She affects rusticity.
[2] The enchanted queen of Araby, of whom Zelidaura is jealous.

Looks as if that she did paint.
Fel. What has that to do with sleeping ?
She is, indeed, angelical.
Zel. *That* picture now 's well worth your keeping :
For why ? 'tis an original.
Fel. Is this shepherdess a witch ?
Or saw the sleeping treason, which
I committed against love,
Erst, in the Enchanted Grove ?
Me hast thou ever seen before ?
Zel. Seen ? ay, and know thee for a man
That will turn him, and sleep more
Than a dozen dunces can.
Thou ken'st little what sighs mean.
Fel. Unveil, by Jove, that face serene.
Zel. What, to make thee sleep again ?
Fel. Still in riddles ?
Zel. Now he sees :
This pinching wakes him by degrees.
Fel. Art thou a nymph ?
Zel. Of Parnass Green.
Fel. Sleep I, indeed ? or am I mad ?
Zel. None serve thee, but th' enchanted queen ?
I think what dull conceits y' have had
Of the bird phœnix, which no eye
E'er saw, an odoriferous lie :
How, of her beauty's spells, she 's told,
That by her spirit thou art haunted ;
And, having slept away the old,
With this new mistress worse enchanted.
Fel. I affect not, shepherdess,
Myself in such fine terms t' express ;
Sufficeth me an humble strain :
Too little happy to be vain !
Unveil !
Zel. Sir Gallant, not so fast.
Fel. See thee I will.

Zel. See me you shall :
But touch not fruit you must not taste.
[*She takes off her veil.*
What says it, now the leaf doth fall ?
Fel. It says, 'tis worthy to comprise
The kernel of so rare a wit ;
Nor, that it grows in Paradise,
But Paradise doth grow in it !
The tall and slender trunk no less divine,
Though in a lowly shepherdess's rine.
[*He begins to know her.*
This should be that so famous queen
For unquell'd valour and disdain.—
In these enchanted woods is seen
Nothing but illusions vain !
Zel. What stares the man at ?
Fel. I compare
A picture—I once mine did call—
With the divine original.
Zel. Fall'n asleep again you are.
We poor human shepherd lasses
Nor are pictur'd, nor use glasses.
Who skip their rank, do 'emselves and betters wrong ;
T' our dames, God bless them, such quaint things belong.
Here, a tiny brook alone,
Which, fring'd with borrowed flowers (he has
Gold and silver enough on 's own)
Is heaven's proper looking-glass,
Copies us ; and its reflections,
Showing natural perfections,
Free from soothing, free from error,
Are our pencil, are our mirror.
Fel. Art thou a shepherdess ?
Zel. — and bore
On a mountain, called *There* ——

Fel. Wear'st thou ever heretofore
Lady's clothes?
Zel. I lady's gear?—
Yes—what a treach'rous poll have I!—
In a country comedy
I once enacted a main part;
(Still I have it half by heart)
The famous history it was
Of an Arabian—let me see—
No, of a queen of Tartary,
Who all her sex did far surpass
In beauty, wit, and chivalry:
Who, with invincible disdain,
Would fool, when she was in the vein,
Princes with all their wits about them;
But, an they slept, to death she 'd flout them:
And, by the mass, with such a mien
My majesty did play the queen,
Our curate had my picture made
In the same robes in which I play'd.

[To my taste this is fine, elegant, queen-like raillery: a second part of Love's Labour's Lost, to which title this extraordinary play has still better pretensions than even Shakspeare's; for after leading three pair of royal lovers through endless mazes of doubts, difficulties, oppositions of dead fathers' wills, a labyrinth of losings and findings, jealousies, enchantments, conflicts with giants, and single-handed against armies, to the exact state in which all the lovers might with the greatest propriety indulge their reciprocal wishes—when, the deuce is in it, you think, but they must all be married now—suddenly the three ladies turn upon their lovers; and, as an exemplification of the moral of the play, "Loving for loving's sake," and an hyper-platonic, truly Spanish proof of their affections—demand that the lovers shall consent to their mistresses' taking upon them the vow of a single life; to which the gallants, with becoming refinement, can do no less than consent. The fact is that it was a court play, in which the characters, males, giants, and all, were played by females, and those of the highest order of grandeeship. No nobleman might be permitted amongst them; and it was against the forms, that a great court lady of Spain should consent to such an unrefined notion, as that of wedlock, though but in a play.

Appended to the drama, the length of which may be judged

from its having taken nine days in the representation, and me three hours in the reading of it—hours well-wasted—is a poetical account of a fire, which broke out in the theatre on one of the nights of its acting, when the whole of the Dramatis Personæ were nearly burnt, because the common people out of "base fear," and the nobles out of "pure respect," could not think of laying hands upon such "great donnas;" till the young king, breaking the etiquette, by snatching up his queen, and bearing her through the flames upon his back, the grandees, (dilatory Æneases), followed his example, and each saved one (Anchises-fashion), till the whole courtly company of comedians were got off in tolerable safety.—Imagine three or four stout London firemen, on such an occasion, standing off in mere respect.]

Address to Solitude.

Sweet solitude! still Mirth, that fear'st no wrong,
Because thou dost none! Morning all day long!
Truth's sanctuary! Innocency's spring!
Invention's limbeck! Contemplation's wing!
Peace of my soul, which I too late pursu'd!
That know'st not the world's vain inquietude;
Where friends, the thieves of time, let us alone
Whole days, and a man's hours are all his own.

Song in praise of the same.

Solitude, of friends the best,
  And the best companion;
Mother of truths, and brought at least
  Every day to bed of one;
  In this flow'ry mansion
I contemplate how the rose
Stands upon thorns, how quickly goes
  The dismaying jessamine:
  Only the soul, which is divine,
No decay of beauty knows.

The world is beauty's mirror; flow'rs,
  In their first virgin purity,
  Flatt'rers both of the nose and eye,
To be cropp'd by paramours
  Is their best of destiny.

And those nice darlings of the land,
Which seem'd heav'n's painted bow to scorn,
And bloom'd the envy of the morn,
Are the gay trophy of a hand.

Unwilling to love again.

—— sadly I do live in fear;
For, though I would not fair appear,
And though in truth I am not fair,
Haunted I am like those that are;
And here, among these rustling leaves,
With which the wanton wind must play,
Inspired by it, my sense perceives
This snowy jasmin whispering say,
How much more frolic, white, and fair,
In her green lattice she doth stand,
To enjoy the free and cooler air,
Than in the prison of a hand![1]

Loving without hope.

look'd, if underneath the cope
Were one that lov'd, and did not hope;
But from his nobler soul remove
That *modern heresy in love;*
When, hearing a shrill voice, I turn,
And, lo! a sweet-tongu'd nightingale,
Tender adorer of the morn,—
In him I found that one and all;
For that same faithful bird, and true,
Sweet and kind and constant lover,—
Wondrous passion did discover,
From the terrace of an eugh.
And, though ungrateful she appear'd
Unmoved with all she saw and heard,
Every day, before 'twas day,

[1] Claridiana, the enchanted queen, speaks this, and the following speech.

More and kinder things he 'd say ;
Courteous, and never to be lost,
Return'd not with complaints, but praise ;
Loving, and all at his own cost,
Suff'ring, and without hope of ease :
For, with a sad and trembling throat,
He breathes into her breast this note :—
" I love thee not, to make thee mine ;
But love thee, 'cause thy form 's divine."

The true absence in love.

Zelidaura, star divine,
That dost in highest orb of beauty shine ;
Pardon'd, murd'ress, by that heart
Itself, which thou dost kill, and coveted smart ;
Though my walk so distant lies
From the sunshine of thine eyes ;
Into sullen shadows hurl'd,
To lie here buried from the world
'Tis the least reason of my moan
That so much earth is 'twixt us thrown.
'Tis absence of another kind,
Grieves me ; for where you are present too,
Love's geometry doth find,
I have ten thousand miles to you.
'Tis not absence to be far,
But to abhor is to absent ;
To those who in disfavour are,
Sight itself is banishment.[1]

To a warrioress.

Heaven, that created thee thus warlike, stole
Into a woman's body a man's soul.
But nature's law in vain dost thou gainsay ;
The woman's valour lies another way.
The dress, the tear, the blush, the witching eye,

[1] Claridoro, rival to Felisbravo, speaks this.

More witching tongue, are beauty's armoury :
To rally, to discourse in companies,
Who 's fine, who courtly, who a wit, who wise ;
And with the awing sweetness of a dame,
(As conscious of a face can tigers tame)
By tasks and circumstances to discover,
Amongst the best of princes, the best lover ;
(The fruit of all those flowers) who serves with most
Self-diffidence, who with the greatest boast ;
Who twists an eye of hope in braids of fear ;
Who silent (made for nothing but to bear
Sweet scorn and injuries of love) envies
Unto his tongue the treasure of his eyes :
Who, without vaunting shape, hath only wit,
Nor knows to hope reward, though merit it ;
Then, out of all, to make a choice so rare,
So lucky-wise, as if thou wert not fair.[1]

All mischiefs reparable but a lost love.

I.

A second Argo, freighted
With fear and avarice,
Between the sea and skies
Hath penetrated
To the new world, unworn
With the red footsteps of the snowy morn.

II.

Thirsty of mines,
She comes rich back, and, the cur'd rampire past
Of watery mountains, cast
Up by the winds,
Ungrateful shelf near home
Gives her usurped gold a silver tomb.

[1] Addressed to Zelidaura.

III.

A devout pilgrim, who
To foreign temple bare
Good pattern, fervent prayer,
Spurr'd by a pious vow,
Meas'ring so large a space,
That earth lack'd regions for his plants[1] to trace,

IV.

Joyful returns, though poor;
And, just by his abode,
Falling into a road
Which laws did ill secure,
Sees plunder'd by a thief,
(O happier man than I!) for 'tis his life.

V.

Conspicuous grows a tree,
Which, wanton, did appear
First fondling of the year
With smiling bravery,
And in his blooming pride
The lower house of flowers did deride:

VI.

When his silk robes, and fair,
(His youth's embellishing
The crownet of a spring,
Narcissus of the air)
Rough Boreas doth confound,
And with his trophies strews the scorned ground.

VII.

Trusted to tedious hope
So many months the corn,
Which now begins to turn

[1] Soles of his feet.

Into a golden crop ;
The lusty grapes, which, plump,
Are the last farewell of the summer's pomp ;

VIII.

How spacious spreads the vine !—
Nurs'd up with how much care !
She lives, she thrives, grows fair,
'Bout her lov'd elm doth twine :—
Comes a cold cloud, and lays
In one, the fabric of so many days.

IX.

A silver river small
In sweet accents
His music vents
(The warbling virginal,
To which the merry birds do sing,
Timed with stops of gold [1] the chrystal string).

X.

He steals by a green wood
With fugitive feet,
Gay, jolly, sweet,
Comes me a troubled flood,
And scarcely one sand stays,
To be a witness of his golden days.—

XI.

The ship 's upweigh'd ;
The pilgrim made a saint ;
Next spring re-crowns the plant ;
Winds raise the corn was laid ;
The vine is prun'd ;
The rivulet new-tun'd :—

[1] Allusions to the Tagus, and golden sands.

But in the ill I have,
I 'm left alive only to dig my grave.

XII.

Lost Beauty, I will die,
But I will thee recover,
And that I die not instantly,
Shows me more perfect lover:
For (my soul gone before)
I live not now to live, but to deplore.

THE FATAL JEALOUSY, A TRAGEDY:

By Nevil Payne, 1673.

No truth absolute; after seeing a masque of gipsies.

1st Spectator. By this we see that all the world 's a cheat,
Whose truths and falsehoods lie so intermix'd,
And are so like each other, that 'tis hard
To find the difference; who would not think these people
A real pack of such as we call gipsies?

2nd Spect. Things perfectly alike are but the same;
And these were gipsies, if we did not know
How to consider them the contrary:
So in terrestrial things there is not one
But takes its form and nature from our fancy,
Not its own being, and is but what we think it.

1st Spect. But truth is still itself?

2nd Spect. No, not at all, as truth appears to us;
For oftentimes
That is a truth to me, that 's false to you.
So 'twould not be, if it was truly true.

. . . . .

How clouded man

Doubts first, and from one doubt doth soon proceed
A thousand more, in solving of the first!
Like nighted travellers we lose our way;
Then every ignis fatuus makes us stray,
By the false lights of reason led about,
Till we arrive where we at first set out:
"Nor shall we e'er truth's perfect highway see,
Till dawns the daybreak of eternity."

Apprehension.

Oh, Apprehension!—
So terrible the consequence appears,
It makes my brain turn round, and night seem darker.
The moon begins to drown herself in clouds,
Leaving a duskish horror everywhere;
My sickly fancy makes the garden seem
Likes those benighted groves in Pluto's kingdoms.

Injured husband.

Wife (*dying*). Oh, oh, I fain would live a little longer,
If but to ask forgiveness of Gerardo,
My soul will scarce reach heaven without his pardon.
Gerardo (*entering*). Who 's that would go to heaven, and wants my pardon?
Take it, whate'er thou art, and mayst thou be
Happy in death, whate'er thou didst design.

GERARDO; *his wife murdered.*

Ger. It is in vain to look them,[1] if they hide;
The garden 's large; besides, perhap they are gone.
We 'll to the body.
Serv. You 're by it now, my lord.
Ger. This accident amazes me so much,
I go I know not where.

[1] The murderers.

Doubt.

Doubt is the effect of fear or jealousy,
Two passions which to reason give the lie;
For fear torments, and never doth assist,
And jealousy is love lost in a mist.
Both hoodwink truth, and go to blindman's buff,
Cry here, then there, seem to direct enough,
But all the while shift place; making the mind,
As it goes out of breath, despair to find;
And, if at last something it stumbles on,
Perhaps it calls it false, and then 'tis gone.
If true, what 's gain'd? only just time to see
A breachless[1] play, a game at liberty,
That has no other end than this, that men
Run to be tired, just to sit down again.

Owl.

—— Hark how the owl
Summons their souls to take a flight with her,
Where they shall be eternally benighted.

THE ENGLISH MONSIEUR, A COMEDY:

By the Hon. James Howard, 1674.

The humour of a conceited Traveller, *who is taken with every thing that is French.*

English Monsieur. Gentlemen, if you please, let us dine together.

Vaine. I know a cook's shop has the best boil'd and roast beef in town.

Eng. Mons. Sir, since you are a stranger to me, I only ask you what you mean; but, were you

[1] Breathless.

acquainted with me, I should take your greasy proposition as an affront to my palate.

Vaine. Sir, I only meant, by the consent of this company, to dine well together.

Eng. Mons. Do you call dining well, to eat out of a French house?

Vaine. Sir, I understand you as little as you do beef.

Eng. Mons. Why then, to interpret my meaning plainly, if ever you make me such offer again, expect to hear from me next morning—

Vaine. What, that you could not dine with me—

Eng. Mons. No, sir, that I will fight with you. In short, sir, I can only tell you that I had once a dispute with a certain person in this kind, who defended the English way of eating; whereupon I sent him a challenge, as any man that has been in France would have done; we fought, and I kill'd him; and whereabouts do you guess I hit him?

Vaine. I warrant you, in the small guts—

Eng. Mons. I run him through his mistaken palate, which made me think the hand of justice guided my sword.

. . . . . .

Eng. Mons. Madam, leading your ladyship puts me in mind of France.

Lady. Why, sir?

Eng. Mons. Because you lead so like the French ladies.

Lady. Sir, why look you so earnestly on the ground?

Eng. Mons. I 'll lay a hundred pounds, here has been three English ladies walking up before us.

Crafty. How can you tell, sir?

Eng. Mons. By being in France.

Crafty. What a devil can he mean?

Eng. Mons. I have often in France observed in gardens, when the company used to walk after a

small shower of rain, the impression of the French ladies' feet. I have seen such *bon mien* in their footsteps, that the king of France's *Maître de Daunce* could not have found fault with any one tread amongst them all. In this walk I find the toes of the English ladies ready to tread one upon another.

. . . . . .

Vaine. Monsieur Frenchlove, well met!

Eng. Mons. I cannot say the like to you, sir, since I am told you have done a damn'd English trick.

Vaine. In what?

Eng. Mons. In finding fault with a pair of tops I wore yesterday; and, upon my *parole*, I never had a pair sat better in my life. My leg looked in them not at all like an English leg.

Vaine. Sir, all that I said of your tops was, that they made such a rushing noise as you walked, that my mistress could not hear one word of the love I made to her.

Eng. Mons. Sir, I cannot help that; for I shall justify my tops in the noise they were guilty of, since 'twas *à la mode* of France. Can you say it was an English noise?

Vaine. I can say, though your tops were made in France, they made a noise in England.

Eng. Mons. But still, sir, 'twas a French noise?

Vaine. But cannot a French noise hinder a man from hearing?

Eng. Mons. No, certainly, that 's a demonstration; for, look you, sir, a French noise is agreeable to the air, and therefore not unagreeable, and therefore not prejudicial, to the hearing, that is to say, to a person that has seen the world.

[The Monsieur comforts himself, when his mistress rejects him, that "'twas a denial with a French tone of voice, so that 'twas agreeable;" and, at her final departure, "Do you see, sir, how she leaves us? she walks away with a French step."]

MAMAMOUCHI, A COMEDY:

By Edward Ravenscroft, 1675.

Foolish lender.

Debtor. As to my affairs, you know I stand indebted to you.

Creditor. A few dribbling sums, sir.

Debt. You lent them me very frankly, and with a great deal of generosity, and much like a gentleman.

Cred. You are pleased to say so.

Debt. But I know how to receive kindnesses, and to make returns according to the merits of the person that obliges me.

Cred. No man better.

Debt. Therefore pray let 's see how our accounts stand.

Cred. They are down here in my table-book.

Debt. I am a man that love to acquit myself of all obligations as soon—

Cred. See the memorandum.

Debt. You have set it all down.

Cred. All.

Debt. Pray read—

Cred. Lent, the second time I saw you, one hundred guineas.

Debt. Right.

Cred. Another time fifty.

Debt. Yes.

Cred. Lent for a certain occasion, which you did not tell me, one hundred and fifty.

Debt. Did I not? that I should conceal any thing from my friend!

Cred. No matter.

Debt. It looks like mistrust, which is a wrong to friendship—

Cred. O Lord!

Debt. I am so asham'd—for I dare trust my soul with you. I borrowed it, to lend a person of quality, whom I employed to introduce me to the king, and recommend to his particular favour, that I might be able to do you service in your affairs.

Cred. O, was it so? then that debt is as it were paid; I 'll cross it out.

Debt. By no means; you shall have it, or I vow—

Cred. Well, sir, as you please.

Debt. I vow I would ne'er have borrowed of you again, as long as I had lived—but proceed—

Cred. Another time, one hundred—

Debt. O, that was to send into France to my wife to bring her over, but the queen would not part with her then; and since, she is fallen sick.

Cred. Alas!

Debt. But pretty well recovered—

Cred. These four sums make up four hundred guineas.

Debt. Just as can be; a very good account. Put down two hundred more, which I will borrow of you now, and then it will be just six hundred; that is, if it will be no inconvenience to you.

Cred. Euh, not in the least.

Debt. It is to make up a sum of two thousand pounds, which I am about to lay up in houses I have bought; but if it incommode you, I can have it elsewhere.

Cred. O, by no means.

Debt. You need but tell me, if it will be any trouble.

Cred. Lord, sir, that you will think so!

Debt. I know some will be glad of the occasion to serve me; but these are favours only to be asked of special friends, and I thought you,

being my most esteemed friend, would take it ill, if you should come to hear of it, that I did not ask you first.

Cred. It is a great honour.

THE TRIUMPHANT WIDOW, A COMEDY:

By the Duke of Newcastle, 1677.

Humours of a thief going to execution.

Officers. Room for the prisoner there! room for the prisoner!

Footpad. Make room there! 'tis a strange thing a man cannot go to be hanged without crowding for it.

1*st Fellow.* Pray, sir, were you not akin to one *Hinde?* [1]

Footpad. No; I had run faster away then.

2*nd Fellow.* Pray, prisoner, before your death clear your conscience, and tell me truly, &c.

[*All ask him questions about robberies.*

Margery. I am sure you had my lady's gilt caudle cup.

Footpad. Yes, and would have kept it; but she has it again, has she not?

James. And the plate out of my buttery—

Footpad. Well, and had she not it again? what a plague would you have? you examine me, as if you would hang me, after I am hanged. Pray, officers, rid me of these impertinent people, and let me die in quiet.

1*st Woman.* O lord! how angry he is! that shows he is a right reprobate, I warrant you.

[1] A noted highwayman in those days.

Footpad. I believe, if all of you were to be hanged, which I hope may be in good time, you would not be very merry.

2*nd Woman.* Lord, what a down look he has!

1*st Woman.* Ay, and what a cloud in his forehead, goody Twattle, mark that.

2*nd Woman.* Ay, and such frowning wrinkles, I warrant you; not so much as a smile from him.

Footpad. Smile, quoth she! though 'tis sport for you, 'tis none for me, I assure you.

1*st Woman.* Ay, but 'tis so long before you are hanged.

Footpad. I wish it longer, good woman.

1*st Fellow.* Prithee, Mr Thief, let this be a warning to you for ever doing the like again.

Footpad. I promise you it shall.

2*nd Woman.* That is well! thank you with all my heart, la! that was spoken like a precious godly man now.

1*st Woman.* By my truly, methinks now he is a very proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

Footpad. Ay, so are all that are hanged; the gallows adds a great deal of grace to one's person.

2*nd Woman.* I vow he is a lovely man; 'tis pity he should be taken away, as they say, in the flower of his age.

1*st Officer.* Come, despatch, despatch; what a plague shall we stay all day, and neglect our business, to hang one thief?

2*nd Officer.* Pray, be hanged quickly, sir; for I am to go to a fair hard by.

1*st Officer.* And I am to meet some friends to drink out a stand of ale by and by.

1*st Woman.* Nay, pray let him speak, and die like a Christian.

2*nd Woman.* O, I have heard brave speeches at this place before.

Footpad. Well, good people—if I may be bold to call you so—this pulpit was not of my choosing. I shall shortly preach mortality to you without speaking, therefore pray take example by me, and then I know what will become of you. I will be, I say, your *memento mori*, hoping you will all follow me.

1*st Fellow.* O, he speaks rarely!

2*nd Fellow.* Ay, does Latin it.

Footpad. I have been too covetous, and at last taken for it, and am very sorry for it. I have been a great sinner, and condemned for it, which grieves me not a little, that I made not my escape, and so I heartily repent it, and so I die with this true confession.

1*st Woman* (*weeping*). Mercy on him, for a better man was never hanged.

2*nd Woman.* So true and hearty repentance, and so pious!

2*nd Fellow.* Help him up higher on the ladder. Now you are above us all.

Footpad. Truly I desire you were all equal with me; I have no pride in this world.

1*st Fellow.* Will you not sing, sir, before you are hanged?

Footpad. No, I thank you; I am not so merrily disposed.

Hangman. Come, are you ready?

Footpad. Yes, I have been preparing for you these many years.

1*st Woman.* Mercy on him, and save his better part.

2*nd Woman.* You see what we must all come to.

[*Horn blows a reprieve.*

Officer. A reprieve! how came that?

Post. My lady Haughty procured it.

Footpad. I will always say, while I live, that her ladyship is a civil person.

1st Fellow. Pish, what must he not be hanged now?
2nd Fellow. What did we come all this way for this?
1st Woman. Take all this pains to see nothing?
Footpad. Very pious good people, I shall show you no sport this day.

BRUTUS OF ALBA, A TRAGEDY:

By Nahum Tate, 1678.

Ragusa, *and four more* Witches, *about to raise a storm.*

Rag. 'Tis time we were preparing for the storm.
Heed me, ye daughters of the mystic art,
Look that it be no common hurricane,
But such as rend the Caspian cliffs, and from
The Hyrcanian hills sweep cedars, roots and all.
Speak, goes all right?
All. Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!
1st W. The cricket leaves our cave, and chirps no more.
2nd W. I stuck a ram, but could not stain my steel.
3rd W. His fat consum'd i' th' fire, and never smok'd.
4th W. I found this morn upon our furnace wall
Mysterious words wrought by a slimy snail,
Whose night-walk Fate had guided in that form.
2nd W. Thou 'rt queen of mysteries, great Ragusa,
How hast thou stemm'd the abyss of our black science,
Trac'd dodging Nature through her blind scape-roads,
In her dark Mansions seiz'd her, stripp'd her Veil,
And brought her nak'd and trembling to the light!
Rag. Now to our Task—
Stand off, and, crouching, mystic postures make,
Gnawing your rivel'd knuckles till they bleed,

Whilst I fall prostrate to consult my art,
And mutter sounds too sacred for your ear.
[*Storm rises.*
Rag. The storm 's on wing, comes powd'ring from the Nore;
'T has past the Alps already, and whirls forward
To th' rifled Apennine, whose snow is swept
To th' vales beneath, while cots and folds lie buried.
Thou, Myrza, tak'st to-night an airy march
To th' Pontic shore for drugs, and for more speed
On my own maple crutch thou shalt be mounted,
Which bridled, turns to a steed so manageable,
That thou mayst rein him with a spider's thread.
4th W. And how if I o'ertake a bark i' th' way?
Rag. Then, if aloft thou go'st, to tinder scorch
The fans; but if thou tak'st a lower cut,
Then snatch the whip-staff from the steersman's hand,
And souse him in the foam.
4th W. He shall be drench'd. [*Storm thickens.*
Rag. Ay, this is music! now methinks I hear
The shrieks of sinking sailors, tackle rent,
Rudders unhing'd, while the sea-rav'ners swift
Scour through the dark flood for the diving corpses.
Ha! art thou there, my melancholy sister?
[*The owl cries.*
Thou think'st thy nap was short, and art surpris'd
To find night fall'n already.
More turf to th' fire, till the black mesh ferment;
Burn th' oil of basilisk to fret the storm.
That was a merry clap! I know that cloud
Was of my Fricker's rending, Fricker rent it;
O, 'tis an active Spirit! but beshrew him,
'Twas he seduc'd me first to hellish arts.
He found me pensive in a desert glen,
Near a lone oak forlorn and thunder-cleft,

Where discontented I abjur'd the gods,
And bann'd the cruel creditor that seiz'd
My Mullees,[1] sole subsistence of my life.
He promised me full twelve years' absolute reign
To banquet all my senses, but he lied,
For vipers' flesh is now my only food,
My drink of springs that stream from sulphurous mines;
Beside, with midnight cramps, and scalding sweats,
I am almost inur'd for hell's worst tortures.—
I hear the wood-nymphs cry, by that I know
My charm has took—
but day clears up,
And heavenly light wounds my infectious eyes.

1st W. Now, sullen dame, dost thou approve our works?

Rag. 'Twas a brave wreck! Oh, you have well perform'd.

2nd W. Myrza and I bestrid a cloud, and soar'd
To lash the storm, which we pursu'd to the city,
Where in my flight I snatch'd the golden globe,
That high on Saturn's pillar blaz'd i' th' air.

3rd W. I fir'd the turret of Minerva's fane.

4th W. I stay'd i' th' cell to set the spell a-work.
The lamps burnt ghastly blue, the furnace shook,
The salamander felt the heat redoubled,
And frisk'd about, so well I plied the fire.

Rag. Now, as I hate bright day, and love moonshine,
You shall be all my sisters in the art:
I will instruct ye in each mystery;
Make ye all Ragusas.

All. Ho, ho, ho!

Rag. Around me, and I 'll deal to each her dole.
There 's an elf-lock, tooth of hermaphrodite,
A brace of mandrakes digg'd in fairy ground,

[1] Her cows.

A lamprey's chain, snake's-eggs, dead sparks of thunder
Quench'd in its passage through the cold mid air,
A mermaid's fin, a cockatrice's comb
Wrapp'd i' th' dried caul of a brat still-born.
Burn them.—
In whispers take the rest, which nam'd aloud
Would fright the day, and force another storm.
All. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

SOZIMAN, *a wicked statesman, employs* RAGUSA *for a charm.*

Rag. —— my drudges I 'll employ
To frame with their best arts a bracelet for thee,
Which, while thou wear'st it lock'd on thy left arm,
Treason shall ne'er annoy thee, sword and poison
In vain attempt; Nature alone have power
Thy substance to dissolve, nor she herself
Till many a winter shock hath broke thy temper.
Soz. Medea for her Jason less perform'd!
My great'ning soul aspires to range, like thee,
In unknown worlds, to search the reign of Night.
Admitted to thy dreadful mysteries,
I should be more than mortal.
Rag. Near my cell,
('Mongst circling rocks in form a theatre)
Lies a snug vale.
Soz. With horror I have view'd it;
'Tis blasted all and bare as the ocean beach,
And seems a round for elves to revel in.
Rag. With my attendants there each waning moon
My dreadful court I hold, and sit in state;
And when the dire transactions are despatch'd,
Our zany Spirits ascend to make us mirth
With gambols, dances, masks and revelling songs,
Till our mad din strike terror through the waste,
Spreads far and wide to the cliffs that bank the main,

And scarce is lost in the wide ocean's roar.
Here seated by me thou shalt view the sports,
Whilst demons kiss thy foot, and swear thee homage.

RAGUSA, *with the other* Witches, *having finished the bracelet.*

Rag. Proceed we then to finish our black projects.
View here, till from your green-distilling eyes
The pois'nous glances centre on this bracelet,
A fatal gift for our projecting son ;—
Seven hours odd minutes has it steep'd i' th' gall
Of a vile Moor swine-rooted from his grave.
Now to your bloated lips apply it round,
And with th' infectious dew of your black breaths
Complete its baleful force.

THE HUNTINGDON DIVERTISEMENT: AN INTERLUDE, FOR THE GENERAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE COUNTY FEAST, HELD AT MERCHANT TAILORS' HALL, JUNE 20TH, 1678.

BY W. M.

Humour of a retired Knight.

SIR JEOFFRY DO-RIGHT. MASTER GENEROUS GOODMAN.

Gen. Sir Jeoffry, good morrow.
Sir J. The same to you, sir.
Gen. Your early zeal condemns the rising sun
Of too much sloth ; as if you did intend
To catch the Muses napping.
Sir J. Did you know
The pleasures of an early contemplation,
You 'd never let Aurora blush to find

You drowsy on your bed, but rouse, and spend
Some short ejaculations,—how the night
Disbands her sparkling troops at the approach
Of the ensuing day, when the grey-eyed sky
Ushers the golden signals of the morn;
Whilst the magnanimous cock with joy proclaims
The sun's illustrious cavalcade. Your thoughts
Would ruminate on all the works of Heaven,
And the various dispensations of its power.
Our predecessors better did improve
The precious minutes of the morn than we,
Their lazy successors. Their practice taught
And left us the good proverbial, that "To rise
Early makes all men healthy, wealthy, wise."

Gen. Your practice, sir, merits our imitation;
Where the least particle of night and day's
Improv'd to the best advantage, whilst your soul
(Unclogg'd from the dross of melancholic cares)
Makes every place a paradise.

Sir J. 'Tis true,
I bless my lucky stars, whose kind aspects
Have fix'd me in this solitude. My youth
Pass'd through the tropics of each fortune, I
Was made her perfect tennis-ball; her smiles
Now made me rich and honour'd; then her frowns
Dash'd all my joys, and blasted all my hopes;
Till, wearied by such interchange of weather,
In court and city, I at length confined
All my ambition to the golden mean,
The equinoctial of my fate, to amend
The errors of my life by a good end.

THE AMBITIOUS STATESMAN, A TRAGEDY:

By John Crowne, 1679.

Vendome, *returning from the wars, hears news that* Louize *is false to him.*

Ven. (*solus.*) Where'er I go, I meet a wand'ring rumour,
Louize is the Dauphin's secret mistress.
I heard it in the army, but the sound
Was then as feeble as the distant murmurs
Of a great river mingling with the sea;
But now I am come near this river's fall,
'Tis louder than the cataracts of Nile.
If this be true—
Doomsday is near, and all the heavens are falling.
I know not what to think of it, for everywhere
I meet a choking dust, such as is made
After removing all a palace furniture;
If she be gone, the world in my esteem
Is all bare walls; nothing remains in it
But dust and feathers, like a Turkish inn,
And the foul steps where plunderers have been.

Valediction.

Ven. (*to his faithless mistress.*) Madam, I 'm well assur'd you will not send
One poor thought after me, much less a messenger,
To know the truth; but if you do, he 'll find,
In some unfinish'd part of the creation,
Where Night and Chaos never were disturb'd,
And now grown old, are uglier than ever,
But bed-rid lie in some dark rocky desert,
There will he find a thing—whether a man,
Or the collected shadows of a desert,

Condens'd into a shape he 'll hardly know ;
This figure he will find walking alone,
Poring one while on some sad book, at noon,
By taper-light, for never day shone there ;
Sometimes laid grovelling on the barren earth,
Moist with his tears, for never dew fell there ;
And when night comes, not known from day by darkness,
But by some faithful messenger of time,
He 'll find him stretch'd upon a bed of stone,
Cut from the bowels of some rocky cave,
Off'ring himself either to Sleep or Death,
And neither will accept the dismal wretch.
At length a slumber, in its infant arms,
Takes up his heavy soul, but wanting strength
To bear it, quickly lets it fall again,
At which the wretch starts up, and walks about
All night, and all the time it should be day,
Till quite forgetting, quite forgot of ev'ry thing
But Sorrow, pines away, and in small time,
Of th' only man that durst inhabit there,
Becomes the only ghost that dares walk there.

Incredulity to virtue.

Ven. Perhaps there never were such things as Virtues,
But only in men's fancies, like the Phœnix ;
Or if they once have been, they are now but names
Of natures lost, which came into the world,
But could not live, nor propagate their kind.

Faithless beauty.

Louize. Dare you approach me ?
Ven. Yes, but with fear, for sure you are not woman.
A comet glitter'd in the air of late,
And kept some weeks the frighted kingdom waking.
Long hair it had, like you, a shining aspect ;

Its beauty pleas'd at the same time it frighten'd,
And every horror in it had a grace.

THYESTES, A TRAGEDY:

By the same Author, 1681.

Atreus, *having recovered his wife and kingdom, from his brother* Thyestes, *who had usurped both, and sent him into banishment, describes his offending queen.*

Atreus (*solus*). —— still she lives:
'Tis true, in heavy sorrow, so she ought,
If she offended, as I fear she has;
Her hardships, though, she owes to her own choice.
I 've often offer'd her my useless couch;
For what is it to me? I never sleep:
But for her bed she chooses the hard floor.
My table is spread for her; I never eat:
And she 'll take nothing but what feeds her grief.

Philisthenes, *the son of* Thyestes, *at a stolen interview with* Antigone, *the daughter of* Atreus, *is surprised by the king's spies; upon which misfortune* Antigone *swooning, is found by* Peneus.

Antigone. Peneus, *an ancient retainer to the court of Mycenæ.*

Peneus. Ha! what is she, that sleeps in open air?
Indeed the place is far from any path,
But what conducts to melancholy thoughts;
But those are beaten roads about this court.
Her habit calls her, noble Grecian maid;
But her sleep says, she is a stranger here.
All birds of night build in this court, but Sleep;
And Sleep is here made wild with loud complaints,
And flies away from all; I wonder how
This maid has brought it to her lure so tame.
Antigone (*waking from her swoon*). Oh! my Philisthenes!

Peneus. She wakes to moan ;
Ay, that 's the proper language of this place !
Antigone. My dear ! my poor Philisthenes is seiz'd !
I know 'tis so ! Oh, horror ! death ! hell ! oh !
Peneus. I know her now, 'tis fair Antigone,
The daughter and the darling of the king !
This is the lot of all this family.[1]
Beauteous Antigone, thou knowst me well ;
I am old Peneus, one who threescore years
Has lov'd and serv'd thy wretched family.
Impart thy sorrows to me, I, perhaps,
In my wide circle of experience,
May find some counsel that may do thee good.
Antigone. Oh ! good old man ! how long have you been here ?
Peneus. I came but now.
Antigone. Oh ! did you see this way
Poor young Philisthenes ? you know him well.
Peneus. Thy uncle's son ? Thyestes' eldest son ?
Antigone. The same ! the same !
Peneus. No ; all the gods forbid
I should meet him so near thy father's court.
Antigone. Oh ! he was here, one cursed minute past.
Peneus. What brought him hither ?
Antigone. Love to wretched me.
Our warring fathers never ventur'd more
For bitter hate, than we for innocent love.
Here, but a minute past, the dear youth lay,
Here in this brambly cave lay in my arms ;
And now he 's seized ! Oh ! miserable me !
[*Tears her hair.*
Peneus. Why dost thou rend that beauteous ornament ?
In what has it offended ? hold thy hands.
Antigone. Oh ! father ! go and plead for the poor youth !
No one dares speak to the fierce king but you.

[1] The descendants of Tantalus.

Peneus. And no one near speaks more in vain than I;
He spurns me from his presence like a dog.
Antigone. Oh! then—
Peneus. She faints, she swoons, I frighten'd her;
Oh! I spoke indiscreetly. Daughter! child!
Antigone! I 'll go, indeed, I 'll go!
Antigone. There is no help for me in heaven or earth.
Peneus. There is, there is, despair not, sorrowful maid.
All will be well—I 'm going to the king,
And will with powerful reasons bind his hands;
And something in me says I shall prevail.
But to whose care shall I leave thee the while?—
For, oh! I dare not trust thee to thy grief.
Antigone. I 'll be dispos'd of, father, as you please,
Till I receive the blest or dreadful doom.
Peneus. Then come, dear daughter, lean upon my arm,
Which old and weak is stronger yet than thine;
Thy youth hath known more sorrow than my age.
I never hear of grief, but when I 'm here;
But one day's diet here of sighs and tears
Returns me elder home by many years.

ATREUS, *to entrap his brother* THYESTES, *who has lived a concealed life, lurking in woods, to elude his vengeance, sends* PHILISTHENES *and old* PENEUS *to him with offers of reconciliation, and an invitation to court, to be present at the nuptials of* ANTIGONE *with* PHILISTHENES.

THYESTES. PHILISTHENES. PENEUS.

Thy. Welcome to my arms,
My hope, my comfort! Time has roll'd about
Several months since I have seen thy face,
And in its progress has done wondrous things.
Phil. Strange things indeed, to chase you to this sad
Dismal abode, nay, and to age, I think:
I see that winter, thrusting itself forth,
Long, long before its time, in silver hairs.
Thy. My fault, my son, I would be great and high;
Snow lies in summer on some mountain tops.

Ah, son! I 'm sorry for thy noble youth,
Thou hast so bad a father; I 'm afraid,
Fortune will quarrel with thee for my sake;
Thou wilt derive unhappiness from me,
Like an hereditary ill disease.

Phil. Sir, I was born when you were innocent,
And all the ill you have contracted since,
You have wrought out by painful penitence;
For healthy joy returns to us again,
Nay, a more vigorous joy than e'er we had.
Like one recover'd from a sad disease.
Nature for damage pays him double cost,
And gives him fairer flesh than e'er he had.

THYESTES *is won from his retirement by the joint representations of* PHILISTHENES *and* PENEUS, *of the apparent good faith, and returning kindness of his brother; and visits Mycenæ;—his confidence; his returning misgivings.*

THYESTES. PHILISTHENES. PENEUS.

Thy. Oh! wondrous pleasure to a banish'd man!
I feel my lov'd long-look'd-for native soil!
And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day
Had from some mountain travell'd toward this place,
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.
Oh! sacred towers! sacred in your height,
Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,
Whither for secret pleasures they retire;
Sacred, because you are the work of gods.
Your lofty looks boast your divine descent
And the proud city, which lies at your feet,
And would give place to nothing but to you,
Owns her original is short of yours.
And now a thousand objects more ride fast
On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs;
And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts!

Phil. Oh! joyful sound!

Thy. But with them Atreus too—

Phil. What ails my father, that he stops, and shakes,
And now retires?
Thy. Return with me, my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful desert, and well-seated caves:
The beasts declare their nature without fraud;
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge; no villany
Lies in the prospect of a humble cave.
Pen. Talk you of villany, of foes, and fraud?
Thy. I talk of Atreus.
Pen. What are these to him?
Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.
Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your mind:
Thy. The gods for all our safety put 'em there:
Return, return with me.
Pen. Against our oaths?
I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.
Thy. Here are no gods, they 've left this dire abode.
Pen. True race of Tantalus! who parent-like
Are doom'd in midst of plenty to be starv'd.
His hell and yours differ alone in this:
When he would catch at joys, they fly from him,
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.
Thy. A fit comparison; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

The day of the pretended nuptials.—ATREUS *feigns a returning love for his* Queen.

Ærope. Oh! this is too much joy for me to bear,
You build new palaces on broken walls.
Atreus. Come, let our new-born pleasures breathe sweet air;
This room 's too vile a cabinet for gold.
Then leave, for ever, love, this doleful place,
And leave behind thee all thy sorrows here,

And dress thyself as this great day requires.
'Twill be thy daughter's nuptials, and I dream'd,
The Sun himself would be ashamed to come,
And be a guest in his old tarnish'd robe,
But leave my court [1] t' enlighten all the globe.

PENEUS *to* ATREUS, *dissuading him from his horrid purpose.*

Pen. Fear you not men or gods?
Atr. The fear of gods ne'er came in Pelops' house.
Pen. Think you there are no gods?
Atr. I find all things
So false, I 'm sure of nothing but of wrongs.

ATREUS. THYESTES. *A table and a banquet.*

Atr. Come, brother, sit.
Thy. May not Philisthenes
Sit with us, sir?
Atr. He waits upon the bride.
A deeper bowl; this to the bridegroom's health.
Thy. This to the gods for this most joyful day.—
Now to the bridegroom's health.
Atr. This day shall be
To Argos an eternal festival.
Thy. Fortune and I to-day both try our strengths;
I have quite tir'd her left-hand misery,
She now relieves it with her right-hand joy,
Which she lays on me with her utmost force;
But both shall be too weak for my strong spirit.
Atr. (*aside.*) So! now my engines of delight have screw'd
The monster to the top of arrogance,
And now he 's ready for his deadly fall.
Thy. Oh! these extremes of misery and joy
Measure the vast extent of a man's soul!
My spirit reaches Fortune's east and west.
She has oft set and risen here, yet cannot get

[1] A hint of the dreadful banquet which he meditates, at which the Sun is said to have turned away his horses.

Out of the vast dominion of my mind.—
Ha! my proud vaunting has a sudden check;
See! from my head my crown of roses falls!
My hair, though almost drown'd beneath sweet oils,
With strange and sudden horrors starts upright!
Something, I know not what, bids me not eat;
And what I have devour'd[1] within me groans,
I fain would tear my breast to set it free:—
And I have catch'd the eager thirst of tears,
Which all weak spirits have in misery.
I, who in banishment ne'er wept, weep now.

Atr. Brother, regard it not, 'tis fancy all.
Misery, like night, is haunted with ill spirits,
And spirits leave not easily their haunts.
'Tis said, sometimes they 'll impudently stand
A flight of beams from the forlorn of day,
And scorn the crowing of the sprightly cocks:—
Brother, 'tis morning with our pleasure yet,
Nor has the sprightly wine crow'd oft enough;
See in great flagons at full length it sleeps,
And lets these melancholy thoughts break in
Upon our weaker pleasures. Rouse the wine,
And bid him chase these fancies hence for shame,
Fill up that reverend unvanquish'd bowl,
Who many a giant in his time has fallen,
And many a monster, Hercules not more.

Thy. If he descends into my groaning breast,
Like Hercules, he will descend to hell.

Atr. And he will vanquish all the monsters there.
Brother, your courage with this hero try;
He o'er our house has reign'd two hundred years,
And he 's the only king shall rule you here.

Thy. What ails me? I cannot heave 't to my lips.

Atr. What, is the bowl too heavy?

Thy. No, my heart.

[1] The mangled limbs of his son Philisthenes, which Atreus has set before him.

Atr. The wine will lighten it.
Thy. The wine will not
Come near my lips.
Atr. Why should they be so strange?
They are near akin.
Thy. Akin?
Atr. As possible; father and son not nearer.
Thy. What do you mean?
Atr. Does not good wine beget good blood?
Thy. 'Tis true.
Atr. Your lips then and the wine may be akin.
Off with your kindred wine, leave not a drop
To die alone, bewilder'd in that bowl.
Help him to heave it to his head, that 's well.

(THYESTES *drinks. A clap of thunder. The lights go out.*)

Thy. What ponderous crimes pull heaven upon our heads?
Nature is chok'd with some vast villany,
And all her face is black.
Atr. Some lights! some lights!
Thy. The sun is stunn'd, and reels 'tween night and day;
Old Chaos is return'd.
Atr. It is to see
A young one born, more dreadful than herself,
That promises great comfort to her age,
And to restore her empire.
Thy. What do you mean?
Atr. Confusion I have in thy bowels made.
Thy. Dire thoughts, like Furies, break into my mind
With flaming brands, and show me what he means.
Where is Philisthenes?
Atr. Ask thy own bowels:
Thou heardst 'em groan, perhaps they now will speak.

Thy. Thou hast not, tyrant—what?—I dare not ask——
Atr. I kill'd thy son, and thou hast drunk his blood.

THE MARRIED BEAU, A COMEDY:

By the same Author, 1694.

Wife tempted: she pleads religion.

Lover. Our happy love may have a secret church
Under the church, as Faith's was under Paul's,
Where we may carry on our sweet devotion,
And the cathedral marriage keep its state,
And all its decency and ceremonies.

BELPHEGOR, A COMEDY:

By John Wilson, 1691.

Doria Palace described.

That thou 'dst been with us at duke Doria's garden,
The pretty contest between art and nature;
To see the wilderness, grots, arbours, ponds,
And in the midst, over a stately fountain,
The Neptune of the Ligurian sea—
Andrew Doria—the man who first
Taught Genoa not to serve; then to behold
The curious waterworks, and wanton streams
Wind here and there, as if they had forgot
Their errand to the sea—
—— and then again, within

The vast prodigious cage, to see the groves
Of myrtle, orange, jessamine, beguile
The winged quire into a native warble,
And pride of their restraint.—Then, up and down,
An antiquated marble, or broken statue,
Majestic, even in ruin——
—— and such a glorious palace !
Such picture, carving, furniture ! my words
Cannot reach half the splendour. And, after all,
To see the sea, fond of the goodly sight,
One while glide amorous, and lick her walls,
As who would say, Come, follow ; but, repuls'd,
Rally its whole artillery of waves,
And crowd into a storm.

DON QUIXOTE, A COMEDY IN THREE PARTS:

By Thomas D'Urfey, 1694.

Dirge, at the hearse of Chrysostom.

Sleep, poor youth, sleep in peace,
Reliev'd from love and mortal care ;
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain-bless'd, less happy are.
Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
No ills of fate thou now canst fear ;
In vain would tyrant Power enslave,
Or scornful Beauty be severe.

Wars, that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep ;
Earthquakes, that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

Tom D'Urfey, from the engraving by Vertue, after the portrait by Gouge.

With all the charms of peace possest,
Secure from life's torment or pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
Nor dream thou e'er shall rise again.

[1] i. e. "May thy sleep be so profound, as not even by dreams of a resurrection to be disturbed:" the language of passion, not of sincere profaneness.

FRAGMENTS FROM

THE GARRICK PLAYS

At the end of the "Table-Book," in which the *Garrick Extracts* first appeared, there were given two series of lesser specimens under the title of *Fragments from the Garrick Plays*. These, which may be considered "the one grain or one drop more from the siftings of his granary or the running of his well," are here printed in the order in which they appeared in the "Table-Book," and with the text as Lamb wrote it.

W. M.

FRAGMENTS FROM
THE GARRICK PLAYS

FACETIÆ.

1.

Holding in Capite.

First Gent. 'Tis well known I am a Gentleman. My father was a man of £500 a year, and he held something *in capite* too.

Second Gent. So does my Lord something——

Foolish Lord. Nay, by my troth, what I hold *in capite* is worth little or nothing.

2.

Fool's Experience.

Page. He that 's first a scholar, and next in love, the year after is either an arrant fool or a madman.

Master. How came your knavery by such experience ?

Page. As fools do by news : somebody told me so, and I believe it.

3.

Modern Sybarite.

—— softly, ye villains !——the rogues of chairmen have trundled me over some damn'd nutshell or other, that gave me such a jerk as has half murdered me.

4.

Spare diet of Spaniards.

Spaniard. The air being thin and rarified generally provides us good stomachs.

Englishman. Aye, and the earth little or nothing to satisfy 'em with ; I think a cabbage is a jewel among you.

Span. Why, truly a good cabbage is respected. But our people are often very luxurious, they abound very often.

Eng. O no such matter, faith, Spaniard ! 'death, if they get but a piece of beef, they shall hang all the bones out, and write underneath *Here hath been beef eaten*, as 'twere a miracle. And if they get but a lean hen, the feathers shall be spread before the door with greater pride than we our carpets at some princely solemnity.

5.

Foolish Form.

Servant (*to my Lord Stately's Gentleman Usher*). Sir, Here 's your Lord's footman come to tell you, your Lord's hat is blown out of his hand.

Lord W. Why did not the footman take it up ?

Usher. He durst not, my Lord ; 'tis above him.

Lord W. Where ? a 'top of the chimney ?

Usher. Above his office, my Lord.

Lord W. How does this fool, for want of solid greatness, swell with empty ceremony, and fortify himself with outworks ! That a man must dig thro' rubbish to come at an ass. ENGLISH FRIAR.

6.

Cast Books.

Waiting Maid. I have a new Bible too ; and when my Lady left her Practice of Piety, she gave it me.

NEWCASTLE.

7.

Good at Guessing.

Nay, good Mr Constable, you are e'en the luckiest at being wise that ever I knew. NEWCASTLE.

8.

Essays at Essays.

1. O eternal blockhead, did you never write Essays?

2. I did essay to write Essays, but I cannot say I writ Essays. NEWCASTLE.

9.

Hard Words.

Indiscerptibility, and Essential Spissitude: words which, though I am no competent judge of, for want of languages, yet I fancy strongly ought to mean nothing. MRS AFRA BEHN.

10.

Scandals to Atheism.

—— a late learned Doctor; who, though himself no great assertor of a Deity, yet was observed to be continually persuading this sort of men [the rakehelly blockheaded Infidels about town] of the necessity and truth of our religion; and being asked how he came to bestir himself so much this way, made answer, that it was because their ignorance and indiscreet debauch made them a Scandal to the Profession of Atheism. BEHN.

11.

Excuse for being afraid in a Storm.

Master. Courage! why what dost thou call courage? Hector himself would not have exchanged his ten years' siege for our ten days' storm at sea. A

storm ! a hundred thousand fighting men are nothing to it ; cities sack'd by fire, nothing. 'Tis a resistless coward, that attacks a man at disadvantage ; an unaccountable magic, that first conjures down a man's courage, and then plays the devil over him ; and, in fine, it is a Storm !

Mate. Good lack, that it should be all these terrible things, and yet that we should outlive it.

Master. No god-a-mercy to our courage tho', I tell you that now ; but, like an angry wench, when it had huffed and bluster'd itself weary, it lay still again. BEHN.

12.

Dutch Gallantry.

Mate. What, beat a woman, Sir ?

Master. 'Psha, all 's one for that ; if I am provoked, anger will have its effects upon whomsoe'er it light : so said Van Tromp, when he took his Mistress a cuff on the ear for finding fault with an ill-fashioned leg he made her. I liked his humour well. BEHN.

13.

Dutchman.

—— sitting at home in the chimney corner, cursing the face of Duke de Alva upon the jugs, for laying an imposition on beer. BEHN.

14.

Rake at Church

—— I shall know all, when I meet her in the chapel to-morrow. I am resolved to venture thither, tho' I am afraid the dogs will bark me out again, and by that means let the congregation know how much I am a stranger to the place. DURFEY.

15.

Lying Traveller.

You do not believe me then? the devil take me, if these home-bred fellows can be saved: they neither know nor believe half the creation. LACY.

16.

English Beau, contrasted with a French one.

—— A true-bred English Beau has indeed the powder, the essence, the toothpick, the snuff-box; and is as idle; but the fault is in the flesh —— he has not the motion, and looks stiff under all this. Now a French Fop like a Poet, is born so, and would be known without clothes; it is in his eyes, his nose, his fingers, his elbows, his heels. They dance when they walk, and sing when they speak. We have nothing in that perfection as abroad; and our cuckolds, as well as our grapes, are but half ripened.

BURNABY.

17.

Fanciful Recipe, prescribed for sick Fancy.

The juice of a lemon that 's civil at seasons,
Twelve dancing capers, ten lunatic reasons;
Two dying notes of an ancient swan;
Three sighs, a thousand years kept, if you can;
Some scrapings of Gyges's ring may pass,
With the skin of a shadow caught in a glass;
Six pennyworth of thoughts untold;
The jelly of a star, before it be cold;
One ounce of courtship from a country daughter;
A grain of wit, and a quart of laughter.——

Boil these on the fire of Zeal (with some beech-coals, lest the vessel burst).——If you can get these ingredients, I will compound them for you. Then,

when the patient is perfectly recovered, she shall be married in rich cloth of rainbow laced with sunbeams.

STRODE.

18.

Beauties at Church.

Fair Women in Churches have as ill effect as fine Strangers in Grammar schools: for tho' the boys keep on the humdrum still, yet none of 'em mind their lesson for looking about 'em. FANE.

19.

Expedients.

I have observed the wisdom of these Moors: for some days since being invited by one of the chief Bashaws to dinner, after meat, sitting by a huge fire, and feeling his shins burn, I requested him to pull back his chair, but he very understandingly sent for three or four masons, and removed the chimney.

BROME.

20.

Mayor of Queenborow, a Christian, giving orders for feasting Hengist, a Pagan King of Kent, who has invited himself to the Mayor's table.

—— give charge the mutton come in all raw; the King of Kent is a Pagan, and must be served so. And let those officers, that seldom or never go to church, bring it in; it will be the better taken.

MIDDLETON.

21.

Fat man's device to get a dainty.

I have a privilege. I was at the tavern the other day; in the next room I smelt hot venison. I sent

but a drawer to tell the company, "one in the house with a great belly longed for a corner," and I had half a pasty sent me immediately. SHIRLEY.

22.

Miser's Servant.

Friend. Camelion, how now, have you turned away your master?

Camelion. No; I sold my place. As I was thinking to run away, comes this fellow, and offers me a breakfast for my good will to speak to my master for him. I took him at his word, and resigned my office, and turned over my hunger to him immediately. Now I serve a man. SHIRLEY.

23.

Walking.

Fine Lady. I am glad I am come home, for I am even as weary with this walking; for God's sake, whereabouts does the pleasure of walking lie? I swear I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne'er find it. T. KILLEGREW.

24.

Foolish Suitor.

Alderman. Save you, Sir.
Suitor. You do not think me damn'd,
Sir, that you bestow
That salutation on me?
Ald. Good, Sir, no.
Whom would you speak with here?
Suit. Sir, my discourse
Points at one Alderman Covel.
Ald. I am the party.

Suit. I understand you have a daughter, is
Of most unknown perfections.
Ald. She is as Heaven made her——
Suit. She goes naked then;
The tailor has no hand in her. C. L.

SERIOUS FRAGMENTS

1.

Misery lays stronger bonds of love than Nature; and they are more one, whom the same misfortune joined together, than whom the same womb gave life. H. Killigrew.

2.

Dying Person.

—— my soul
The warm embraces of her flesh is now,
Ev'n now forsaking; this frail body must
Like a lost feather fall from off the wing
Of Vanity.—— W. Chamberlain.

3.

—— eternity:
Within whose everlasting springs we shall
Meet with those joys, whose blasted embryos were
Here made abortive.—— W. Chamberlain.

4.

Crown declined by a spiritual person.

I know no more the way to temporal rule,
Than he that 's born, and has his years come to him,
On a rough desart.—— Middleton.

5.

To a Votaress.

Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
You chaste lamp of eternity ; 'tis a treasure
Too precious for death's moment to partake,
The twinkling of short life.—— MIDDLETON.

6.

The fame that a man wins himself is best ;
That he may call his own : honours put to him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
Which are as soon ta'en off ; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds ;
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.
MIDDLETON.

7.

Adventurers.

The sons of Fortune, she has sent us forth
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits.——
MIDDLETON.

8.

New made Honour.

—— forgetfulness
Is the most pleasing virtue they can have,
That do spring up from nothing ; for by the same,
Forgetting all, they forget whence they came.
MIDDLETON.

9.

Œnone forsaken.

Beguil'd, disdain'd, and out of love, live long, thou
Poplar tree,

And let thy letters grow in length to witness this
with me.
Ah Venus, but for reverence unto thy sacred name,
To steal a silly maiden's love I might account it
blame.——
And if the tales I hear be true, and blush for to
recite,
Thou dost me wrong to leave the plains, and dally
out of sight,
False Paris! this was not thy vow, when thou and I
were one,
To range and change old love for new; but now
those days be gone. PEELE.

10.

Epilepsy.

—— your [Cæsar's] disease the Gods ne'er gave to
man,
But such a one as had a spirit too great
For all his body's passages to serve it;
Which notes the excess of your ambition.
CHAPMAN.

11.

We are not tried but in our misery. He is a cunning coachman, that can turn well in a narrow room. ANON.

12.

Grey hairs.

—— upon whose reverend head
The milk-white pledge of wisdom sweetly spreads.——
LODGE.

13.

Ladies Dancing.

—— a fine sweet earthquake, gently moved
By the soft wind of whispering silks. DECKER.

14.

—— sharp witted Poets; whose sweet verse
Makes heav'nly Gods break off their nectar draughts
And lay their ears down to the lowly earth.—— '
ANON.

15.

Grandsires' Love.

Old men do never truly doat, untill
Their children bring them babes. SHIRLEY.

16.

To a false Mistress.

—— thy name,
Which sweeten'd once the name of him that spake it.—— SHIRLEY.

17.

Herod, jealous, to Mariamne.

Hast thou beheld thyself, and could'st thou stain
So rare perfection? ev'n for love of thee
I do profoundly hate thee.
LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

18.

Cleopatra.

The wanton Queen, that never loved for Love.——
LADY E. CAREW.

19.

Conceit of a Princess' love.

'Twas but a waking dream,
Wherein thou madest thy wishes speak, not her;
In which thy foolish hopes strive to prolong
A wretched being: so sickly children play
With health-loved toys, which for a time delay,
But do not cure the fit. ROWLEY.

20.

Changing colour at sudden news.

Why look'st thou red, and pale, and both, and neither?—— CHAPMAN.

21.

Rich Usurer to his Mistress.

I will not 'joy my treasure but in thee,
And in thy looks I 'll count it every hour;
And thy white arms shall be as bands to me,
Wherein are mighty lordships forfeited.——
Then triumph, Leon, richer in thy love,
Than all the hopes of treasure I possess.
Never was happy Leon rich before;
Nor ever was I covetous till now,
That I see gold so 'fined in thy hair. CHAPMAN.

22.

Puritan.

—— his face demure, with hand
On breast, as you have seen a canting preacher,
Aiming to cheat his audience, wanting matter,
Sigh, to seem holy, till he thought on something.——
ANON.

23.

Sects.

Eternity, which puzzles all the world
To name the inhabitants that people it;
Eternity, whose undiscover'd country
We fools divide before we come to see it,
Making one part contain all happiness,
The other misery, then unseen fight for it.
All sects pretending to a right of choice,
Yet none go willingly to take a part. ANON.

24.

Man is a vagabond both poor and proud,
He treads on beasts who give him clothes and food;
But the Gods catch him wheresoe'er he lurks,
Whip him, and set him to all painful works:
And yet he brags he shall be crown'd when dead.
Were ever Princes in a Bridewell bred?
Nothing is sinfully begot but he:
Can base-born Bastards lawful Sovereigns be?
CROWNE.

25.

Wishes for Obscurity.

How miserable a thing is a Great Man!——
Take noisy vexing Greatness they that please;
Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commerce let me have none
With any powerful thing but Time alone:
My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
Oh wretched he who, call'd abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour!

Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none;
So, e'er he tasted life, to death he goes;
And himself loses, e'er himself he knows.

CROWNE.

26.

Mind constituted to Goodness.

—— you may do this, or any thing you have a mind to; even in your fantasy there is a secret counsel, seeing that all your actions, nay all your pleasures, are in some exercise of virtue ——

H. KILLIGREW.

27.

Returned Pilgrim.

To man how sweet is breath! yet sweetest of all
That breath, which from his native air doth fall.
How many weary paces have I measured,
How many known and unknown dangers past,
Since I commenced my tedious pilgrimage,
The last great work of my death-yielding age!
Yet am I blest, that my returning bones
Shall be rak't up in England's peaceful earth.

ANON.

28.

Usury.

Nature in all inferior things hath set
A pitch or term, when they no more shall get
Increase and offspring. Unrepaired houses
Fall to decay; old cattle cease to breed;
And sapless trees deny more fruit or seed;
The earth would heartless and infertile be,
If it should never have a jubilee.

Only the Usurer's Money 'genders still;
The longer, lustier; age this doth not kill.
He lives to see his Money's Money's Money
Even to a hundred generations reach. ANON.

29.

Love defined by contraries.

Fie, fie, how heavy is light Love in me! ——
How slow runs swift Desire !——this leaden air,
This ponderous feather, merry melancholy;
This Passion, which but in passion
Hath not his perfect shape.—— DAY.

30.

Good Faith.

What are we but *our words?* when they are past,
Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.

31.

Weeping for good news.

I knew your eye would be first served;
That 's the soul's taster still for grief or joy.
ROWLEY.

32.

Forsaken Mistress.

I thought the lost perfection of mankind
Was in that man restored; and I have grieved,
Lost Eden too was not revived for him;
And a new Eve, more excellent than the first,
Created for him, that he might have all
The joys he could deserve: and he fool'd me

To think that Eve and Eden was in me :
That he was made for me, and I for him.
CROWNE.

33.

Love surviving Hope.

'Tis a vain glory that attends a Lover,
Never to say he quits ; and, when Hope dies,
The gallantry of Love still lives, is charm'd
With kindness but in shadow. BROWNE.

34.

Warriors.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they by their great deeds
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound last for ages. CROWNE.

35.

Life.

What is 't we live for ? tell life's finest tale ——
To eat, to drink, to sleep, love, and enjoy,
And then to love no more !
To talk of things we know not, and to know
Nothing but things not worth the talking of.
SIR R. FANE, JUN.

36.

Brother, supposed dead, received by a Sister : she shews him a letter, disclosing an unworthy action done by him ; at which he standing abashed, she then first congratulates him :

now I meet your love. Pardon me, my brother ; I was to rejoyce at this your sadness, before I could share with you in another joy.
H. KILLIGREW.

37.

Person just dead.

'Twas but just now he went away ;
I have not yet had time to shed a tear ;
And yet the distance does the same appear,
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time takes no measure in eternity.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

38.

French Character.

The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit ;
Kind, but extreme dissemblers ; you shall have
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
At the instant mocking ev'n your very shoe-tyes.

FORD.

39.

Love must die gently.

I hoped, your great experience, and your years,
Would have proved patience rather to your soul,
Than to break off in this untamed passion.
Howe'er the rough hand of the untoward world
Hath molded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was love.
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warm,
Let it die gently ; ne'er kill it with a scorn.

ANON.

40.

Poetic Diction.

—— worthiest poets
Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,
Every illiberal and affected phrase,

To clothe their matter ; and together tye
Matter and form with art and decency.

CHAPMAN.

41.

Author Vanity.

—— the foolish Poet, that still writ
All his most self-loved verse in paper royal,
Or parchment ruled with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings ;
Never so blest as when he writ and read
The ape-loved issue of his brain ; and never
But joying in himself, admiring ever ——

CHAPMAN.

42.

Good wit to be husbanded.

—— as of lions it is said, and eagles,
That when they go, they draw their seres and talons
Close up, to shun rebating of their sharpness :
So our wit's sharpness, which we should employ
In noblest knowledge, we should never waste
In vile and vulgar admirations.

CHAPMAN.

43.

Impossibility of attaining, a bar to desire.

Nothing is more ordinary, than for my Lady to love her Gentleman ; or Mistress Anne, her father's man. But if a country clown coming up hither, and seeking for his lawyer in Gray's Inn, should step into the walks, and there should chance to spy some mastership of nature ; some famed Beauty, that for a

time hath been the name; he would stand amazed, perhaps wish that his Joan were such, but further would not be stirred.

Impossibility would
stop more bold desires,
And quench those sparks that else would turn to fires.

EDMUND PRESTWICH.

44.

Theory of men's choice in a Beauty.

1. —— She has a most complete and perfect beauty; nor can the greatest critic in this sort find any fault with the least proportion of her face, but yet methought I was no more taken with it, than I should be with some curious well-drawn picture.

2. —— This is somewhat strange.

1. —— In my mind, not at all; for it is not always that we are governed by what the general fancy of the world calls beauty; for each soul hath some predominant thoughts, which when they light on ought that strikes on them, there is nothing does more inflame. And as in music *that* pleaseth not most, which with the greatest art and skill is composed; but those airs that do resemble and stir up some dormant passion to which the mind is addicted; so, I believe, never yet was any one much taken with a face, in which he did not espy ought that did rouse and put in motion some affection that hath ruled in his thoughts, besides those features which, only for the sake of common opinion, we are forced to say do please.

E. PRESTWICH.

C. L.

APPENDIX

[The following anonymous contribution to the *Indicator* (at the beginning of 1821) is of no doubtful authorship. The mention of the Editor of the Dramatic Specimens, with no graceful compliment attached to the reference, is "as good as naming him." In reprinting it here, we have omitted, from among the quotations, the *Song of the Druids* and the *Invocation to the Moon*, as these were afterwards incorporated among the Garrick Extracts.—Ed.]

APPENDIX

"FUIMUS TROES. THE TRUE TROJANS.

Being a Story of the Britains' valour at the Romans' first Invasion." Printed 1633.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Intermixed with a great deal of false thought and affected pathos, this old play abounds in passages of unequivocal beauty and enthusiasm. Its opening scene, or prologue, spoken by Mercury, has a fine line which Pope appears to have been not insensible to :—

As in the vaults of this big-bellied earth
Are dungeons, whips, and chains, for wicked ghosts ;
So fair Elysian fields, where spotless souls
Do bathe themselves in bliss. Among the rest,
Two pleasant groves by two sorts are possest.
One by true lovers crown'd with myrtle boughs,
Who hand in hand sing pæans of their joy ;
Brave soldiers hold the second, clad in steel,
Whose glittering arms brighten those gloomy shades
In lieu of starry lights.[1]

Those splendid lines in Comus, "Beauty is Nature's brag," &c. are clearly traceable to the following fantastical ones in this play :—

The Court a wardrobe is of living shapes : [2]

[1] By the heroes armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades.
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

[2] Dresses.

And ladies are the tissue-spangled suits,
Which Nature wears on festival high days.

As this drama has escaped the notice of the Editor of the "Dramatic Specimens," a few more extracts may not be disagreeable to the poetical readers of the *Indicator*.

FUNERAL SPEECH OVER NENNIUS DEAD.

Set down that heavy load with heavier hearts—
Could virtuous valour, honourable thoughts;
A noble scorn of fortune, pride, and death;
Myriads of vows and prayers sent to heaven;
Could country's love, or Britain's genius, save
A mortal man from sleeping in his grave,
Then had'st thou lived, great Nennius, and out-lived
The smooth-tongued Greek. But we may more envy,
And less bewail thy loss, since thou didst fall
On Honour's lofty field-bed, on which stage
Never did worthy act a statelier part,—
Nor durst pale Death approach with cypress sad,
Till flourishing bays thy conquering temples clad.

ANDROGEUS OFFERS TO RESIGN THE CROWN OF BRITAIN TO HIS YOUNGER BROTHER THEMANLIUS, WHICH THE LATTER REFUSES.

And. I know their [1] hatred just; and here resign
All my birth-right to thee, my second self.
I must forsake my country's sight, and seek
New fortunes with this emperor, in hope
To be raised up by his now rising wheel.
Them. O do not so, dear brother! so to part,
Were to divide one individual soul.
Nor think me so ambitious. I can live
A private life, and see a regal crown

[1] The people whom he had offended by siding with the invaders.

With no more envy than I see the sun
Glitter above me. Let not Lud's two sons
Be parted by a sea. . . . . .
For my sake stay at home. Why will you fly?
Think you a step-dame soil gives sweeter sap?
And. Yes——
For trees transplanted do more goodly grow.
Them. And I'll count men but stocks, when they do so.[1]

. . . . . .

[1] Milton has told this story of the Brothers in his History, after Geoffrey of Monmouth; and it is the subject of Mr Wordsworth's noble poem of Artegal and Elidure. If we could believe in such a process as anti-burlesque, one might imagine that this last-named author had *elevated* his well-known passage of the mountain's echoing back the lady's voice, in the poem to Joanna, from a perusal of the exquisite bombast in another passage of this same old play, where Mars is invoked in the following strains:—

Burst Janus' prison,
Roar as thou didst at Troy, drown Stentor's voice
By many eighths, which Pindus may re-beat,
Which Caucasus may as a catch repeat,
And Taurus lough the same: that pigmies small
May squeak "it thunders," and dive into boroughs.

As another instance of the same sort of stuff not unfrequently to be found in this most unequal of dramas, a lover apostrophises the poison by which his lady died, with this elegant curse—

May toads,
Dragons, and mandrakes, be thy gally-pots!

NOTES TO
"ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS"

NOTES TO
"ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS"

John Webster (1580?–1625?).

"The White Divel, or The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Queene's Majesties Servants." 1612. Acted 1607–8.

Perseus. Dyce suggests Portia, wife of Brutus and daughter of Cato (Heywood, "Hist. of Women," 1624, p. 136).

"*Wider than the root.*" "*Wilder*," 4to.

"Appius and Virginia. A Tragedy." 1654. Acted many years previously, seemingly by Queen Anne's company of players before 1619.

"The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy. As it was Presented privatly, at the Black-Friers; and publiquely at the Globe, by the King's Majesties Servants. The perfect and exact Coppy, with diverse things Printed, that the length of the Play would not beare in the presentment." 1623. Acted at the Blackfriars in 1616.

"The Devil's Law-case. Or, When Women goe to Law, the Devill is full of Businesse. A new Trage-Comoedy. The true and perfect Copie from the Originall. As it was approovedly well Acted by her Majesties Servants." 1623.

Dyce places composition in 1622, referring the allusion of the Hollanders going "*to fetch sauce for their pickled herrings*" to the Amboyna Massacre; the reference, however, is queried.

Cyril Tourneur, Turnour, or Turner (1575?–1626).

"The Atheist's Tragedie: or The Honest Man's Revenge. As in divers places it hath often beene acted." 1611.

Although published after "The Revenger's Tragedy," it was probably written earlier, cir. 1603–4.

"The Revenger's Tragedie. As it hath been sundry times acted by the King's Majesties Servants." 1607.

"*To be miserably great*," etc. 4to. "*To be great, miserable; to be rich, eternally wretched*," Lamb. "*Too miserably great; rich, to be eternally wicked!*" Collins.

"*Be thou a glass for maids*," Collins. "*Buy thou*," etc., 4to.

Francis Beaumont (1584–1616).

John Fletcher (1579–1625).

"Philaster; or, Love lies a-bleeding." 1620.

"The Maid's Tragedy." 1619.

Both the above plays were known in 1611, and were produced at the latest in that year.

"Cupid's Revenge." 1615. Acted at Whitefriars 1611–12.

Francis Beaumont.

"Triumph of Love." The Second of "Four Plays or Moral Representations in One," of which the first, "Triumph of Honour," and the one above are generally ascribed to Beaumont, and the last two, "Triumph of Death" and "Triumph of Time," to Fletcher. Published 1647, but possibly acted as early as 1608.

John Fletcher.

"The Faithful Shepherdess." The first 4to is undated but published not later than early in 1610, as Sir William Skipwith, to whom one of the dedications is addressed, died May 3rd of that year.

"Wit without Money." Produced cir. 1614; 1639 4to.

"The Tragedy of Thierry, King of France, and his brother Theodoret." cir. 1616, published anonymously in 1621. In this play Fletcher was assisted by Massinger and another playwright.

"Bonduca." Produced before 1618; 1647 fol.

"The False One." cir. 1620; 1647 fol. In this play Fletcher was assisted by Massinger.

"The Two Noble Kinsmen." 1634. Stated on the title page to be by Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakespeare. The play is considered to bear unmistakeable signs of Shakespeare's workmanship, but some of the parts originally assigned to him are now ascribed to Massinger.

"*Though happily hers careless were.*" "*Though happily her careless wear*," Dyce. "*Though happely her careless, were*," 4to.

"The Bloody Brother." 1639. There is uncertainty as to date and joint authorship of this play. Authorities associate with it the names of Fletcher, Massinger, Field, and Jonson.

"Love's Pilgrimage" 1647. A similarity between passages in this play and in "The New Inn" has been variously accounted for

The copy of Beaumont and Fletcher, from which Lamb made his extracts, is at the British Museum (C. 45, i, 7). In it are MS. notes by Coleridge, to whom Lamb lent the volume, among them his farewell words, "I shall not be long here, Charles! I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a Relic. S. T. C. Octr. 1811."

Nathaniel Field (1587–1633).

"A Woman is a Weather-Cocke. As it was acted before the King in White Hall. And divers times Privately at the White-Friers By the Children of her Majesties Revels, 1612. With a dedicatory epistle 'To any Woman that hath been no weather-cocke.'"

Jo(seph) Cooke (fl. 1614).

"Greene's Tu Quoque, or the Cittie Gallant. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants." 1614.

Greene was a comedian who took the part of Bubble in the play; the title page represents him with his reiterated expression of Tu Quoque issuing from his mouth.

Robert Tailor (fl. 1614).

"The Hogge hath lost his Pearle. Divers times publikely acted by certaine London Prentices." 1614. These apprentices acted without a license, several of them being consequently taken off, according to Sir Henry Wotton, "to perform the last act in Bridewell." (Rel. Wott.)

Philip Massinger (1583–1640).

"The Unnatural Combat." 1639. Probably acted cir. 1619.

"The Parliament of Love." Fragment, first printed 1805. Licensed for acting at the Cock-pit 1624.

"A New Way to Pay Old Debts." 1632. Written probably cir. 1625–26.

"The Picture." 1630. Licensed 1629.

"The City Madam." 1658. Licensed 1632.

Philip Massinger and Nathaniel Field.

"The Fatall Dowry. As it hath beene often acted at the Private House in Blackefryers, by his Majesties Servants." 1632. Date of composition probably much earlier.

Philip Massinger and Thomas Dekker.

"The Virgin Martyr." 1621.

Philip Massinger and John Fletcher.

"A Very Woman, or the Prince of Tarent." 1655 Licensed 1634.

Author Unknown.

"The Tragedy of Nero." Newly written. 1624.

John Ford (1585?).

Records of this dramatist cease after 1639.

"The Lover's Melancholy. Acted at the Private House in the Blacke Friers, and publikely at the Globe by the Kings Majesties Servants." 1629.

"Tis Pitty Shee 's a Whore. Acted by the Queene's Majesties Servants, at the Phœnix in Drury Lane." 1633.

"The Broken Heart. Acted by the Kings Majesties Servants at the private House in the Black-Friers." 1633.

"*The handmaid to the wages, the untroubled,*" etc., 4to.

"*The handmaid to the wages Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams,*" Dyce.

"Love's Sacrifice. A tragedie received generally well. Acted by the Queenes Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drury Lane." 1633.

"The Chronicle Historie of Perkin Warbeck. A Strange Truth. Acted (Some-times) by the Queenes Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drurie Lane." 1634.

"The Ladies Triall. Acted by both their Majesties Servants at the private house in Drury Lane." 1639.

"*No bigger than a spider's thread;*" "*sister's thread,*" 4to.

James Shirley (1596–1666).

"Love Tricks with Complements, or The Schoole of Complement. As it was acted by her Majesties Servants at the Private house in Drury Lane." 1631. Licensed 1625.

"The Maide's Revenge. As it hath beene acted with good Applause at the private house in Drury Lane, by her Majesties Servants." 1639. Licensed 1626.

"*But with a foil against it,*" Dyce. "*sail,*" 4to.

"*Seems to invite you to a small repose;*" "*invite so small repose,*" 4to.

"The Brothers. Acted at the private house in Blackfriars." 1652. Licensed 1626.

"The Traytor. Acted by her Majesties Servants." 1635. Licensed 1631.

"Changes, or Love in a Maze. As it was presented at the Private House in Salisbury Court, by the Company of His Majesties Revels," 1632.

"The Example. As it was presented by her Majesties Servants at the private House in Drury Lane." 1637. Licensed 1634.

"The Lady of Pleasure. As it was Acted by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane." 1637. Licensed 1635.

"*You are not come to that acquaintance yet;*" "*that repentance yet,*" 4to.

"The Gentleman of Venice. Presented at the Private house in Salisbury Court by her Majesties Servants." 1655. Licensed 1639.

"The Politician." 1655. Identical perhaps with the "Politique Father," licensed 1641. See Dyce.

Richard Brome (d. 1652?).

"The Sparagus Garden." 1640. Acted 1635 by the then Company of Revels, at Salisbury Court.

"*I would not lose his hatred,*" etc. This sentence is not in 4to.

"The Antipodes." 1640. Acted by the Queen's Servants, at Salisbury Court, in Fleet Street, 1638.

Thomas Drewe, or Drew.

"The Life of the Dutches of Suffolke. 1631. As it hath beene divers and sundry times acted, with good applause." Formerly attributed to T. Heywood.

Jasper Fisher.

"Fuimus Troes, Æneid. The True Trojanes. Being a story of the Britaines Valour at the Romanes first invasion." 1633. Acted by the Gentlemen Students of Magdalen College, Oxford.

John Jones.

"Adrasta; or, The Woman's Spleen and Love's Conquest. Never Acted." 1635. The author in his preface informs us that his play was refused by the actors.

William Strode (1602–1645).

"The Floating Island." 1655. Acted in 1636 before the King by the Students of Christ Church.

John Kirke (fl. 1638).

"The Seven Champions of Christendome." 1638. Acted at the Cock-pit, and at the Bull, in St. John's Street.

Henry Killigrew (1613–1700).

"The Conspiracy." 1638. Written for the Entertainment of the King and Queen at York House, on the occasion of the Nuptials of Lord Charles Herbert with Lady Mary Villiers.

Thomas Nabbes (d. cir. 1645).

"Tottenham Court." 1638. Acted in 1633 in Salisbury Court.

"The Bride." 1640. Acted in 1638, at Drury Lane, by their Majesties' Servants.

Henry Glapthorne (fl. 1639).

"Wit in a Constable." 1640. Acted at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane.

Thomas Rawlins (1620?–1670).

"The Rebellion." 1640. Acted by the Company of Revels.

Samuel Harding (fl. 1641).

"Sicily and Naples, or The Fatal Union." 1640.

John Day (fl. 1606).

"The Parliament of Bees, with their proper characters; or a bee-hive furnished with twelve honey-combs, as pleasant as profitable; being an allegorical description of the actions of good and bad men in these daies." 1641.

"*Acorn bowls.*" "*Acorn boughs*," 4to.

Edmund Prestwich.

"The Hectors; or, The False Challenge." 1656. Written in 1655.

"*Antique;*" "*antic*," 4to.

Francis Quarles (1592–1644).

"The Virgin Widow." 1649.

The Stationer, in an address to the Reader, writes:—"This enterlude, to sweeten the brackish distempers of a deluded age, is here (curteous reader) to thy judicious view freely offered;

having been sometimes at Chelsie privately acted (by a company of young gentlemen) with good approvement. The author, whose divine works have sufficiently proclaim'd his abilities, may give thee assurance of finding in it, wit, worth, and well-season'd mirth. Invention to quicken conceipt; disposition to beautifie art. It is confest that this dramatick poem was Mr Quarles his very first assay in that kind; yet shalt thou collect by this piece, that he knew as well to be delightfully facetious, as divinely serious."

Abraham Cowley (1618–1667).

"The Guardian." 1650. Acted, 1641, before Prince Charles, at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Thomas Randolph (1605–1635).

"Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery." A pleasant Comedy. Translated out of Aristophanes, his Plutus. 1651.

In the preface it states: "This is a pleasant Comedy, though some may judge it satyrical: 'Tis the more like Aristophanes the father: besides, if it be biting, 'tis a biting age we live in: then biting for biting."

The authorship of this play is questioned.

"*Riches above Poverty*," 4to. Apparently a mistake for "Poverty above Riches."

Cosmo Manuche.

"The Bastard." 1652. Published anonymously.

Richard Flecknoe (d. 1678?).

"Love's Dominion." 1654. Written as a pattern for the Reformed Stage.

William Rider.

"The Twins." 1655. Acted at the Private House, Salisbury Court.

Sir Edward Sherburne (1618–1702).

"Filli di Sciro; or, Phillis of Scyros." 1655. From the Italian of C. Giudubaldo de' Bonarelli.

Robert Davenport (fl. 1623).

"King John and Matilda. 1655. Acted with great applause by her Majesties Servants at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane."

"The City Nightcap; or, Crede quod habes, et habes." 1661. Acted at the Cock-pit, and later on at the Phœnix.

Author Unknown.

"The London Chaunticleres. A witty Comœdy, full of Various and Delightfull Mirth. Often Acted with great Applause, And Never before Published." 1659.

The characters in this play are London Criers.

"Philonax Lovekin."

"Andronicus; Tragedy. Impietie's long Successe, or Heaven's late Revenge." 1661. No author's name is given on the title page, but a short preface is signed "Philanax," in which the author doubts not if he "hath intrench't on his Fancie, upon him who wrote the life of Andronicus in the *Holy State*," that he will "obtain his Pardon."

John Fountain.

"The Rewards of Virtue." 1661. This play was not intended by the author for the stage, but after his death it was revived with a few alterations by Shadwell under the title of the *Royal Shepherdess*.

Sir William Killigrew (1606–1695).

These verses are introductory to the 1665 Edition of Sir W. Killigrew's three plays—Selindra, Pandora, and Ormasdes.

Sir Richard Fanshawe (1608–1666).

"Querer Por Solo Querer; To love only for Love's Sake." From the Spanish of Antonio de Mendoza, written 1623, in celebration of the birthday of Philip IV. of Spain. Translated into English 1654.

Nevil Payne.

"The Fatal Jealousy." 1673. Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

Hon. James Howard (fl. 1674).

"The English Mounsieur." 1674.

"*Eat out of a French house;*" 4to adds, "*an English Cook's shop is Hell.*"

Edward Ravenscroft (fl. 1671–1697).

"Mamamouchi; or, The Citizen turn'd Gentleman." 1675. Borrowed from Molière's *Monsieur Pourceaugnac* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

William, Duke of Newcastle (1592–1676).

"The Triumphant Widow; or, The Medley of Humours." 1677. Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

Nahum Tate (1652–1715).

"Brutus of Alba; or, The Enchanted Lovers." 1678. Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

W. M.

"The Huntingdon Divertisement; or, An Enterlude for the General Entertainment at the County Feast, held at Merchant Taylors' Hall, June 20, 1678."

John Crowne (d. 1703).

"The Ambitious Statesman; or, The Loyal Favourite." 1679. Acted at the Theatre Royal.

"Thyestes." 1681. Acted at the Theatre Royal.

"The Married Beau; or, The Curious Impertinent." 1694. Acted at the Theatre Royal.

John Wilson (1627?–1696).

"Belphegor; or, The Marriage of the Devil." 1691. Acted at Dorset Gardens.

Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723).

"The Comical History of Don Quixote," in three parts. 1694–96. Acted, with success, at Dorset Gardens. The *Dirge* is taken from the 1st part.

Richard Clay & Sons, Limited, London & Bungay.

3 0081 012 165 621